

DOWN THE RHINE.

FIRST PAPER.



MERCHANTS' EXCHANGE AT CONSTANCE, WHERE THE COUNCIL MET.

LIKE a certain old, eternally-young, and dearly-monotonous subject, the Rhine has been an inexhaustible theme for song, legend and romance. Old as its place in literature, familiar as are

its shores not only to the traveler in Europe, but to the least well-read of the stay-at-homes, there is always something new to be said about it, or at least it can be viewed in a new aspect. Its early

stages are certainly less well known than its middle portion—the Rhine of poetry and legend—but they are equally beautiful, and especially characterized by natural scenery of the most picturesque kind. Historical memories are not lacking either, even within fifty miles of its rise in the glaciers of the Alps, while its early beauty as a mountain-torrent, dashing over the rocks of the Via Mala, has for some a greater charm than even its broad lake-like waters fringed with cathedrals, abbeys, and stately guildhalls, or its windings among "castled crags."

One branch of the river bursts from under a tumbled mass of ice and rock—one of those marvelous "seas" of ice which are the chief peculiarity of the Alps, and which sometimes, as in the case of the glacier of the Rheinwald, present among other features that of an immense frozen waterfall. Passing through the village of Hinterrhein, whose inhabitants are the descendants of a colony planted there by Barbarossa to guard the old military road over the Alps, and which boasts of a Roman temple and other less well-defined remains of human dwellings of the same period, the Rhine enters the grand gorge of the Via Mala, between Andeer and Rongella, on the road below the Splügen Pass and village. Every such pass has its Devil's Bridge or its "Hell" or its "Bottomless Pit," and tradition tells of demons who pelted each other with the riven masses of rock, or giants who in malice split the rocks and dug the chasms across which men dared no longer pass. But it needs no such figures of speech to make a mountain-gorge one of the sublimest scenes in Nature, one which thrills the beholder with simple admiration and delight. The Via Mala is one of the most splendid of these scenes. A sheer descent of two thousand feet of rock, with clinging shrubs, and at the bottom the trunks of pines and firs that have lost their hold and grown into mossy columns stretched across the stream and often broken by its force; a winding, dizzy road leading over single-arched bridges and half viaducts built into the black rock; a foam-white stream below; a succession of miniature water-

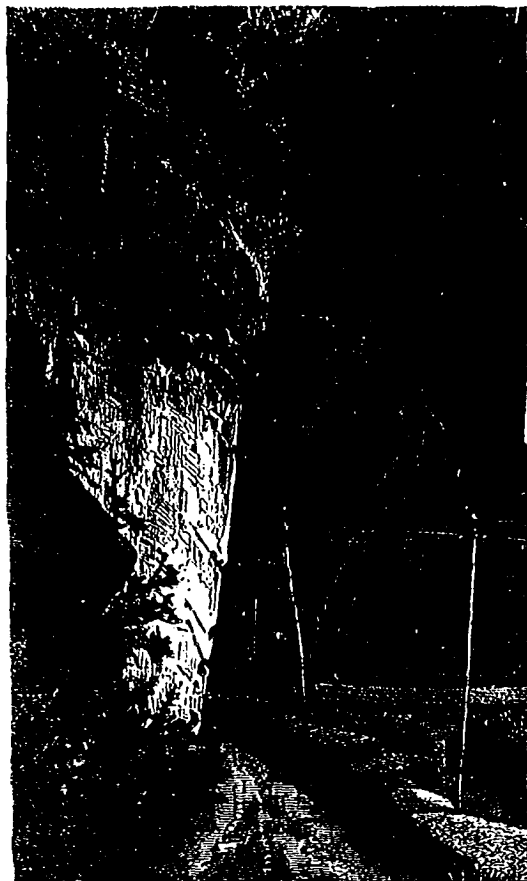
falls, rapids and whirlpools; spray and rainbow poised over the stream at intervals, and here and there the narrowing rocks bending their ledges together and wellnigh shutting out the sun; the "Lost Hole," where tall firs, with their roots seemingly in space, stand up like a forest of lances, and the very formation of the rocks reminds one of gigantic needles closely-wedged together,—such are the features of the gorge through which the Rhine here forces its way. Then comes Zillis, a regular Swiss village, at the entrance of the valley of Thusis, which is a broad green meadow dotted with chalets, a picturesque, domestic, rural landscape, a bit of time set in the frame of eternity, and holding in its village chronicles memories to which distance lends enchantment, but which, in view of the scenes we have just described, seem wonderfully bare of dignity. Here is the castle of Ortenstein, the warrior-abbey of Katsis, the Roman Realta, the castle of Rhäzünz, the bridge of Juvalta, and many castles on the heights overlooking the valley, which at the time of the "Black League" of the nobles against the "Gray Confederation" of the citizens (which gave its name to this canton, the Grisons) were so many rallying-points and dens of murder. There is romance in the legends of these castles, but one seldom stops to think of the robbery and lawlessness hidden by this romance. For these knights of the strong hand were no "Arthur's knights," defenders of the weak, champions of the widow and the orphan, gentle, brave and generous, but mostly oppressors, Bedouins of the Middle Ages, ready to pounce on the merchandise of traveling and unarmed burghers and defy the weak laws of an empire which could not afford to do without their support, and consequently winked at their offences.

A legend of this part of the Rhine, less well known than those of the Loreley, Drachensfels or Bishop Hatto's Tower, belongs to Rhäzünz. After the feud had lasted long years between the nobles and the citizens, the young lord of this castle was captured in battle by the Gray Confederates, and the people's tribunal

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condemned him to death. The executioner stood ready, when an old retainer of the prisoner's family asked to be heard, and reminded the people that although the youth's hot blood had betrayed him into many a fray, yet some of his forefathers had been mild and genial men.



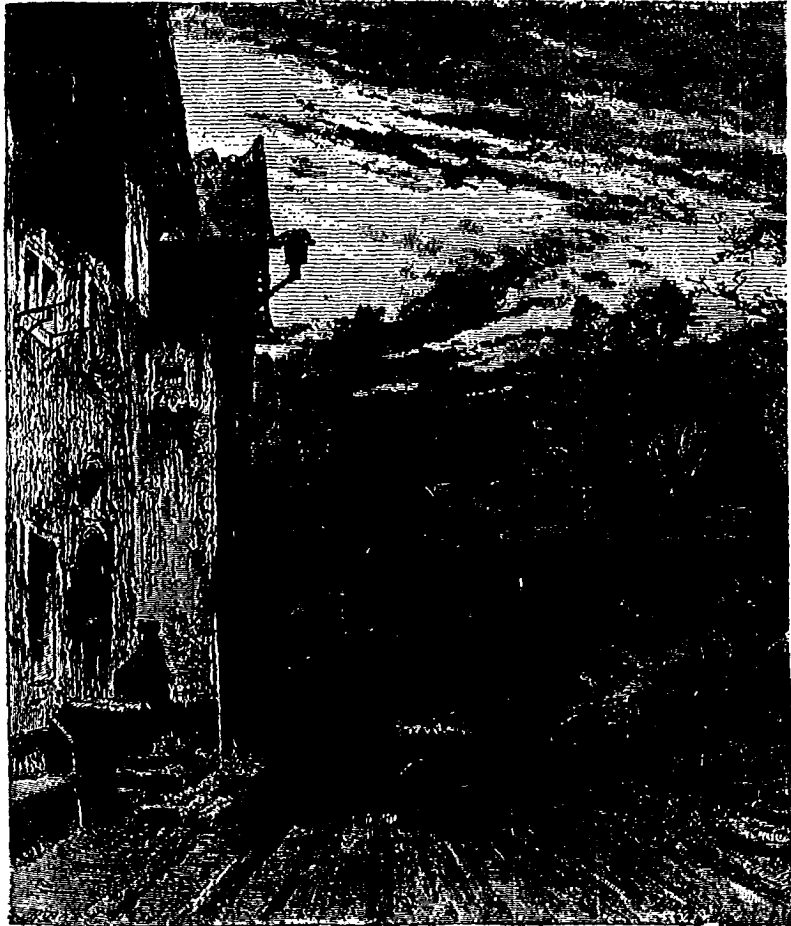
JUVALTA.

not unwilling to drink a friendly glass with their humbler neighbors. For old associations' sake let this custom be renewed at least once before the execution of this last of the race of Rhäzünz: it was the first and last favor the youth, in his dying moments, requested of them.

Stone drinking-vessels were brought: a regular carousal followed, and good-humor and good fellowship began to soften the feelings of the aggrieved citizens. Then the faithful old servant began to speak again, and said it would be a pity to kill the young man, a good swordsman too, who, if they would spare his life, would join the Gray Confederacy and fight for instead of against the people—be their champion, in a word, in all their quarrels, instead of their foe and their oppressor. He prevailed, and the youth, it is said, religiously kept the promise made for him.

Passing the Toma Lake, a small mountain-tarn, whence rises one of the feeders of the Vorder-Rhein, and Dissentis, whose churches are crowned with Greek-looking cupolas set upon high square towers, and whose history goes back to the ravages of Attila's barbarian hordes and the establishment of the Benedictine monastery that grew and flourished for upward of a thousand years, and was at last destroyed by fire by the soldiers of the first French republic, we follow the course of the increasing river to where the smaller and shorter Middle Rhine falls into the main branch at Reichenau. The Vorder-Rhein has almost as sublime a cradle as the other branch. Colossal rocks and a yet deeper silence

and solitude hem it in, for no road follows or bridges it, and it comes rolling through the wildest canton of Switzerland, where eagles still nest undisturbed and bears still abound, and where the eternal snows and glaciers of Erispalt, Badus and Furka are still unseen save by native hunt-



CITY GATE AT ILANZ.

ers and herdsmen whose homes are far away. Here is the great Alpine watershed, dividing the basin of the North Sea from that of the Mediterranean. But at Reichenau *the Rhine* absorbs the individuality of each of these mountain-torrents, and here we meet with memories of the mediæval and the modern world curiously mingled in the history of the castle, which has been an episcopal fortress of the bishops of Chur, its founders, a lay domain when the lords of Planta owned it, and an academy or high

school when Monsieur Chabaud, the director, gave fourteen hundred francs a year salary to a young teacher of history, geography, mathematics and French who was afterward the citizen-king, Louis Philippe. Here is Martinsloch, where Suwarrow shamed his mutinous Cossacks who refused to attempt the passage of the Alps, by ordering a grave to be dug for him, throwing off his clothes and calling to his men to cast him in and cover him, "since you are no longer my children and I no longer your father."



TAMINA SPRING.

Ilanz is the first town on the Rhine, and has all the picturesqueness one could desire in the way of quaint architecture, bulbous cupolas, steep roofs with windows like pigeon-holes, covered gateways, and a queer mixture of wood and stone which gives a wonderfully old look to every house. Chur—or Coire, as it is more commonly called out of Germany and Switzerland—is of much the same character, an old episcopal stronghold, for its bishops were temporal lords of high renown and still higher power. Then the Rhine winds on to another place, whose present aspect, that of a fashionable watering-place, hardly brings its history as a mediæval spa to the mind. The healing springs at Ragatz were discovered by a hunter of the thirteenth century on the land belonging to the great and wealthy Benedictine abbey. For centuries the spring, whose waters come from Pfäfers and Tamina, and are brought half a mile to Ragatz through iron pipes, was surrounded by mean little huts, the only homes of the local health-seekers, except of such—and they were the majority—as were the guests of the abbey; but when crowds increased and times changed, the abbey built a large

guest-house at the springs. Now the place has passed into the hands of a brotherhood no less well known the world over, and who certainly, however well they serve us, give no room for romance in their dealings with us. The promenade and hotels of the place rival Baden and Homburg, but the old spring of Tamina, in its wild beauty, still remains the same as when the mediæval sportsman stumbled upon it, no doubt full of awe and trembling at the dark, damp walls of rock around him, where visitors now admire and sketch on the guarded path. The only other interest of Ragatz, except its scenery, is Schelling's grave and monument put up by Maximilian II. of Bavaria, his scholar and friend.

Everywhere, as the Rhine flows on,

the tourist notices its wonderful coloring, a light, clear green, which characterizes it at least as far as the Lake of Constance, in whose neighborhood the vines first begin to bloom and become an important item in the prosperity of the country. Here too the river first becomes navigable, and the heavy square punt that ferries you over at Rüthi, and the pictures of the old market-ships that preceded the first American steamer of 1824, and carried the vine produce to other and dryer places (for in Constance the land lay so low that cellars could not be kept dry, and the surplus of the vintage was at once exchanged for corn and fruit, etc.), are the first signs of that stirring commercial life which is henceforth inseparably connected with the great German stream.



ISLAND OF MAINAU.

Five different governments crowd around and claim each a portion of the shores of the "great lake" of Germany. Yet it is not much more than forty miles long, with a breadth at its widest part of nine. In old Roman times its shores were far more beautiful and worthy of admiration than now. Then it was fringed by forests of birch, fir and oak, and its islands were covered with dense groves. The chief beauty of lowland is in its forests: when they are gone the bareness of the landscape is complete. Rocky mountains can afford to be treeless, but to an artist's eye there is little beauty in treeless plains, and all the boasting of German enthusiasts about this lake cannot hide the fact that its shores are singularly low and bare. But if the landscape is tame, the historical

recollections of the Lake of Constance are rich and interesting. The oldest town on its shores is Bregenz, the *Bri-gantium* mentioned by Pliny and Strabo, and Christianized by Saint Gall and Saint Columbanus, the Irish missionaries whose wanderings over Europe produced so many world-famous monasteries. The great abbey of St. Gall was not far from the lake, and Columbanus established his last monastery at Bobbio in Italy. Lindau ("the field of linden-trees"), almost as old a city as Bregenz, built on an island and connected with the mainland by a long bridge over which the railway runs, was founded by the Germans, and some of the earliest Christian converts built its churches and convents, while later on its commerce grew to be one of the most important in Germany.



CASTLE OF HOHENTWIEL

League; but all this was lost in the Thirty Years' War, when it was devastated and partly burnt: now it ranks as a third-rate Bavarian town. But it is impossible to string together all the remembrances that distinguish these lake-towns, many of them now refuges for Englishmen in narrow circumstances, their commerce dwindled, their museums the thing best worth seeing in them.

We pass Arbon; Friedrichshafen, the summer palace of the kings of Württemberg, a sturdy, warring city in the Carolingian times; Meersburg, now a fishing-centre, once a stronghold of its martial bishops, and famous in later times as the residence of the baron of Lassberg, a modern *savant* and *virtuoso* of whom Germany is justly proud; and lastly Constance, the city of the Roman emperor Constantius, still beautiful and stately in its buildings. Charlemagne tarried here on his way to Rome on the occasion of his coronation, and many German kings spent Christmas or Easter within its walls. Here, in the large but low hall of the Kaufhaus, or Merchants' Exchange, the council of 1414 met, and never did the Greek councils of the primitive Church present more varied and turbulent scenes. The walls are paneled and frescoed by Philip Schwörren, an artist of Munich, and Frederick Pecht, a native of Constance, with rep-

and raised the status of the city to the level of the members of the Hanseatic

representations of these scenes, but it was rather a rough place in those days, and

tapestries and dais, weapons and costly hangings, concealed the unfinished state of walls, floor and roof. The old city has other buildings as intimately connected with the council as this hall—the convents

of the Dominican and Franciscan friars, each successively the prison of John Huss, the first containing a dungeon below the water-level and foul in the extreme, the second a better and airier cell for prison-



HANS HOLBEIN.

ers, as well as a great hall in which several sessions of the council took place, and where Huss was examined and condemned; the house where Huss first lodged with a good and obscure widow; and three miles from the town the castle of Gottlieben, also a prison of the Reformer, and for a short time of the deposed pope, John XXIII. Little more than a century later the Reformation had grown powerful in Constance, and Charles V. besieged and, notwithstanding the desperate resistance of the burghers, took the town, but not before a most murderous defence had been made on the Rhine bridge, the picture of which, after the unsuccessful fight, reminds one of the heroic defence of the dyke at Antwerp against the Spaniards, and even of that other memorable event in Spanish history, the Noche Triste of Mexico.

As we leave the lake two islands come in sight, Mainau and Reichenau, the latter having a legend attached to it connected with the foundation of its abbey which is the counterpart of that of Saint

Patrick and the snakes and vermin of Ireland. The "water was darkened by the multitude of serpents swimming to the mainland, and for the space of three days this exodus continued," whereupon Saint Firmin founded the abbey, which grew to such wealth and power, both as a religious house, a school for the nobility and a possessor of broad feudal domains, that the abbots used to boast in the twelfth and thirteenth centuries that they could sleep on their own land all the way to Rome. The Rhine issues from the lake at Stein, a picturesque little town of Merovingian times, which has seen as many "tempests in a tea-cup" as any of its grander and more progressive rivals; and not far off is the castle of Hohen twiel, built into a towering rock, once the home of the beautiful and learned Hedwige, duchess of Swabia. We need not dwell on Schaffhausen, one of the best-known points of the river, an ancient town overgrown with modern excrescences in the way of fashionable hotels and Parisian dwellings. One of the features of

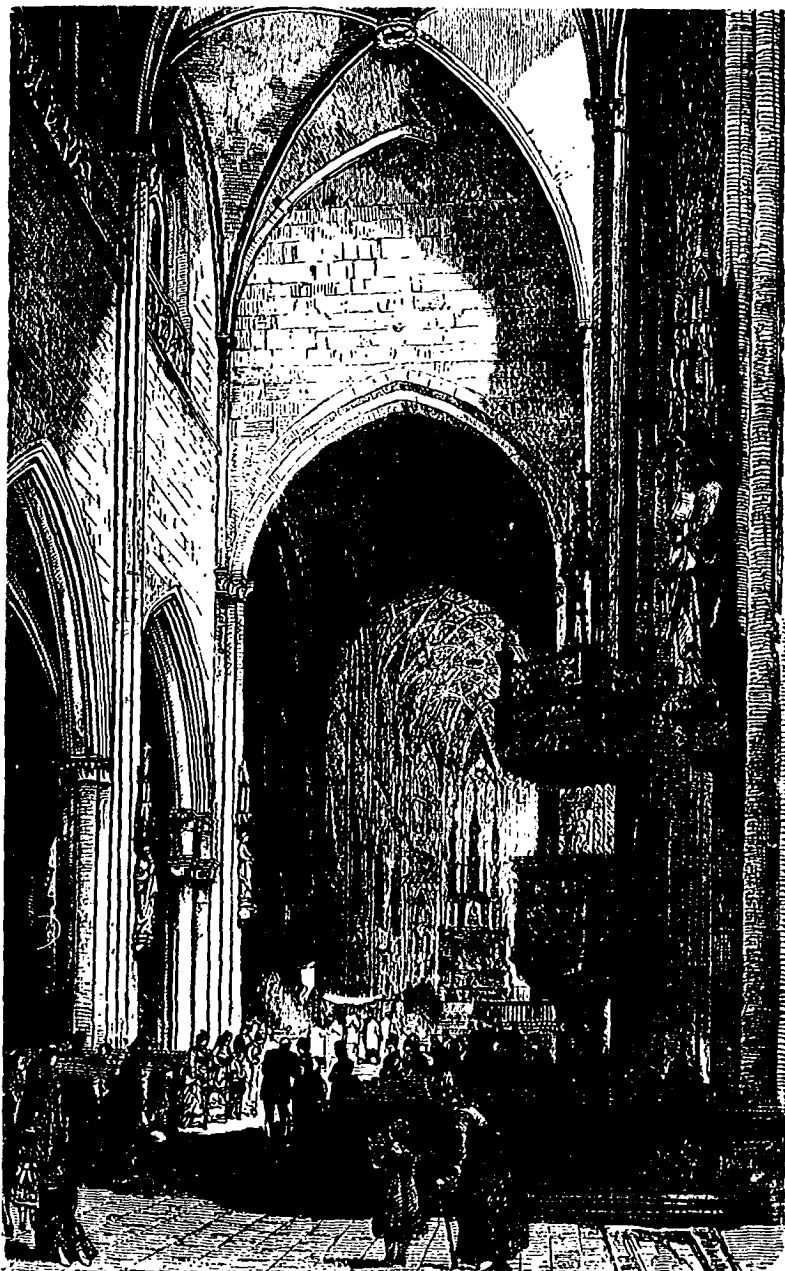
these river-towns, when they are not "improved," is the crowding of houses and garden-walls sheer into the stream, leaving in many places no pathway on the banks, which are generally reached by steep, mossy steps leading from old streets or through private yards.

We are nearing the four "forest towns" of the Habsburgs, at the first of which, Waldshut—where stood in Roman times a single fort to command the wilderness, much as the pioneers' outposts used to stand on the edge of the Western forests peopled with hostile Indians—the Aar, the Rhine's first tributary of any consequence, joins the great stream. Laufenburg, Säckingen and Rheinfelden, the three other forest towns, each deserve a page of description, both for their scenery and their history, their past architectural beauties, and their present sleepy, museum-like existence; but rather than do them injustice we will pass on to Bâle—or Basel, as it should be written, for the French pronunciation robs the name of its Greek and royal etymology from *Basileia*. Basel was never lagging in the race of intellectual progress: her burghers were proud and independent, not to say violent; her university was eager for novelties; her merchants spent their wealth in helping and furthering art and literature. The Rathhaus or guildhall is a gauge of the extent of the burgher supremacy: all over Germany and the Low Countries these civic buildings rival the churches in beauty and take the place of the private palaces that are so specially the boast of Italian cities. Among the great men of Basel are Holbein and the scarcely less worthy, though less well-known artist, Matthew Merian, the engraver. Of the former's designs many monuments remain, though injured by the weather—a fountain with a fresco of the dance of the peasants, and some houses with mural decorations ascribed to him. Basel has its own modern excitements—races and balls and banquets—although the private life of its citizens is characterized by great simplicity. The profession of teaching is in such repute there that many rich men devote themselves to it, and among the millionaires

of the old city may be found not a few schoolmasters. As in Geneva, learning and a useful life are the only things on which the old families pride themselves.

From Basel, whose every reminiscence is German, and whose Swiss nationality dates only from the epoch of the Reformation, the Rhine flows through the "storied" Black Forest, peopled with nixies and gnomes, the abode of the spectre woodcutter, who had sold all power of feeling human joys for the sake of gold, and who spent every night cutting down with incredible swiftness and ease the largest fir trees, that snapped like reeds under his axe. Old Breisach, with its cathedral of St. Stephen, and its toppling, huddled houses clustering around the church, is the most interesting town before we reach Freiburg. The tendency of mediæval towns to crowd and heighten their houses contrasts sharply with the tendency of our modern ones to spread and broaden theirs. Defence and safety were the keynote of the old architecture, while display is that of ours, but with it has come monotony, a thing unknown to the builders of the Middle Ages. Houses of each century, or each period of art, have, it is true, a family likeness, but, like the forms of Venetian glass, a pair or a set have minute differences of ornamentation which redeem the objects from any sameness. So it was with all mediæval art, including that of building the commonest dwelling-houses: there was congruity, but never slavish uniformity.

The first sight of Freiburg—we include it among Rhenish towns, though it is not on the Rhine—presents a very German picture. Old dormer windows pierce the high-pitched roofs; balconies and garden trellises hang in mid-air where you least expect them; the traditionary storks, the beloved of Hans Andersen, are realities even here on the tall city chimneys; and no matter where you look, your eye cannot help falling on the marvelously high and attenuated spire of one of the finest cathedrals in the world. Artistically speaking, this church has the unique interest of being the only completed work of ecclesiastical architecture that Ger-



INTERIOR OF FREIBURG CATHEDRAL.

many possesses. The height of the spire and its position immediately above the great gateway produce here the same illusion and disappointment as to the size of the church which is proverbial as regards St. Peter's at Rome. This impression soon disappears, and every step reveals new beauties. Each cluster of simple tall gray columns, supporting massive fourteenth-century arches, is adorned with one carved niche and its delicate little spire sheltering the stone statue of an apostle or evangelist; the chancel is filled with the canons' stalls, each a masterpiece of wood-carving; and at the eastern end, beneath the three higher windows and separated from the wall, stands the mediæval high altar with its three carved spires surmounting the reredos, and just below this a "triptych" of enormous size, a pictured altar-piece with folding-doors, the latter being painted both inside and out with scriptural subjects as quaintly interpreted by the devout painters of the early German school. But not only the nave, with its carved pulpit and canopy, its old dark benches, not renewed since the seventeenth century at least, and its crowds of worshippers, is interesting to the sight-seer, but each side chapel, rich with what in our times would be thought ample decoration for a large church, is enough to take up one's day. In these and in the aisles lie buried the patrons, founders, defenders and endowers of the cathedral, while in the chapel of the university are laid the masters and doctors whose fame reached over the learned and civilized world of the Middle Ages, and whose labors Holbein no doubt flatteringly hinted at when he chose for the subject of his great altar-piece in this chapel the visit of the Wise Men of the East to the infant Saviour. In each of these chapels are wood-carvings of great beauty and variety, and stained glass windows whose colors are as vivid as they were four hundred years ago; and in one is still preserved a heavy Byzantine cross of chased silver, the gift (or trophy) of a crusading knight, for Freiburg too "took the cross" under the enthusiastic direction of that great man, Bernard of Clairvaux. It is not often

that such a building as this cathedral has such a worthy neighbor and companion as the beautiful exchange, or Kaufhaus, that stands opposite on the "platz." This, though of later date and less pure architecture, is one of the most beautiful buildings of its kind in Germany. The lower part reminds one of the doges' palace at Venice—a succession of four round arches on plain, strong, Saxon-looking pillars; at each corner an oriel window with three equal sides and a little steep-pointed roof of its own shooting up to the height of the main roof. The great hall on the same level has a plain balcony the whole length of the building, and five immense windows of rather nondescript form and mullioned like Elizabethan windows, between each of which is a statue under a carved canopy; and these are what give the characteristic touch to the house. They represent the emperor Maximilian, lovingly called "the last knight," Charles V., "on whose dominions the sun never set," Philip I. and King Ferdinand. The color of the material of which this exchange is built (red sandstone) increases the effect of this beautiful relic of the Middle Ages. But, though we should be glad to linger here and admire it at our leisure, there are other houses in the city that claim our attention as showing, in their less elaborate but perfectly tasteful decoration, the artistic instincts of those burghers of old. And the fountains too! Not the bald, allegorical, monotonous and rarely-found (and when found only useless and ornamental) fountains of our new cities, but the lavishly-carved, artistic creations of an art-imbued age—the water free to all and flowing for use as well as for show, and the statues of civic patron-saints and occasionally men of local renown; as, for instance, the single statue of a meditative monk, his left hand supporting his chin, and a closed book in his right hand, Berthold Schwarz, the inventor of gunpowder.

From this inland side-trip we go back to the now broadening river, the part of the Rhine where the "watch" has been so often kept as well as sung—that part, too, where Roman forts were thickly strewn, and where the Merovingian and



THE "DREI EXEN,"

Carlovingian emperors fought and disputed about the partition of their inheritances. But everywhere in this land of

Upper Alsace 1870 has effaced older memories, and modern ruins have been added to the older and more romantic

ones. No foreigner can impartially decide on the great question of the day—*i. e.*, whether German or French sentiment predominates—while the interested parties themselves each loudly ignore the no doubt *real* claims of the other. As a simple matter of fact, Alsace is German by blood and by language, but race-differences are so often merged in other feelings, the product of kind treatment and domestic ties, that the sympathies of nations may be materially changed in less than a century. We certainly come across a good deal that is very French in the villages between New Breisach and Colmar: the *blouse* is the costume of the men; the houses are painted in light colors, in contrast to their steep gray roofs; the women bring refreshments out to the wagoners, and stop for a coquettish gossip in a light-hearted, pleasant, vivacious way not seen in other places, whose matrons seem graver and more domestic. But Colmar, in its streets, the names over the shops, the old corner-windows, is as German and antique, as good a "specimen" city, as Nuremberg or Augsburg. Here is the artist's delight and the antiquary's mine. Colmar, contemptuously styled "a hole" by the great Napoleon, was living enough at the time of the emperor Frederick II., and was one of the prosperous, haughty, freedom-loving burgher cities to which the sovereigns so gratefully gave the name and privileges of an "imperial" town. This city of ancient Germany is now one of the most stagnant among modern towns, just "advanced" enough to possess corner "loafers," and, we hope, to be ashamed of having publicly burnt the works of Bayle in the market-place; but its architectural beauties are such and so many that if you are on your way to Strassburg you had better deny yourself the pleasure of stopping here. Balconies and galleries strike the eye at every turn; irregular houses, their beams often visible; doorways of wonderful beauty; and a population nearly as antique, the women carrying loads on their heads and wearing short dark stuff gowns, thick blue worsted stockings and wooden shoes. Of course the cathedral is the pride of

the town, and it has some rather rare characteristics distinguishing it from the rest of the churches of this neighborhood, chiefly its simplicity of decoration. The impression of a noble simplicity is specially borne in upon us by the aspect of the dark, broad chancel with its carved stalls, and little else in the way of ornament: the sculptured door leading to the sacristy unfortunately hides a remarkable work of early German art, the *Virgin of the Rose-hedge*, by Martin Schön. The tower of the cathedral has above it only a small building with a steep, irregular, tapering roof, and here sits the watchman whistling on his cobbler's stool in a place that would be the envy of many a scholar pestered in his lower dwelling by inconsiderate visitors; as, for instance, that perfect type of scholars, Isaac Casaubon, whose journal bears witness to his yearning after more time and fewer admiring, consulting and tormenting friends. Not far from Colmar is a castle-ruin with three towers, the "Drei Exen," illustrating an old Alsatian proverb, the translation of which is, in substance,

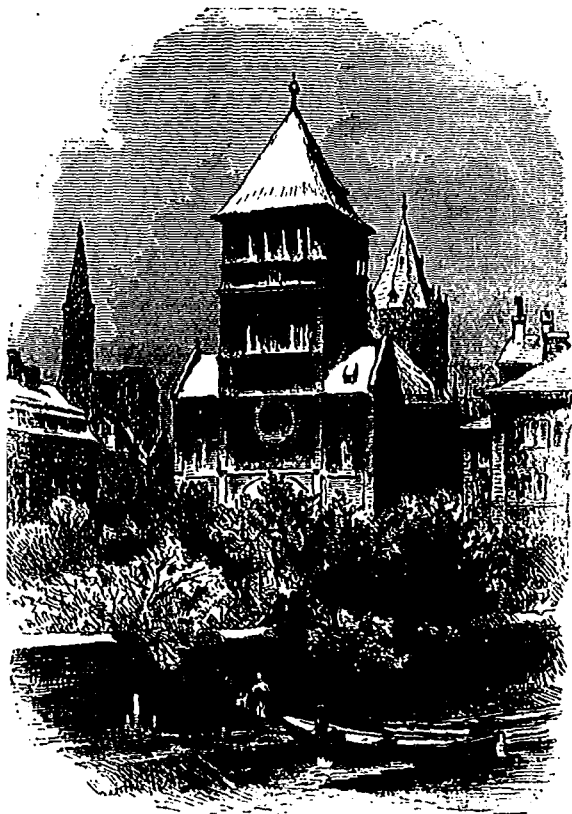
Three castles on one hill;
Three churches in one churchyard;
Three cities in one valley,—
Such is Alsace everywhere.

Other castles crown the heights above the villages of Kaisersberg and Rappoltsweiler, but we are getting tired of castles, and this region is abundant in old houses, the shell of the old home-life which has changed so little in the country. What difference is there between this ruddy, blue-eyed girl, with thick plaits of fair hair and utter innocence of expression, the mother of a future generation as healthy and sturdy and innocent as herself, and her own grandmother at the same age three generations back? Neither the village interests nor the village manners have changed: placidly the life flows on, like that of the Rhine water itself, in these broad, level, fruitful plains between the Black Forest and the Vosges. And so we seem, in these various houses with wide gables turned to the street, cross-beams and galleries and unexpected windows, outside stairs of stone or wood climbing up their sides, wide low

doorways, tiny shrines set in the rough wall, and dizzy roofs pierced like dove-cotes—houses that remind us of Chester, the old English town that has suffered least from innovation,—in these we seem to see some part of the old tranquil home-life of this Alsatian people renewed and re-acted before our eyes. Again the same variety of beautiful houses will meet us at Strassburg. But the woods are no less lovely: old trees round the ruins of St. Ulrich, and on the way to the abbey of Dusenbach, and round the shores of the "White" and the "Black" Lake, bring to the mind a yet older picture of German life, that of the free Teutons of Tacitus, the giant men who made it so important to the Romans to have the Rhine, the great natural highway, strongly fortified from its sources to its mouth.

Hoh-Königsburg, a splendid ruin, said to be the loveliest in Alsace, is now the property and the pride of the commune of that name, so that the victory of the present over the past is also represented in these living panoramas before us, for there is deep meaning in the possession by the people, as an artistic show, of the very stronghold which was once their bane and their terror. Then we run through Schlettstadt, with its sedgy banks, among which herons and storks are picking up their daily bread: deep shadows of old trees hide the blank walls on the river-side, and its cathedral towers high above the mingled steeples and

cupolas and nearly as high roofs of some of the larger buildings, while we think of its successful warfare with the bishops of Strassburg, its firm adherence in the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries to the imperial cause, of its sieges and fires, and also its famous "academy" and library; not forgetting, however, its shame in the



ST. THOMAS'S CHURCH, STRASSBURG.

sixteenth century, when the Jews were more signally persecuted here than in many other towns—at a time, too when the fanaticism that had driven so many to change their faith should have taught both parties of Christians some home-lessons. Its neighbor, Strassburg, has nearly as bad a record, but what with the beauty of the latter and its recent



FERKELMARKT (PIG-MÄRKET) AT STRASSBURG.

stormy history, its sins are the last things a traveler thinks of. Its cathedral and its clock have been fully described, but other churches of the old city are well worth a visit, that of St. Thomas being a specimen of an architecture essentially Christian and anterior to the Gothic, the same whose perfection is seen in many churches in Umbria and Tuscany and Romagna, before the miserable mania of the Renaissance style grew up. What was pardonable in a palace was monstrous in a church, but there was an evil age just before the Reformation, when, if certain learned and elegant and *pagan* prelates had had their way, Christianity would have been condemned as "barbarism." They were the Voltaires of their day, the disciples of a cultured infidelity which brought on the great rent between Latin and Teutonic Christianity.

In Strassburg we have the river Ill and its canal joining the Rhine, and Venice-like scenes, narrow quays, clumsy, heavy punts, fanciful chimney-stacks, crazy, overhanging balconies, projecting windows, a stirring human tide, voices and noises breaking the silence, an air of unconsciousness of beauty and interest, an old-world atmosphere; but there is a newer side, less attractive, the Place Broglie, crowded with Parisian cafés with all their tawdry paraphernalia, and prim white square houses, proud of their wretched uniform, like a row of charity-school children in England. Here is the fashionable centre, the lounging, gossiping dandyism and pretension of the modern world; but, thank Heaven! it is only an excrescence. Burn down this part, and the town would look as large and as important, for at every turn of more than two-thirds of the old area you are met by the living pictures that make these market-places, crooked streets and hidden chapels so familiar to the heart. The Ferkelmarkt, or "pig-market," though not in the most famous quarter of the town, is remarkable for its old gabled, galleried houses, while the view of the great spire of the cathedral is also good: not far, again, is a thirteenth-century house, with two stories in the gable and three below, besides the ground-floor,

which is a shop; and even many of the common houses, not specially pointed out to the tourist, are beautified by some artistic ironwork about the doors, some carved gateway or window, some wall-niche with a saint's statue, or a broad oak staircase as noble in proportions and beautiful in detail as if it were in a princely abode. The absence of all meanness, of all vulgarity, of all shams, is what strikes one most in examining mediæval domestic architecture. Would we could go to school again in that regard! Just outside Strassburg we come upon a path leading through beech-woods upward toward rocky ledges and walls and a convent; not a ruined one this time, but a most frequented and friendly place, built on the top of a hill and presided over by a hospitable sisterhood. This is the scene of the life-history and legends of Saint Otilia, and the spring for eye-diseases has been from time immemorial connected with her. The little chapel over the spring has the charm of small, unpretending, common places, where no show is made and no conventional admiration expected. Just as a speaker pauses here and there in his speech, expecting applause for such and such a popular phrase or striking sensationalism, so is our admiration as travelers regulated and bespoken beforehand. Here no man with any pretension to education dare pass in silence or let out a criticism: some things are sacred, like the tradition of the beauty of a faded society-queen. "What has been must always be." But what a relief to find some places you are not expected to go into ecstasies about! And they are generally worthy of more attention than they get, and if churches they are invariably more likely to move you to devotion. This has been my experience in Europe. The great pageants, gorgeous processions, etc. leave the soul cold, but an empty church, a sparsely-attended service, a lack of music, a quiet frame of mind, unstrained by rushing after this or that picture, this or that monument,—such are the things one remembers with thankfulness. LADY BLANCHE MURPHY.

GLIMPSES OF SWITZERLAND.

BY REV. W. C. DANA.

BASLE, on the frontier of Switzerland, is situated near the head of navigation on the Rhine, which here sweeps by in a full, broad, and rapid current of clear, light green water. From the high bank of the river the view is fine, bounded on one side by the hills of the Black Forest, on the other by the chain of Mount Jura. But more interesting than its scenery are those historical reminiscences which connect it with the Reformation and the Revival of Letters—with those illustrious names to which the lovers of religious liberty and classic literature delight to pay homage. The feeling of interest with which I surveyed the localities of this ancient town, was somewhat increased by the fact that I had happened to have in possession for some years past, a copy of the Greek Testament printed at Basle in 1524 by John Bebel, only eight years after Erasmus gave to the world the first edition ever printed of the Greek Testament. The manuscripts which Erasmus made the basis of his edition, with corrections from his own hand, still exist in the public library at Basle; where are also preserved several autographs of Luther, Melancthon, and Zwingli.

After dinner, I repaired to the Cathedral or *Münster*, more than 800 years old, situated on the high bank of the Rhine. This ancient pile has a striking and picturesque appearance, partially surrounded as it is by majestic trees. I was conducted to a small apartment within the building, called the Chapter House—a low room with four Gothic windows—in which the committees of the celebrated Council of Basle were accustomed to assemble. The room remains without alteration, just as it was when the Council was held, 400 years ago.

An object of still deeper interest arrested my steps in the body of the church, on the left of the altar; it was the red marble tombstone of ERASMUS, who died here in 1536. After lingering awhile over the spot where rest his ashes, musing on the changes in the intellectual history of the world which his mind assisted to effect, and recalling Pope's familiar lines in reference to

"Erasmus, that great injured name,
The glory of the priesthood and the shame,"

I walked in the cloisters which were once, probably, his favourite resort—read the impressive inscriptions on the monuments of the distinguished Reformers, *Æcolampadius*, *Grynæus*, and *Meyer*—and when the shades of evening rendered the objects within the Cathedral no longer distinct to the eye, came out on the lofty terrace which overhangs the Rhine, and gazed on the rapid torrent, rolling and foaming below. The scenery around, and the solemn evening hour, conspired to give their fullest effect to those illusions of fancy, by which, when we stand on consecrated ground, she seeks to conjure up the forms of the illustrious dead that sleep below.

It was quite dark when I left the terrace, and, crossing the Rhine by the bridge of boats, entered a public garden attached to a species of café, just on the bank of the river. Here was an assemblage, chiefly of the humbler class, solacing themselves with the "creature-comforts" of pipes and beer; smoking with the least possible interruption, and, at intervals, cheered by the enlivening strains of music from a band stationed in the garden, whose efforts to please were rewarded from time to time by a slight gratuity from the visitors. If the scene which I had just left addressed itself powerfully to the higher sensibilities of the soul, this, certainly, savored as strongly of ordinary humanity and common life, and suited well with that reaction of the mind which generally follows high-toned mental and moral excitement. As I glanced across the dark-rolling torrent of the Rhine to the venerable and sombre pile, now dimly visible, which I had so lately left, it seemed, with all its stirring recollections, to pertain to a different world, and those, the shadow of whose mighty names still rested on it, to belong to a different order of beings, from that assemblage of men and things which continues the series of ordinary existence. But this, too, is an illusion. Hoary antiquity covers with its venerable mantle the humbler details of human life, and "distance lends enchantment to the view;" but man never has been a being of pure intellect, and the greatest minds have, in their day, sympathized fully with the desires and appetites of vulgar mortals—from whom they have not been so far removed, in regard to the sensations of daily life, as we, who only know them through the medium of their intellectual manifestations, are often inclined to suppose. Even Luther himself despised not "that poor creature, small beer." A passage in his life, related by D'Aubigné, recurs to memory in this connection, which touches at once the higher, and the humbler sympathies of our nature. After his ever memorable speech before the Diet of Worms, he retired at night to his hotel, faint and exhausted, and no doubt *thirsty*. A servant entered, bearing a silver vase filled with Eimbek beer. "My master," said he, as he offered it to Luther, "desires you to refresh yourself with this beverage." "What Prince is it," said Luther, "who has me in such gracious remembrance?" It was the aged Duke Eric of Brunswick. "His Highness himself," continued the servant, "drank of the cup before sending it to you." Touched by this token of kindly remembrance from a prince of the adverse party, offered at this solemn crisis of his fate, Luther poured out some of the Duke's beer, and after having drunk of it, said with deep feeling, "As on this day Duke Eric has remembered me, may our Lord Jesus Christ remember him in the hour of his last struggle." The aged Duke in his last hours called these words to mind, and, addressing a young page at his bedside, said, "Take the Bible and read to me." The youth read the inspired words, and the dying man was comforted. How beautiful an illustration was this of the passage, Mark ix, 41.

The literary fame of Erasmus was at its zenith—he was the acknowledged head of the republic of letters—when he came, in 1516, from Oxford to Basle, which soon became a central point and place of refuge to the scholars and reformers of the age. Zwingle

and Ecolampadius were the most distinguished in his train; at a later period in the history of the Reformation, their courageous zeal far outstripped the timid policy of Erasmus.

The present population of Basle is about 22,000. Its once famous University, which numbers on its list of professors the names of Erasmus and Euler, is now greatly reduced.

In former times, the worthy citizens of Basle were accustomed piously to place over their doors religious mottoes, which, when coupled with the signs of eating-houses and shops, made sometimes a very ludicrous conjunction. One blazoned his device, the "Ancient Pig," in close connexion with an expression of his religious faith. Another had the following inscribed over his door:

"Wacht auf ihr menschen und thut Buss,
Ich heiss zum goldenen Rinderfuss."

"Wake and repent your sins with grief;
I'm called the *Golden Shin of Beef*."

At an earlier hour in the morning than was quite agreeable, I left Basle in the Diligence for Neuchatel. At a short distance from the gates, I saw the small Gothic cross, erected to mark the battle-ground of St. Jacob, where, in 1444, sixteen hundred Swiss resisted for nearly an entire day a French army of fifteen thousand men. Only ten of the Swiss survived that battle. The fame of this exploit spread throughout Europe, Swiss valor from that time became renowned, and thus originated the practice with the French kings of having a Swiss body-guard. The battle-ground of St. Jacob is regarded by the nation as their Thermopylæ; and to this day the red wine of the neighboring vineyards is called "Schweitzer Blut"—*Swiss blood*.

Our road lay through a fragrant and richly cultivated valley, on the banks of a winding river—the Birs. Finding that my companions in the diligence spoke only French and German, I surrendered myself to the impression of the romantic scenery, and to the exhilarating consciousness that I was at length in *Switzerland*—a country of which one can hardly think without enthusiasm. Gradually the valley grew more narrow, steep hills and rocky precipices rising on each side, with here and there an old castle or white convent crowning their summits. At length we reached the entrance to the passage through the range of the Jura. The view here was truly grand, resembling, but far surpassing, that of the Notch of the White Mountains in New-Hampshire. A solitary walk of several miles in advance of the diligence, which had stopped at a small village, left me at full liberty to enjoy the scene. The rocky precipices overhung the road, while, above, the mountain sides were covered with thick forests of black fir. In the midst of the deep ravine were several iron furnaces and forges, supplied with ore from the neighboring mines. As I walked on, the defile grew narrower, till the gigantic walls of rock on each side barely afforded a passage for the rushing and foaming river, and the road on its banks.

In one of the open vallies we dined at a decent inn. Soon after, we all got out of the diligence to ascend a long hill, about half way up which the road passed under an arch-way of rock, forty feet

high; probably a natural opening, enlarged by art. It was a singular and striking object in itself; but a *Roman* inscription on the north side of the arch made me contemplate it with no common interest. The Romans were the first who constructed a road through this mountain-pass. When I looked on the half defaced letters which their hands had engraved, so many ages ago, in the rock, and thought of them as having once traversed this same defile, I wished to linger amid the magnificent scenery that had met their gaze—from that spot to look upward to the silent sky, and around on those rocks and mountains which had witnessed their victorious march, and which are still the same, unchanged from century to century, while the generations of men, like the streams from the mountain-side, rush onward and pass away.

But high-wrought feeling never lasts long with travellers. In the hurry of taking our seats in the diligence, I stepped at once from the sublime to the ridiculous. My next neighbor was a lady, and her veil, adhering to my coat, forced her bonnet half off her head, and her head quite out of its natural position. Her pathetic cry, "*Monsieur! Monsieur!*" half drowned by the irrepressible laughter of the lady opposite, first apprized me of the posture of affairs. The captive fair one was speedily released, but I grieve to say that the bonnet was hopelessly torn and crushed. The tragi-comic style in which the lady explored and displayed the full extent of the injury to which I had been thus an unconscious accessory—her animated ejaculations in French as each effort failed to restore the bonnet to shape—and the air of philosophic resignation with which she replaced it, disjoined as it was, on her head, and joined in the general laugh—made up a scene which, however tame in the description, was in the acting quite irresistible; and it was long before the risibles of the party, of the ladies especially, yielded to control.

An hour's slow ascent up the mountain side by a zig-zag road had at length effectually calmed the effervescence of our spirits, and even the charm of the scenery had begun to yield to the sensation of fatigue, when, as we gained the last summit of the Jura, suddenly there burst upon me a prospect more glorious than any on which my eye had ever rested. A broad valley with a lovely lake lay at my feet; and, far beyond, full in front extended the long range of the *Alps*, their summits, covered with eternal snow, rising like towers and pinnacles perpendicularly to the sky, here, a few fleecy clouds hovering around their sides, and there, the western sun shedding its level beams full upon them, and tinging with a roseate hue their stainless and glittering snow. The moment when that scene burst upon me, I felt to be an epoch in my life. It seemed as if I could have gazed on it forever! There stand those everlasting mountains, in their calm majesty, in their awful repose, silent, yet eloquent to the soul, proclaiming the glory of God! Each tower and pinnacle that pierced the sky, seemed to be uttering forth his name.

I might have spent weeks in Switzerland without beholding such a scene. Every thing conspired to enhance its effect. The weather was uncommonly fine, the sky almost cloudless; and as I approached from the west, the declining sun was shining full upon the entire

range, fifty or sixty miles in length. It was my first glimpse of the Alps; and were there no other object of interest in Europe, that sight alone would richly compensate a transatlantic voyage.

As we slowly descended to the valley, the same prospect was in view. My fellow-travellers, to whom it was familiar, nevertheless sympathized cordially with my feelings; and my fair neighbor, forgetful of her injured bonnet, seemed thoroughly propitiated by my heartfelt homage to the unrivalled scenery of her native land.

At the foot of the mountain is the town of Bienne, beautifully situated on the lake of the same name. There I parted with most of my companions, and resumed my route to Neuchâtel in a smaller diligence, in which I was fortunate enough, by the aid of a small fee, to secure a seat with the driver—the only one from which the prospect was wholly unobstructed. Had I been doomed to a place in the *Interior*, I should have lost some of the finest scenery of my whole tour. For ten miles the road lay along the margin of the lake of Bienne, near the lower end of which is the celebrated *Isle of St. Pierre*, of which Rousseau has given so glowing a description in his "Reveries." Years had elapsed since my perusal of that work, but the account he there gives of his residence on the island, and the hours which he spent in the midst of its lovely scenery, reclining on the green border of the placid lake, plunged in delicious revery, has in it something exceedingly captivating to a youthful imagination; it was still vivid in recollection when, with no common feeling of delight, I suddenly found myself in the midst of those scenes, the description of which had charmed me, when little dreaming that it would ever be my lot to visit them.

Yet the island, with its lovely scenery and poetical associations, was but a subordinate feature in the landscape now spread out before me. In the distance, on the other side of the lake, the long chain of the Alps was still in full view; and while the shadows of evening were gathering over the valley, the setting sun was shedding a flood of golden light on the glittering, snow-crowned mountains. A more gorgeous scene can scarcely be imagined. Long and fixedly I gazed on it, with enthusiasm rising almost to rapture; till, just as the sun's last rays were gilding the loftiest summits of the range, the glorious vision suddenly disappeared behind an intervening eminence.

It was now quite dark in the valley, and I soon had other reasons for congratulating myself on having taken a seat with the driver. Having twice stopped to change horses and quench his thirst, he was now half asleep and more than half drunk, and came very near over-setting us against a wagon in the road. Shortly after, as we were entering Neuchâtel, a lantern indicated a spot where the road was broken up; but he was for plunging at once *in medias res*, and would infallibly have wrecked us, but for a prompt movement on my part. I ought to add that this was the only drunken driver that I met with in my tour.

After breakfast next morning, I went on board a steam-boat that plies on the Lake of Neuchâtel. It was a neat little affair, and differed from most steamers in having the forward deck appropriated to first class passengers, thus freeing us from the annoyance of the

smoke and the usual disagreeable odors from the machinery. After a pleasant passage of between two and three hours over the smooth water, we landed on the green grass in a little nook at the lower extremity of the lake. Here is a town called Yverdon, on the site of the Roman Ebrodunum, from which it derives its name. In what remains of a castle built in the twelfth century, Pestalozzi, the founder of the system of instruction that bears his name, taught a school, and it is said, a very badly managed one, for some twenty years.

A diligence was in waiting to convey us to Lausanne, on the Lake of Geneva. The weather was rather oppressively warm, and the Alps were shut out from view by the nearer eminences; but the ride was rendered agreeable by an acquaintance that I formed with a party of ladies and gentlemen from Ireland, as also with a young Englishman on his way to Egypt and Palestine. The Irish party were interested to know what was thought of their country in America, which they spoke of as "the next parish to Ireland;" and there was no lack of conversation on various topics, till, as we slowly ascended the height of land between the lakes, the Alps gradually rose again to view, their pure and snowy robes glittering in the clear sunshine. They were now much nearer than before, and the prospect, if possible, even more varied and sublime.

At length, having reached the summit of the ridge, we looked down on the celebrated Lake of Geneva—the "clear, placid Leman"—reposing in its loveliness beneath the shadow of the everlasting mountains. In my imaginings in respect to the scenery of this far-famed Lake, I had not included its most striking characteristic. I had pictured to myself an expanse of water, embosomed in forest-crowned hills and over-shadowed with luxuriant foliage, resembling Lake George, or Loch Lomond, without the sterner features of the Scottish landscape. But the distinctive feature of the scenery of Lake Leman is, that it lies at the very base of the high Alps, and reflects in its peaceful bosom their summits covered with perpetual snow. Rocky precipices rise from the water's edge; above these, the mountain sides are covered with forests; next succeeds the region of sterility and desolation; and all above is snow enveloping the lofty summits. This description is true only of one shore of the lake; on the opposite side, vine-covered hills slope gently to the water, presenting a beautiful contrast to the rugged and awful sublimity of the southern shore.

The lake is nearly in the shape of a half-moon, with its horns turned to the south. It is the largest lake in Switzerland, being more than fifty miles in length, measured along its north shore—about forty along the south. In the broadest part it is six miles wide; its greatest depth is nine hundred feet. The snowy summit of Mont Blanc, though sixty miles distant, is often reflected in its deep blue waters.

"Lake Leman woos me with its crystal face,
The mirror where the stars and mountains view
The stillness of their aspect in each trace
Its clear depth yields of their far height and hue."

Soon after our arrival at Lausanne, the steamer from the head of the lake took us on board. For several hours we were borne over its

placid waters, the ever varying scenery of the shores presenting continually new attractions to the eye, till near sunset, GENEVA rose to view at its western extremity. Its appearance from the water is very fine, the houses rising one above another from the margin of the lake, out of which the Rhone here rushes in a furious torrent of intensely blue water. The town is built chiefly on the left bank of the river, but, within a few years, an extensive range of edifices has been erected on the opposite shore, immediately fronting on the lake. The principal of these is the *Hotel des Bergues*, a very extensive and well conducted establishment, standing on ground running out into the lake, and connected with the town by two handsome bridges. A small island near, planted with shrubbery, is accessible by one of these bridges, and, as well as the ramparts close to the Hotel, affords an agreeable resort to those who love to inhale the pure breezes from the lake and enjoy the glorious prospect of the mountains. When you leave the margin of the lake, the impression made by the interior of the town does not correspond with the fine view from the water; the ground on which it is built is hilly and broken, the streets are narrow, and there is scarcely any thing of architectural beauty to delight the eye. But Geneva has other and far superior attractions. It has been the cradle of political and religious revolutions that have shaken the world. The principle of "a church without a bishop and a state without a king," had here its fullest development. The tree of liberty, civil and religious, here took deep root and overshadowed the land; and its leaves have been for the healing of the nations.

Still more remarkable is it for the unrivalled beauty of its situation, on the border of a lovely lake, whose sloping banks are covered with villas and gardens, and having in full view Mont Blanc and the range of the Alps of Savoy. These are prospects that never fatigue the eye; and to do them the amplest justice consistent with my short stay, was my great delight while at Geneva.

The house in which John Calvin lived, and where he probably died, is still shown; as is also that, now somewhat altered, where a very different character, J. J. Rousseau, first saw the light. John Knox was one of the many foreigners who found in Geneva, ("the Rome of Protestantism,") a temporary refuge from religious persecution in their own land. He was made a citizen of Geneva in 1558.

The most celebrated of the present inhabitants of this place is Dr. J. H. Merle D'Aubigné, the author of the History of the Reformation. Having been favored by his friend, the Rev. M. Monod, of Paris, with an introduction, I had anticipated much pleasure from a personal interview; but unfortunately he was absent, it being then vacation in the Theological School over which he presides. This *contre-temps* was the great, and I may add, the *only* disappointment of my tour. On Sunday, I attended service at the *Oratoire*, where he usually preaches, and chanced to hear M. Gaussen, somewhat known in this country by his work on the Inspiration of the Scriptures.

One afternoon I set off on the road to *Ferney*, the celebrated residence of Voltaire, thinking to be overtaken by one of the omnibuses that run regularly to that place, distant about five miles from Geneva.

After walking about a mile, I came to the conclusion that the residence of one still more famous for infidelity than genius, was not worthy of the homage of a visit, certainly not of a *pedestrian* one; a resolve which was doubtless much aided by the fact that there was no omnibus in sight. I retraced my steps, well-pleased—for what but painful sensations could the sight of Voltaire's residence inspire?—and taking a path along the right bank of the Rhone, strolled leisurely along, admiring the evening prospect of the city and its environs, the lake and Mont Blanc towering in the distance, till I came in view of one of the most remarkable objects in the vicinity—the junction of the Arvé and the Rhone. The last named river, of which Lake Lemman is but an expansion, rushes out of the western extremity of the lake in a torrent of azure and crystal, corresponding well with its poetic designation as “the arrowy Rhone.” The Arvé, on the contrary, fed by the melted snows of Mont Blanc, is the most turbid of mountain streams, and long after its waters flow into the Rhone, their currents refuse to mingle, and the line of demarkation between the deep blue waters of the one and the impure torrent of the other, is distinctly visible. At length their streams become united, and flow on together, the pellucid Rhone losing its purity, and like a reputation once stained, recovering it no more.

On a bright, clear morning, (Tuesday, August 29th,) I went on board one of the lake steamers. I wished to devote an entire day to the lovely scenery of Lake Lemman, before bidding it adieu, perhaps forever; and accordingly chose this route in preference to the more direct passage by land to the vale of Chamouny, the object of my next visit.

The company on board the steamer was agreeable, consisting chiefly of tourists. The vessel itself was one of the finest on the lake, new and well arranged; and I could not but remark, as a specimen of felicitous expression, the notice to passengers, “*On ne fume pas aux premières*”—an equally effectual and seemingly more genteel intimation, than the “smoking not allowed,” which so often stares one in the face on board of steam-boats.

Geneva and its environs seemed more beautiful than ever, as they gradually receded from view. Soon we touched at the little village of *Coppet*, where, in full view from the water, stands the *chateau* which once belonged to the celebrated Madame de Staël. Her writing desk and ink-stand are still preserved; and one of the rooms is shown as that in which many of her works were composed. A small chapel near the house, embosomed in trees, encloses the graves of this gifted woman and of her father, M. Necker. These are interesting objects to such as pay homage to the exalted genius of the authoress of *Corinna*, and can appreciate the brilliant imagination and the depth of feeling which that work so exuberantly displays. She sleeps in death; the tumultuous throbbings of that impassioned heart are still; but the spiritual presence of one who could so transfuse into other souls her own deep emotions, and touch the chords of thrilling sympathy in kindred bosoms, seems still to hover around; and where could her ashes find a sweeter resting-place than amid the glorious scenery of Lake Lemman?

IRENEUS IN SWITZERLAND.

I entered Switzerland by the way of Germany. Many travellers strike from Paris to Geneva, and begin with Chamouny and Mont Blanc. But if there is any beauty in a climax, it is of prime importance to see Switzerland aright, that you leave the greatest and most glorious to the last. So of the season. A German Professor of Horticulture, Botany, &c., whom I met in the cars a few days ago said to me, "you are just in time to see Switzerland to the best possible advantage. The rainy season is over, the Alpine flowers are now coming on in all their beauty, and often as I have traversed those hills in search of them, I should love to go with you." But he did not come. After a few days at Baden-Baden, the great watering place of Europe, the German Saratoga, refreshing myself after a journey of six weeks in Belgium, Holland, Prussia, Saxony, Saxon Switzerland, Austria, Bavaria and Bohemia, I came by the Duke of Baden's railroad to Basle, and here I begin my rough notes on Switzerland.

Basle, Aug. 13, 1853. The Hotel de Trois Rois, or, Three Kings, was reluctant to receive us, so great was the rush of company. Large as some of our own first class hotels, it was crowded to overflowing, but we found lodgings for three at the top of the house. It stands on the very borders of the river Rhine, which rushes by with a powerful current, and the verandah in front overhanging the stream is a pleasant lounge after a weary day of travel. Lodgings for three gentlemen, or in German "fur drei herren," we had so often asked for, that we came to be called the "Drei Herren," or "dry herren," as it sounded in our English ears. This ancient and venerable town, divided by the Rhine which here is bridged, has more than enough of historical and present interest to detain the traveller. The river forms a broad and noble stream along the sloping bank on which the city stands; the Jura Mountains rise on one side, and the hills of the Black Forest on the other, while the immediate region is richly covered with vegetation, and the villas of a wealthy class of people who have retired from the city, or who own the soil. Basle is a goodly town, and if the people have some rigid notions of morality in the judgment of travellers of easy virtue, it is refreshing to come into a city where the shops are closed of a Sunday, and every one is required to be at home by eleven o'clock at night. A city that bore so conspicuous a part in the Reformation, and still cherishes the ashes of so many great and good men, ought not to lose its veneration for the spirit and principles of the past. The Cathedral, now in process of renovation, was of deeper interest to me, than any of the many which I had recently entered. I was glad to stand in it on the Sabbath-day, and over the dust of the learned Enanias, to read his epitaph in Latin, to walk among the beautiful cloisters which have been burial places of the wise and good for more than six hundred years; where the monuments stand of Grymms, and Meyer, and Ocolampadius, men who were mighty in the Scriptures, in the days when such men were few. I walked through the portal of St. Gallus, under the statues of Christ and Peter, and the wise and foolish Virgins, and admired the pulpits of these pieces of stone, carved with great skill and effect; and then we were led to the chamber where the Council of Basle held its sessions, beginning in 1436, and lasting eight years. It has undergone no alterations in the 400 years which have since elapsed. In the library are preserved manuscripts of Luther, Melancthon, Erasmus and Zwingle, and I was greatly interested in turning over the pages of a huge volume in which visitors had inscribed their names for two hundred years. Illustrations names were here! And when I left the book, the catalogue began with Frederick, Duke of Saxony, and closed with the humble signature of Irenaeus. The celebrated pictures of the *Dance of Death* once adorned the walls of the Dominican church in Basle, and a few of them still preserved are now hung up in this collection, among others of greater merit but less fame, by Holbein. A beautiful picture, which I have seen attempted with far less success before, presents a Venus sleeping by the side of a stream, and a skull lying near her, and flowers blooming around, to illustrate the lines: "*Mortis imago sopor: velut amantem letitur atas, rix forma reliquum pulvis et ossa manent.*" "The image of death is sleep: like the river life glides away, and dust and bones, the only relics of departed beauty, are left behind." In the next room the same sentiment is more impressively taught from an uncovered sarcophagus, in which a female mummy grins horribly at you, as you look into the narrow house which she has slept in for two or three thousand years.

I called on Sunday afternoon at the Mission Institute in this city, to which Dr. Baird had commended me kindly. Dr. Hohmann, the President, received me with great cordiality, and gave me the most minute and interesting information respecting this establishment. We have nothing like it in America, but there are two or three others on a similar plan in Germany. Its design is to train young men for the Foreign Missionary work, and to provide for their support in the distant field. It is supported as our Missionary Societies are, by voluntary contributions, and Protestant churches in Switzerland, Germany, and even in Austria and the United States of America send their offerings here. About sixty young men are now in process of preparation under an able corps of Professors of Theology and the Sciences, while returned missionaries give instruction in the languages of the lands they have visited, and thus afford an invaluable aid to the prospective preacher in a foreign land. The reading room is supplied with missionary papers from all parts of the world where such are printed; the library is stored with excellent books of reference, and the spirit of missions is kept alive in the lecture-room and the Oratorio. The great map of the American Board which Armstrong was wont to describe with such holy eloquence before his translation, was suspended in the Mission Reading Room. The President allowed me to see the book in which were the names of all the men who had been here trained, and I recognized those renowned in the Mission work, three of them the translators of the Bible in different languages, one of them, Gobat, the present Bishop of Jerusalem, and many who have labored among the Germans of my own country. On the walls are hung the miniature portraits, done in pencil, of all those who have gone forth from these sacred seats to preach Christ to the Gentiles: one was a native African, another an Armenian, and a third was a Brahmin from India: a noble company, many of them now in glory, many now in the field of toil: I shall love to meet these faces again where they who have turned many to righteousness are shining like the stars. For more than thirty years this Institution has been sending forth laborers into the harvest, and it is destined, I trust, to a longer and more blessed career of usefulness.

Returning to my lodging I met on the steps a New Yorker, on the grand tour of Europe. Of course we exchanged impressions. He had found nothing to please him: America was far ahead of Europe in

everything worth seeing, and she would teach the world so one of these days: he thought it was the greatest bumbling that ever was, and he wished he had spent his money at home, instead of coming abroad to such a miserable country as this. He then expatiated for five minutes on the capacity of America to whip all creation, till he was out of breath, and I ventured to remark that he must have come abroad with strange ideas, if he expected to find greater lakes, rivers, or mountains here than at home; but I hoped he would not pretend that old things were not worth seeing for their antiquity, and that for art in its highest cultivation, we must certainly visit these galleries, where wealth and genius and time for a thousand years had been gathering the choicest works of man. He laughed at the idea, and said there was more art in Illinois than in all Europe; remembering the Scripture on casting away pearls, I turned on my heel, fully agreeing with my countryman that such as he do waste their money in crossing the ocean. By all means, let them go to Illinois.

Aug. 15. The architecture of this old Swiss town is very curious, and many of the most antique gateways and fortifications, towers and walls, remain to this hour, showing the quaint but not bad devices in the way of ornament, which were in use 450 years ago. In old times, too, they had moral laws here quite as stringent as those imputed to our New England ancestors. On the Sabbath, no one might go to church unless dressed in black; the number of dishes and the quantity of wine for a dinner party were regulated by law, as well as the style and quality of clothes. The good people used to put religious motives over their doors, and one or two public houses still have them:

"In God I build my hopes of grace,
Th' ancient Pig's my dwelling place."
And another still more earnest:

"Wake and repent your sins with grief,
I'm called the Golden Shin of Beef."

The gates of the town are closed on the Sabbath day during the hours of service, and an outward respect paid to the day which is creditable to the people. In the hotel, a small room has been fitted up neatly as a chapel for an English service, a custom not unusual in Switzerland, where English travellers are flocking constantly.

Basle is the great starting point for Swiss travelling for those who enter the German frontier. We have now come to the end of railroads, and must depend on horses or go afoot. The sooner one takes his place in the diligence after arriving, the more likely he is to have a good seat when he wishes to depart, and though I was early for this, no less than twelve had the start of me, and the coach carried only nine. "You shall have a supplement," I was told, and at nine in the morning with twenty-five travellers I was at the Post Office, to be despatched with the mails and the females to Schaffhausen. This posting is a Government concern, and the postmaster has charge of the horses as well as the letters. The same disease which prevailed in Holland raged here: there was no place but the middle of the street in which to remain till at the appointed hour the heavy diligence lumbered up to the door: the nine predestinated theromists took their seats; an omnibus and one or two carriages by way of supplement, received the rest of us, many grumbling grievously that they had not places in the coach, and others preferring as I did an easy carriage with a party of four. The postillion dressed in a yellow jacket with a brass horn under his arm, with which he amused himself and the country people as he passed, mounted the box, and we soon crossed the Rhine, and followed its banks upward for many a pleasant mile. The morning was fine after a rainy night, clear, cool and bracing: the distant Alps were constantly in sight on the right, and the winding, often rapid, always beautiful river, with its vine clad shores and smiling cottages was by our side. We left the carriage at *Lauffenburg*, and walked to the banks of the Rhine, where the river is choked into a narrow gorge, and dashes with terrible force through a deep funk channel, among opposing rocks, making a fearful pass in which an English nobleman lost his life, attempting to make the rapids in a little boat. The view of the valley and mountain bosom from the point where I stood was very fine, and I could easily believe it to be the presage of better things to come. Resuming our seats, it was found that one of our fellow travellers belonging to the Diligence, Alderman — of New York was left behind: the coach was out of call, and the best he could do was to mount the edge of the postillion's single seat in front of our carriage and ride on to the next post town. The Alderman was heavy, the place was too straight for him, and I suggested to him that a franc would buy the whole seat. He tried the effect of it, the postillion took the silver, dropped down upon the foot rest, and the Alderman had the seat to himself. In an hour we stopped to dine. Perhaps we were here a few moments sooner than mine host of the *Waldshut* Hotel expected us, for the dinner was not on the table, but it gave us a fine opportunity to observe a specimen of manners sufficiently characteristic to be made a matter of record. At the table there sat ten English, six German, and seven American ladies and gentlemen. I was at one end and an Englishman at the other of the table. The dishes were slow in coming in: the English gentlemen all having ladies under their care, left the table, rushed into the kitchen, seized the best dishes of meats they could find, brought them to their own places and helping themselves and their ladies, devoured them in the presence of the more barbarous Germans and Americans who looked on with amazement. I took the liberty of remarking that it was an outrage, of which I had never before seen an example in civilized life, and I was happy to observe that the practice was confined to a single nation out of the number represented here. An English lady gave me an approving nod, but the men were too far gone in beef and wine to pay any attention to lessons in good breeding. As might be expected, the leader in this grab-game grumbled at his bill, declared he was charged for more wine than he had drank, and laid himself out in abusing Swiss taverns in general and this in particular, till the postman's horn summoned him and the rest to their seats. The scenery improves as we ascend the Rhine. The banks are steeper, the hills are bolder; the water rushes more rapidly through winding channels, and the people we meet bear more characteristic features of another country. It is a Catholic holiday. We are meeting the peasantry in great numbers, dressed in their best clothes, some of them gaily; blooming lasses in snow white muslin and no bonnets, but sweet pretty head-dresses and pink ribbons tied as pretty girls in all countries know how to tie them; they are gathering at the churches, and as they wind their way through green fields to the highway, they give a romantic air to the rural picture we are looking on. Many of them are paired, and as they ramble along hand in hand, and now and then with an arm thrown lovingly round the waist, we know them as probably paired for life, and send up a little prayer that they may jog along as pleasantly all the way through.

The falls of the Rhine.
"The finest Cataract in Europe" is at Schaffhausen. We arrived at sunset, just in time to see the falls before the last rays had faded into night. The Rhine is here 300 feet broad, and after foaming and rushing furiously for a mile or two it takes a bold leap over a shelving precipice sixty feet high, and plunges into a bay of waters below, boiling like a

mighty caldron and sending up perpetual clouds of spray. In the midst of the cataract two columnar rocks rise perpendicularly, dividing the fall into three unequal parts. One of these rocks is clothed with shrubbery and the steep banks on either side are lined with trees. A castellated mansion crowns the summit on one side, and several buildings grace the other, so that nature and art have here combined to make a picture of wild romantic beauty, in which there is enough of grandeur to entitle it, at times, to be called sublime. Certainly we would so pronounce it, if we had not seen the waterfalls of America. The only place to see a fall to perfection is directly in front of it. We are told to cross the river and go up the hill to a jutting crag and there in the midst of the spray, contemplate the "hell of waters," roaring and tumbling madly on their way into the dreadful depths below. We went over, but nothing satisfies me but to see a waterfall from its base: it was an easy matter to induce two stout oarsmen to pole the nose of their skiff into the tooth of the cataract, and drive her up as near to the falling torrent as their strength would fetch her. I knew the strong current would send the little shell down stream, like an arrow, when they crossed the eddies and struck the channel; and so it proved. We tumbled up till the spray like rain covered us, and there we looked up at the white waves as they marched in fury down upon us, threatening to overwhelm the frail bark which tossed on the surface as a shell. When we had studied the scene from various points of view, we returned to the shore and met a party of English gentlemen and ladies at Castle *Wurth*, which commands a fine sight of the falls. "How does it compare with Niagara," one of them enquired of me. I replied, "We do not love to make comparisons between these beautiful scenes and those we have left at home. Nature there is more majestic in her works, and there is no sight on earth where so much majesty crowned with beauty is revealed as in the cataract of Niagara. You see that hill which bounds this valley on the west, and that higher one which shuts it in above where the Rhine comes down: those hills are not so far asunder as the river of Niagara is at the moment it falls! It is a lake broader than this beautiful vale and the precipice to whose brow it comes is loftier than the turrets of that castle, now fading from our view: it comes not creeping down the rocks like that, but gathering itself up and with one mighty leap, clearing the barrier, it pours its awful flood, as if an ocean had been spilled, into the abyss below. In the moonlight and in the sunshine rainbows are turned upon its brow, and garlands of diamonds hang from the summit to the base, in beauty indescribable."

"I have recently heard," said a gentle lady near me, "of a dreadful accident there: of a man going over after hanging for a whole day among the rocks above: do you suppose it to be true?"

"I received a letter this very day from home, Madam, giving me the particulars of that scene." They desired to hear it, and so by the last rays of daylight I read to the party a description by one of my sons at home of the fatal catastrophe. They thanked me, and we climbed up to the hotel *Weber*, which stands on the brow of the hill and looks down in full front upon the falls. The good man of the house gave me a noble parlor chamber, in the windows of which I sat late that night, enjoying that scene and thinking of another visit, I once made under happier auspices, to the greatest cataract, and I believe the greatest wonder in the world. Then I went to bed and to sleep with the roar of the tumult of many waters in my ears, making music the last that I heard at night, and the first in the morning which came to me with sunrise. Now the grandeur of the distant Alps began to appear. Long ranges, peak towering above peak, are seen; the names of some of them are familiar, as they stand there inviting me to come to their feet. Let us go.

Aug. 16.—Refreshed by a sweet sleep, and ready for another fine day most kindly granted us—indeed I have had nothing else thus far, not having lost a day by bad weather, nor an hour by poor health, nor a moment by ill humor since I left London—we were taken after breakfast to the village of Schaffhausen, where a small steamboat received us for *Constance*. The current of the Rhine above the falls is not so swift as below, but the waters are the same deep green, increased by the reflection of the beautiful sloping banks, covered with luxuriant vineyards. The vines are trained on short, upright poles, not on arbors as with us, and at a distance they look not unlike our corn fields. But the river is no narrower here that we seem to be in the midst of them, and enjoy the labors of the dressers, as they work in the sun. Now we are passing the old nurseries of Paradise, and Katherinethal, and that ancient castle above the town of Stein is Hohengenling once the abode of the masters of all this soil. Here is the island of *Reichenau*, where the remains of an ancient monastery are seen, and on the right as we are ascending is the castle of *Gutlieben*, where John Huss and Jerome of Prague were confined in gloomy dungeons from which they were dragged to trial and death.

And this brings us to *CONSTANCE*. 40,000 people once lived within these walls: now less than 7,000 are here: but the old and curious houses still stand, many without inhabitants, and the whole city apparently asleep at noon day as we entered. The historic interest hanging about Constance is very great and will always render it attractive to the traveller. On the borders of the lake of Constance, and but a very few feet from the landing, we saw the *Kapfhaus*, built in 1308, and memorable as the place in which the great "Council of Constance" sat in 1411-18, whose decision for good and for evil were so momentous in the church of Rome. We walked up the solid steps into the second story, one wide low room supported by heavy wooden pillars, and with a rough plank floor like that of a barn. Here, in this room more than 400 years ago were assembled from all parts of the Christian world, no less than 30 cardinals, 4 patriarchs, 20 archbishops, 150 bishops, 200 professors of theology, besides princes, ambassadors, civil and ecclesiastical, abbots, priors and inferior churchmen. The chair in which the Emperor Sigismund sat, and the chair in which the Pope presided stand as they stood then, and various relics of those times, historically associated with the council, are gathered forming a Museum of unusual interest. Before this council John Huss and Jerome of Prague were brought from their dungeons, and though the Council was assembled professedly to reform the Church, it condemned these holy men to the flames. I stood in the old Cathedral here where those martyrs stood, when the sentence of death was passed upon them, and saw the model of the dungeon not three feet wide and ten feet long with the identical door and window in it, where Huss was confined for many weary months. Here too is the bundle on which he was dragged to the place of execution, and when I had examined these and many other interesting objects which a Catholic claiming however to be the friend of Huss showed me, I walked out of the old chamber, and following the long street to the Huss Gate, I found beyond the walls of the town, in the midst of a garden, the spot where these blessed men were caught up by chariots of fire into heaven. An old Capuchin convent, deserted now, is standing near it, and so peaceful and fertile seemed these fields as I stood in the midst of the fruits and flowers, it was hard to believe that an infuriated mob had once roared here, and religious persecution kin-

dled the fires of martyrdom on the flesh of men of whom the world was not worthy.

In the Council Chamber are wax figures of these martyrs, bearing the records which I copied. "Jerome of Prague, called Faulfisch, a learned man of great celebrity, the friend and defender of John Huss; born at Prague, March 14, 1362; burned alive in consequence of the order of the Council of Constance, May 30, 1417, in the 55th year of his age. Jerome walked to the place of punishment, as though he went to a place of rejoicing. When the executioner was going to set fire to the pile behind him, Jerome said to him, 'Come here, light it before me, for if I had feared the fire, I would not have been here.'"

"John Huss, of Housenitz in Bohemia, born July 6, 1373, rector of the University and lecturer at Prague, burned alive at Constance in consequence of the order of the Council, July 6, 1415, in the 42d year of his age. His last words were, 'I resign my soul to the hands of my God and my Redeemer.'"

Returning from the place of execution, I paused in front of the house in which John Huss lodged before he was imprisoned. A rude image in stone of the Reformer, but a strongly marked likeness was on the outside. Every one we met could tell us which way to go to find the Huss house, and though there are but a few hundred Protestants in the whole city, the idea seemed to be general that a good man was wrongfully and cruelly murdered when Huss was burned.

In the after part of the day, as the shades of evening were drawing around us, we had a boat and went out on the Lake, and skirted along its shores, passing a large monastery where a few brothers of the Augustine order are still maintained, and a few miles beyond is a long and beautifully planted nursery which was suppressed in 1838, and converted into a hospital, though the sisters are permitted to live and die there, without adding to their number. This is the largest of all the Swiss lakes, and lies 1255 feet above the level of the sea. We floated around until the evening became so cool that we were glad to go ashore. Passing an ancient-looking church of which the door was standing open, we walked in: a solitary lamp was burning near the altar, and the sound of voices led us down the aisle to a door opening into one of the cloisters where a group of boys were on their knees, repeating prayers in concert, and vying with each other in the loudness and sing-song tone with which they performed the service. There were other points of interest about this ancient town, which I examined, but I must not dwell longer here. I walked to the Hecht Hotel by the light of lamps hung in the middle of a chain stretched across the street, and went early to bed as we were early to rise.

Aug. 17. We went by Diligence to Zurich to-day. The ride was pleasant, often very pleasant, and rendered specially so to me by the company of a student from the University of Heidelberg, who gave me much valuable information of the interior life of German universities. I shall have occasion to repeat it in another connexion. Some of the Swiss towns we passed through were very pretty, showing so much taste in the grounds about the houses, that one was sure there was a pleasant home. Part of the way was called the Roman road, and the remains of the ancient presence of that people are still visible. The river *Thur* flows along in the valley of the road, and its banks are lined with frequent mansions. Chateaux of elegance are on the hill-sides, and just after leaving Constance we passed one in which the present Emperor of France once resided, and which still belongs to him. *Frauenfeld* is a fine town where we paused to dine, and I there celebrated the day as an anniversary that I am quite sure was not forgotten elsewhere. *Winterthur* is really a beautiful city. Its streets intersect one another at right angles, and each intersection has an arched gateway, surmounted by a tower with a clock. As we advanced into Switzerland, the scenery becomes more commanding: now and then a sharp blue peak shoots up into the sky, and as the road descends we lose sight of it again, to see the same and others as we rise. At last as the day was closing, we came suddenly upon Zurich, the capital of the canton of the same name, the most thriving city in Switzerland, and rejoicing in the midst of one of the most beautiful valleys in the world. I should be deemed extravagant, were I to speak of it as it appeared to me when descending through vineyards and gardens, and among elegant mansions, to the shores of the lake on which this city stands. The Hotel *Baur* is the largest and best in the town, but it was crowded, and the gentlemanly landlord said the best he could do for us was to give us rooms in a private house adjoining his own. To this we assented with the more readiness, as it would bring us at once into the residence of the Swiss, and we could see more of their indoor life than the hotel would furnish. I should be glad to describe, or rather I wish you could see, the room in which I am writing this letter. For perfect neatness, exquisite taste in its furniture and decorations, comfort and real enjoyment, I have not been in its superior since I came to Europe. There is no carpet on the floor except a beautiful square on which the centre-table with a pot of flowers is standing. A piano with music and books is on one side, a sofa covered with white dimity on the other. The chamber looks out on a square, and the windows fill the entire front of the room, but rich lace curtains hang before them, and some of the panes of glass are replaced with porcelain pictures of exceeding loveliness. Before the mirror is suspended a vase, like a pendant lamp, in which a plant is growing, with its leaves as on silver threads falling gracefully on every side of it—a plant unknown to me, but which I hope to find elsewhere. Another flower-pot has a plant trained upon a flat frame, in the centre of which is one of these porcelain pictures through which the light is streaming. Around the walls are many splendid engravings in neat frames, and on the mantel and side-tables are various ornaments, chiefly curiously carved figures in wood, or beautiful glass-work, all displaying the taste of their possessor, and telling me all the time that I am an intruder upon the domestic precincts of some one who has let these lodgings for a season. These delicate cushions of pink silk with white lace edging, assure me that a lady is the rightful tenant; but I am tired, and shall slip into the linen sheets. Good night.

Aug. 18. To-day I have been exploring Zurich, a city famous in the history of the Reformation and dear to every Protestant heart. Here the exiles of England, when Bloody Mary was on the throne, found a hiding-place from her bitter persecutions. Here the first entire English version of the Bible, by *Miles Coverdale*, was printed in 1535. From my window I see the cathedral where Zwingle, the soldier of the Reformation who resisted unto blood striving against sin, once thundered the wrath of heaven upon the abominations of the Church of Rome. Here is the house yet standing in which he passed the last six years of his noble life. The clock of St. Peter is now striking. This church had for its pastor for twenty-three years the celebrated *Luther*, author of the work on *Physiognomy*. He was born here, and in the door of the parsonage which I visited to-day, he was shot by a brutal soldier, when the town was taken by the French in 1799. He had given wine and money to his murderer but a few minutes before; and though he lingered for three months, he refused to give up the name of the assassin to the French commander, who desired to punish the atrocious deed. I plucked a flower and a sprig of myrtle from his grave in the humble church-yard of St. Anne,

where a simple tablet to his memory bears this inscription: "J. C. Lavater's Grave. Born 16th Nov. 1741. Died 2d Jan. 1801." In the town library of 45,000 volumes, admirably arranged, is a fine marble bust of Lavater, and also of Pestalozzi, with portraits of Zwingle and many other reformers. But I was more interested in reading several manuscript letters in Latin, by Lady Jane Grey, Joanna Graia, addressed to Bullinger. The beautiful execution of the writing, the quotations in Greek and Hebrew, the spirit they breathed, and the fate of their lovely author, gave them all but sacred interest in my eyes. Here, too, I read in his own Bible the family record of Zwingle and his wife Anna Bullinger; and I saw many Greek and Arabic manuscripts which I know that Dr. Baffles or Dr. Sprague would give a heap of guineas to get. But why should I make a catalogue of the curious things I have looked up in Zurich? It is said that the sunset view of the city, valley, lake and mountains is not surpassed by any scene in Switzerland. I had been so busy in these old and interesting scenes, that the day was gone before I knew it, and as we walked out to climb the hill, from which the view is to be had, I feared the sun had already set. Part of the old rampart of the town remains, an elevated mound which has been tastefully laid out with walks and planted with shrubs and flowers, for a botanical garden. On the summit fine shade-trees stand, and here is one of the most beautiful promenades in the world. The sun was half an hour high, and just as we reached the hill top it began to come down from behind a dense cloud, like a mass of molten gold distilled into a transparent globe. Its liquid form appeared to tremble as it came forth; but the face of nature smiled in its returning beams. The nearer summits first caught the brightness, and then the more distant, invisible before, now stood forth in their majesty, shining in the sunlight. Below me lay the lake like a silver sea. And all along its shores and far up the hill-side, thousands of white cottages and villas, the abodes of wealth and peace and love, sweet Swiss homes, rejoiced in the sunshine, as they sent up their evening psalm of praise from ten thousand happy hearts to God. A hundred years hence our valleys may be so peopled: but we have none now like this: for a thousand years these hill-sides have been tilled, and all these acres, wrested from the forest, and subdued by the hand of industry and art, have been planted with corn and wine, neat and many splendid mansions have been reared in every nook and on every sunny slope, and now on all sides the panorama seems to present the very spot where learning, religion, taste and peace would delight to find a refuge and a home. It is now sunset in the valley. The lake is dark. The last ray has played on the spire of St. Peter and the Minister. But the dome of the Dold still gleams in the sun, and the far-off glaciers of Glarus and Uri are reflecting his lingering beams.

They are gone. The rose-tints have faded from the loftiest summit of snow, and the sun has gone down to rise on those dearer to me than his light, in a distant land. Once more, good night.

IRENEUS.

ORIGINAL PAPERS.

For The Port Folio.

TRAVELS.

LETTERS FROM GENEVA AND FRANCE.

Written during a residence of between two and three years in different parts of those countries, and addressed to a lady in Virginia.

(Continued from page 150.)

LETTER XL.

I AVAILED myself to the utmost of the little time my — staid with me: I carried him to the different places of the environs, whence he could form the best idea of this beautiful country; to Ferney, where the shade of Voltaire seems still to hover, to the neighbouring mountain of Saleve, and afterwards to Meillerai; and when the rain would not permit us to go out, we had old times to talk over, and new books to look into; and we had the inexhaustible subjects of winter grass, English and Latin prosody, the properties of the Lever, and the law of nations. Of those branches of the Alps which

shut in Geneva to the eastward, the most conspicuous is Saleve, which, though at the distance of nearly five miles, appears to one who enters the opposite side of the city, to be hanging over it. Its height is upwards of 3000 feet, and its original length must have amounted to five or six miles. I say original, for some powerful cause, acting in very remote times, has divided into two mountains what must have been, apparently, one: the general opinion is, that the instrument upon this occasion was the water of that great ocean, which once covered the face of this country, and which suddenly, and with irresistible violence was made to change its level. The confused accumulation of rocks at the foot of the hollow that separates the two mountains, renders the efficacy of water probable, and the marine shells which are found by myriads either in beds, or separately, in various parts of both, and the sand now covered

by a thin layer of vegetable soil on the top of the higher Saleve, show that water to have been salt. The interval between the two mountains is a fertile valley; it looks like the bed of some river which had been lately turned aside, and the appearance is the more singular from the long ascent which leads to it by the only road that is practicable on horseback; about midway in the valley is the little Savoyard village of Moneti, and this is succeeded by well cultivated fields, that end abruptly by a precipice on the very edge of which stand the ruins of the Chateau de l'Hermitage: this castle must have been erected in very distant times, long before the use of artillery was known, and when the protection of a family from outrage, and security from the spoils of war were the objects principally attended to in choosing a situation. There cannot be a more beautiful and variegated view than is commanded from this spot, which though in a deep valley, as to the mountains on each side of it is yet elevated to the height of several hundred feet above the plain below. The lake, the city of Geneva, the towns, villages, and cultivated hill sides, and the great basin, which for a while held in the diminished waters of the ocean, are spread out in all their magnificence of extent. The citizen of Geneva, says Monsieur de Saussure, must above all men enjoy this view, he beholds his native city, he follows with his eyes the fortifications, the harbour, and the publick walks, and he traces the portions of subject territory which lie embosomed within the neighbouring States: he thanks heaven, which placed the seat of all his heart holds dear in a land of freedom, and admires with gratitude those coinciding causes, and that

reunion of circumstances, which must forever secure the independence of Genoa. What the feelings of a Genevan are who now looks down upon his native city from the Chateau de l'Hermitage, may be conceived without any great effort of the imagination. I declare to you, that when full of this passage of Monsieur de Saussure, I placed myself as he describes, my feelings, stranger as I am, and from a very distant country, were those of sorrow and indignation. Revolutions must, I know, take place in the political, as fermentations do in the natural world; and I have that reliance on the ways of Heaven which makes me hope, that every thing will still be for the best. But when we reflect upon the waste of human life from one end of France to another; upon the exertions that have been made by a great, a gallant, and a generous nation, and consider what a death stroke has been given not only to the liberty of their defenceless neighbour, but to every thing like liberty among themselves; when we behold the individuals whom the caprice of fortune has elevated to those distinctions in society, which but a few years ago constituted the only crime that hurried numbers to execution or into exile, —we cannot but presume to hope, that Providence has condescended to contract an enormous debt towards a large portion of mankind, which will be paid hereafter to their posterity.

The ride to Ferney occupied a morning very agreeably. You will see in the descriptions of various travellers a good account of the house and of the neighbouring town, which does infinite honour to the sagacity, to the taste, and to the humanity of Voltaire: the bed in which he lay, and the furniture

of his chamber remain as he left them, and there are several valuable pictures of distinguished persons hanging up in the room. The King of Prussia's put me in mind of our old friend Baron de Steuben, but the eyes, though blue, are very far from being such as bespeak a melting soul: they are the eyes of a tiger in the act of leaping upon his prey. The memoirs of Thiebaud, which I have lately read, relate intirely to the court of Berlin, and to the private life of this great King, who was a singular composition of good and bad; of what is great in the estimation of mankind, and of what is mean: with twelve cooks in his service at a time, he never possessed more than six shirts, and could bear to see the friend whom of all men he loved best, in a state but little removed above poverty. These memoirs, will no doubt have been translated into English, and I advise you by all means to procure them: they will bring you better acquainted with some singular individuals, whom you may have heard of, and will disclose to you a great many original views of human life; you will see with satisfaction, that the account which Baron de Trenck gives of himself, is by no means a romance, and that he was a person of more merit, and still less deserving of his hard fate, than appears even by his own memoirs; you will be struck also with the extremes of superstition and incredulity in the celebrated authour of the Jewish Letters; he could ridicule those who said their prayers, and yet would not upon any account but have turned the head of his bedstead to the East, and could never be prevailed upon to begin a work or undertake a journey on a Friday; the conduct of the King towards him in his old age puts the friend-

ship of the great and powerful in a very striking point of view.

LETTER XLI.

My next excursion with my ——— was to Meillerai along the Savoy side of the Lake. The country is by no means as well inhabited or as well cultivated as the Pays de Vaud; the soil indeed is not in general as good, nor the exposure as favourable for the cultivation of the vine; and the government of the King of Sardinia, though not oppressive, was not such as gave encouragement to industry and to the arts: at present the inhabitants seem rather stunned, than roused, and not well awake from the death-like slumber of former times. The town of Thouon, which we passed through, is advantageously situated for trade either with the interior country, or with the opposite shore of Switzerland, but appears the seat of poverty and of uncleanness; at the northern extremity there is a terrace which commands a view of the whole extent of the lake from Chillon to the neighbourhood of Geneva, and along the fertile countries of La Vaux, and La Cote; it also commands a nearer view of the antique mansion of Ripaill, where Amadeus of Savoye spent his time so agreeably. The weather was not favourable to our going there, though we passed very near it, but my disappointment was allayed by knowing it to have been confiscated, a circumstance which has often thrown a repulsive gloom over places that I could have visited with pleasure both in America and Europe. A company of speculators from the Pays de Vaud purchased in the time of assignats this ancient residence of princes and priests, with its venerable cloisters and its chapel, this noble do-

main of vineyards and meadows, with its spacious park and its extensive woods of old and lofty trees, for less money than the tiles which cover the principal buildings would now sell for. There must surely come a time when the government of France will revise these sales, and let the injustice of confiscation be in some measure expiated by the publick advantage derived from it. Near Evian is a mineral spring which is frequented by great numbers of people every summer, and the town itself might be rendered a place of delightful residence; it stands on the slope of a fertile hill, which leads down to the lake in a beautiful and healthy country, and with a command of gushing waters like those of Staunton; but the streets are dark and dirty, the houses bespeak wretchedness and indolence, and the waters, which might be made to answer so many delightful purposes, are sacrificed to the working of a few ill constructed mills. Immediately out of Evian the road descends to the brink of the lake, and follows it three or four miles, so as to remind us very much of Long-bay; but instead of the mishapen heaps of sand on one side, there are vineyards, and shady woods, or green fields thickly interspersed with walnut trees: nothing, however, not even the lake of Geneva, and its fertile banks, could efface from my mind the remembrance of the great ocean, which is perhaps of all objects the most sublime. In about an hour from Evian we reached the commencement of the new road, which is at first a stately causeway, and then a terrace cut in the rock, where it descends almost in a precipice to the side of the water. This, when finished, will be the common passage into Italy, and will no

doubt be travelled by many a young man, who, with the whole scenery of the Nouvelle Heloise before his eyes, will conceit that he is passing under the very rock that St. Preux wrote from. Meillerai is a miserable village of fishermen, and rai-sers of stone, who cannot be made to understand the advantage they are to derive from a road being carried through their country,—in a few years they will know better, and will think no longer of a little piece of garden ground, or of a favourite walnut-tree, which may have been sacrificed upon the occasion. We took a boat and rowed out upon the lake, and the little narrow street of wretched houses we had just left, seemed now, as they presented themselves in a bay upon the margin of a smooth lake, and beneath impending woods, to be the very seat of blissful retirement. The part we now floated on is known by actual sounding to be upwards of 1000 feet in depth, so that the mountain behind the house at Belvoir would form a little island of a few acres, which is all that the lake requires to complete the beauty of its scenery. I should have said more to you at times of this great lake, but the account given of it by Coxe, contains every thing worth your notice. That sudden increase and decrease of the water upon the shore, which he mentions as taking place at times, is as inexplicable as ever—it is as if some superiour power amused itself with setting the waters of this great basin in motion, as children might those of a bucket; there is a periodical increase in the month of August, more easily accounted for, as it is evidently connected with the melting of the snow, and this fortunately is the case, when from the heat of the sun, and the dryness

of the season, the exhalations from the shores of the lake might otherwise be dangerous.

We returned to Geneva the next day, and my — being no longer able to prolong his stay, I determined to accompany him by Vincy as far as Giez; these are two villages in the Pays de Vaud, the one near Rolle, and the other but a mile from Granson on the lake of Yverdun. I will tell you in a future letter, why you should be particularly interested in these villages, and hope that you will hereafter look for them in every large map of Switzerland you meet with. It is now the 13th of November, and we are once more fixed in Geneva for the winter, with the prospect of setting out for Paris in the spring. Of publick news I have said nothing: indeed we know no more of what the greater powers intend, than the spectators of the opera do of the machinery behind the scenes. The powers of Germany seem taken in by France as Atalanta was by Meleager, they are besides humility itself. Russia swells and threatens, but does nothing, and the King of Naples is worse than between Sylla and Charibdis, for Russia and France have each made demands; and he cannot comply with those of the one power, without embroiling himself with the other. Switzerland and the Seven United Provinces, now known by the name of the Batavian Republick, are, it seems, on the eve of some great change under the pressure of that mighty hand which moulds them as it pleases. In short, of all Europe, the little republick of St. Marino seems the wisest, and the happiest portion. They had the good sense some years ago to refuse an accession of territory, which was offered them by the Directory of

France, and now reap the reward of it. I wish our government in America had been possessed of the same spirit of moderation. Our rulers were fearful of a dangerous neighbour in Louisiana, but the proximity of hostile powers acting like the pressure of water upon the component parts of a crazy vessel, might have kept the various States united much longer than I now see a prospect of: the crimes and the misfortunes of Europe will not however, I hope, have been exhibited to our view without some good consequences; the principles of revolt, the holy duty of insurrection will not surely be confounded with the rights of man.

ORIGINAL PAPERS.

For The Port Folio.

TRAVELS.

LETTERS FROM GENEVA AND FRANCE.

Written during a residence of between two and three years in different parts of those countries, and addressed to a lady in Virginia.

(Continued from page 165.)

LETTER XLII.

AT this time last year I little imagined that I should pass another summer near Geneva, but a variety of circumstances have contributed to keep us here; there needed no great violence as you may suppose, and I trust that we shall never have cause to regret it. We are now at Secheron, where we have a very good house on the borders of the lake, and the pleasure of going upon the water of a fine afternoon is thus added to the many other enjoyments of this fine country. Our great and principal object of education for a part of the family is promoted by our stay, your new —— will be bet-

ter able to bear the fatigue of travelling, and your —— will enjoy the advantage of a paternal home a little longer. He will follow us in less than two years and finish his education in his own country. The persons who direct our seminaries or universities in America are, I presume, upon a footing with the teachers and heads of houses of other countries, but their plan of instruction commences so soon, and goes on so rapidly, that a young man is often left unemployed at a very awkward moment of his life. I was once in hopes that we should have had a great national school and university in a central part of the United States, where young men from different parts of the Union might have become acquainted in early life, and have been in some degree united ever after; a very small part of the sums so uselessly and unwisely lavished in the purchase of Louisiana, might have collected men of science in every branch of

instruction, and have provided all the various apparatus for lectures on chymistry, astronomy and experimental philosophy. It would no longer have been necessary for strangers to bring us acquainted with the natural history and geology of our country, a taste for the fine arts might have been introduced, and some liberal employment provided in time for that immense accumulation of money which all seem to aim at and so many succeed in procuring: but all such views have vanished before the spirit of parsimony which forms the great political virtue of the times, and which seems indeed to afford the only solid basis of popularity. Those advantages which might have resulted to the youth of the United States in general, from a national university, seem to have been long enjoyed by the Virginians, who certainly owe a part of their preponderance in public affairs to their being very generally educated under the same professors—it enables them to add discipline to the force of numbers, and to act as it were in column against the loose array and scattered forces of their political antagonists.—I will now go back to my journal which finishes in my last with a promise to give you some account of an excursion my brother and I had made into the Pays de Vaud. Immediately behind Granson, which you will find on any map of Switzerland, is situated the little village of Giez, where our kinsman sir James K— passed a retired and blameless life of many years: he was heir at law to a good estate in Scotland, when in travelling through Switzerland he became smitten with the charms of a young lady of Berne, of good family but of small fortune and married her in oppo-

sition to the wishes and injunctions of his father: some years before, he had, as was pretended, made a promise of marriage to another person, and as the law of Scotland is far, if I may use a French expression, from understanding railery upon this subject, he was outlawed, and left at his father's death, with no other provision than an allowance of three hundred pounds a year, the estate passing to his younger brother, as if he had been physically dead.

I saw him when I was formerly in this country, and used to admire the cheerful resignation with which he bore his misfortunes. He had so nearly forgotten his native language that he preferred expressing himself in French, which he however spoke with so broad an accent, that it was sometimes difficult for his children to comprehend him.

There was something in the circumstance of us, Americans, passing a day with a number of relations, at the foot of Mount Jura, that was singular and almost romantick. They received and treated us with the greatest kindness and hospitality, in a house which bespoke a decent plenty, which is better than opulence; they talked over, but without bitterness, the injustice which the family had suffered in Scotland; they showed us the good old gentleman's picture done in his better days, with the family arms in one corner of it, and pointed out the oak tree, under the shade of which it had been his desire to be buried. Between the village and the lake is the field where the duke of Burgundy held his head quarters, and the stone is still distinguished on which, tradition says, he was seated, when he treacherously gave orders for the execution of the garrison of Granson; it is called, to this day,

the stone of evil counsel, and has remained a memorial of the duke's wickedness and folly, for upwards of three hundred years: you know what ample vengeance the Swiss took of him and his army afterwards; but the ossuary of Morat, in which the bones of the Burgundians had whitened for so many years, was destroyed by the French when they entered Switzerland. I can very well conceive their considering it as an object of evil omen, and so it might have been, had the Swiss continued united in these latter days, as they were in the 15th century. Ancient as well as modern history renders the whole of this country interesting. Yverdon and Orbe, every town, and almost every village we passed through, are known to have been Roman stations, and the road we travelled on was the same which was used in the time of the Cæsars.

Having parted with my brother at Giez, I returned to Geneva by the way of Vincy, but stopt for an hour at Allamans, which you will find on the map to the north of Rolle: upon a gentle eminence overlooking a little village, is an old family-house, there is a spacious garden annexed to it with a stream of water running through, and an ancient wood and a natural terrace of nearly a mile, with a river at the foot of it, which is seen to enter the lake; on the other side of the lake, the view, after reposing for a moment on the slope of the vineyards near Thonon, loses itself in the Alps. Such is Allamans, and, if to the circumstances I have mentioned you add, that it is in the midst of a high, healthy and well cultivated country, you will think it singular that the proprietor of such a place, who is also a man of very large fortune, should prefer passing his summer in Ge-

neva: but the revolution in the Pays de Vaud, which destroyed the remains of the feudal system, has produced a bitterness of animosity between the former seigneurs and their vassals, which must render the residence of a castle unpleasant.

The event has not however been as injurious to the former as I once imagined, the government of the Pays de Vaud proceeding with a degree of liberality, which is to be admired in revolutionary times, granted the seigneurs twenty years purchase of their allodial rights, reserving however, the tithes for themselves, and confounding very unjustly some cases of mortgages given at distant periods, with feudal tenures. As these indemnifications were made in what we should have called treasury incidents in America, and as there prevailed the same want of confidence in the government as originally with us, they have been very generally parted with and at a very great discount.

Vincy is the seat of a gentleman who married a grand daughter of sir James, and I felt myself here, as well as at Giez, in the house of a relation. It is in the finest part of La Côte, and situated in a manner to remind me very much of Belvoir. The mountain behind the house rises to about the same height and they look down upon the lake, as you do on the tops of pine trees; but after a space for a terrace before the door, and the garden ground, with a small portion of the mountain which furnishes fire-wood, the whole as far as the eye can reach, and down to the lake, is in a state of the highest cultivation and principally in vineyards.

Mr. de Vincy who served many years in Corsica, knew the present

emperour there, and used to lend him books as to a promising young man, that is, he used to permit him to come and read them at his quarters. The strangely brilliant fortune of this wonderful man, this emperour, has excited a great deal of curiosity and inquiry as to his earlier life, and I ought in justice to inform you, that he is generally represented, as having preserved a grave, and rather dignified demeanour; of having practised the virtues of obedience as an inferiour, before he began to command. He is expected here in the course of next month, and it may be in my power learn something interesting of his private life, which I may communicate to you without indiscretion. To judge of him by what I as yet know, he appears to be a man of singular talents and of great attainments, and yet deficient in that sort of plain, I might almost call it vulgar good sense, which makes no splendid figure in life, but which is so useful in the arrangement of our private concerns: he has had opportunities of acting either as Monk did in England, as Timoleon did in Syracuse, or as Washington did in America: perhaps the nation he served was capable of no situation in which such conduct would have placed it; but some semblance of liberty might have been left, some consolation for the horrors of the revolution might have been afforded to those, who have been the sufferers in the contest: recollecting the instability of fortune, he might have remained satisfied with being as great as Lewis XIV in all his splendour, he might have raised not humbled Spain, have left Holland the advantages of neutrality during the present war, respected the independence of Switzerland, and not trampled up-

on the powers of Germany; he might still have pursued the glorious policy of uniting Italy under one sovereign, without aggrandizing himself and his relations; and feeling superiour to the angry passions of the moment, he might have refrained from an act, which all men condemn, and which will lie heavy on his conscience to the end of life, unless, which you will say is very possible, I may have been misled in my opinion by publick report.

LETTER XLIII.

I am not very certain but that you will think I have already said too much of Geneva; but you are yet to wade through a particular account of their plan of education; and I will endeavour to make you acquainted with the state of science in its various branches here, as far as my opportunities and my knowledge will enable me to do so. The little too, which I have said of their political differences would admit of my adding considerably to that article, nor would it be difficult to attract your attention by some interesting descriptions; why, for instance, should we be made to admire the firmness of the Roman senators remaining in their places as the Gauls entered the city, and know nothing of the affecting sight which the magistrates of Geneva afforded, when seated in their robes of office across the streets, they stopt the march of a column of mutinous citizens? You must trample upon our bodies, they said, before you can approach your fellow-citizens with any hostile views. The sad scenes also which distinguish Tiberius and Caius Gracchus in Plutarch, have been acted over and over again in Geneva, and the last moments of many of the victims of those frightful pe-

riods have been such, as Plutarch would not have thought unworthy of being transmitted to posterity.

I will return to this subject hereafter perhaps, but will in the meantime give you some idea of a short tour which your —— and I are just returned from. Our object was to fill up the interval of a vacation at school in the most agreeable manner, and the result of the family council held upon the occasion was, that we should cross the Alps and go by Turin as far as Milan. Your —— was delighted at the prospect of seeing another nation, of hearing another language, of pursuing the road of Hannibal, and of breathing the air of Italy, which had produced so many great men; and I was to attend him as the Sybil does Æneas, in order to explain some things, and to give him a distinct idea of others, which he will better comprehend hereafter. The little village of St. Julien put me in mind of the sisters of St. Claire, who experienced a hospitable and affectionate reception there, when they were compelled to quit their convent in Geneva; and our first halt was at Frangy, which you will easily find, if you can prevail on yourself to spread a map of Savoy upon the table.

The inn was a castle of former days, and it still, even in its present degraded situation, retains somewhat of a castle-like appearance. I remembered stopping at the same house about seven and twenty years ago with two English gentlemen, one of whom is distinguished by Dr. Moore in his tour, by the letter H, which was the initial letter of his name; he was then, when we dined together at Frangy, a spritely, good humoured, handsome young man, of large fortune and still greater expectations; un-

fortunately for himself and for mankind, to whom he would have proved an ornament, he was desirous of distinction, but totally mistook the proper road which led to it; he lost his money at cards although he hated gaming, and drank to excess without any passion for liquor; he so managed, in short, that his fortune and his constitution expired together at the early age of five or six and twenty.

“ ’Twas all for fear the knaves should call him fool.”

The little town of Frangy lies at the bottom of a circle of hills surrounding it like a funnel; these slopes have long been distinguished for the wine they produce, and which Rosseau says, contributed as much as the arguments of the curate to make him abandon the Protestant faith. The whole surface of the country resembles that of the ocean in a storm upon an immense scale; we found ourselves at one moment upwards of a thousand feet above the level of the lake of Geneva, and then the moment after nearly two hundred feet below it. We stopt at Rumilly for the night, after ascertaining the spot as we entered the town over a bridge, where two young people travelling in a chaise, were some years ago exposed to a frightful fall. The postillion perceiving that the impulse of the carriage would prevent his turning in time to reach the bridge, had left them to their fate on the brink of a precipice of upwards of sixty feet, down which they were precipitated so as to fall on the edge of the river—the horses were killed and the chaise crushed, but it had fallen on the top where there was an imperial filled with clothes, the shock had been by that means diminished, and the young people escaped unhurt.

As we arrived early in the evening we had time to walk about the town, and found a guide for that purpose in a well looking woman who had formerly, she told us, been a nun, and who carried us to the ruins of her convent; the church had been converted into a store-house, and a detachment of gendarmierie was in possession of what remained of the cells—this was a sight which our guide had not been yet rendered callous to, and I observed a sort of satisfaction in her eyes, when she told us of a fatal accident which had happened to one of the principal purchasers of the convent. She had known more sorrow during six years in the world she told me, than during fourteen in her former recluse life.

In continuing our route towards Aix we were soon, as you will perceive by the map, between two small lakes, that of Bourget, which we now and then got a glimpse of, and that of Annecy at a greater distance on our left. There is something extremely picturesque in the appearance of a lake surrounded by lofty mountains, that of Annecy in particular, the borders of which, though rising abruptly, are in the highest state of cultivation, and have excited the admiration of all travellers: that of Bourget extended most probably, in former times, as far as Chambéri, it is now about nine miles long, but forms a source of variety and amusement to the valetudinarians who take the water of Aix; we arrived at this little watering place before the service of the church had commenced; it was Sunday, and we were diverted at the arts of a religious mountebank: he was selling crosses of pewter, which had been blessed by the Pope, and finding the crowd of

peasants rather slow in purchasing, although he spoke with wonderful volubility, he took out a fiddle from under his cloak, and proposed to the assembly, that they should join him in a hymn. Orpheus himself could hardly have been more powerful; they now began to buy after the first two or three stanzas, and the whole stock of crosses were disposed of at the rate of six sous a piece before the hymn was finished.

Aix seems to have been a place of favourite residence in the time of the Roman empire, and to have been inhabited by opulent people; there are several remains of antiquity, and a set of vapour baths which might be restored to use at no great expense: many of the vats into which the water was received, and which were cased with marble, are still entire, as well as the tubes which conveyed the vapour; nothing struck me more than the size of the bricks made use of in this subterraneous edifice; they were in general of the dimensions of six by twelve inches, and seemed to have been materials worthy of those who built for posterity. Chambéri, so long the capital of Savoy, is a town of about ten thousand inhabitants, situated in a pleasant valley of well cultivated fields, without any great marks of opulence either within or around it. Rousseau has given a very interesting picture of the inhabitants in his time, and one naturally looks out for the Charmettes in descending by a noble road, from the upper part of which there is a prospect of the whole country. You know the life he led there with Madame de Warens, for whom I cannot feel as Arthur Young pretends he did: her good-nature was folly itself, and the most sacred of all names seems to have been applied in a very unworthy manner.

From Chambéri, where we remained but an hour or two, we passed on to Montmelian, and thence to Aiguebelle, where we stopped for the night. There have been several fatal instances in this country of parts of mountains which have suddenly given way and overwhelmed a portion of the plain; a league of country at a little distance from Chambéri still exhibits the effects of such a catastrophe, though it took place in the thirteenth century. Several villages were destroyed, and more would have shared their fate, had it not been for the interposition of our Lady of Mians, whose miraculous image may be still seen at a neighbouring church. Such at least was the publick opinion, and in a picture which relates to this event, the very devils who are supposed to have been the authours of the mischief, are made to bear testimony in conformation of the miracle: Why do you not push on, says one of the devils, who was busy scattering fragments of the mountain, it is only a step from here to Chimay? Why, you blockhead, says the other, do you not see our Lady of Mians, who is ready to drive us back again?

The Castle of Montmelian exhibits a poor appearance of ruined works and dismantled towers, and as the road winds up the hill on the opposite side of the river, it is very easy to understand the grounds of Sully's confidence as to the facility of taking it; we thought of Sully again at Aiguebelle, but there are no traces upon the neighbouring mountain of the fort which he so gallantly made himself master of.

We now entered the narrow vallies of the Alps, the sides of which were cultivated and chief-

ly in vines, wherever a little interval of soil amid barren rocks, would admit of it, while the river Arck rolled along at the bottom bidding defiance to every species of navigation, and frequently rising from its natural limits to lay waste the narrow strip of low grounds which sometimes borders it. The great road which the French government is carrying on for the passage of the Alps begins hereabouts, and follows the course of the river. It will afford a safe and easy conveyance for troops and artillery, and the traveller in future times will hardly believe the accounts of those who have preceded him. But what are we to think of Hannibal, who made his way through this country with all the incumbrances of a large army and in opposition to the continued efforts of a fierce and warlike people?

I know there are various opinions as to the direction he took, but it added too much to the interesting nature of our journey, the believing ourselves passing over the same ground and in view of the same rocks and precipices which the Carthagenians did, not to agree with those, who are convinced that he crossed mount Cenis. The common tradition of the country is in favour of it, and even points out the places where the Carthagenians were attacked. The village of Solliers, which you will find on the map, is supposed to be about the place where the mountaineers made a desperate assault upon them, and where the great Hannibal must have passed a wretched night.

We now ascended almost continually through a savage country fit only for wolves and bears to roam at large in, and overgrown with mountain pine, the appear-

ance of scattered cultivation had ceased, and the rushing of torrents precipitating themselves from rock to rock was heard on all sides. Lanslebourg is a large village, altogether inhabited by muleteers and chairmen, who are at the service of those who wish to cross the mountain, and the traveller is saved both from their importunity and their imposition, by a system of police, which is strictly carried into execution.

LETTERS ON A TOUR IN SWITZERLAND.

NO. III.

Ev'n here where Alpine solitudes extend,
I sit me down a pensive hour to spend. GOLDSMITH.

WE left Chamounix by way of the sublime Alpine pass of the *Tête Noire*. We should have preferred passing over the mountain of the Col de Balme, but the weather was thick and cloudy, and all the attractions of the Col de Balme consist in its commanding prospect of the Alps around Mont Blanc, for the enjoyment of which a clear sky is indispensable. We had no reason to repent our choice ; for the scene of wild magnificence presented by the *Tête Noire*, is certainly one of the most remarkable and the most interesting which Alpine scenery can afford. Nature appears here to luxuriate in savage grandeur : she has here achieved her masterpiece in the style of sombre magnificence ; and the traveller may be said to sup full of all the *horrors* of the picturesque. Chamounix itself, with all its impending snows and glaciers, presents a picture of smiling beauty and graceful loveliness, in comparison with this dark glen of rocks, and precipices, and cataracts, funereal firs, inaccessible crags, and bottomless abysses—

“ *Umbrarum hic locus est, somni, noctisque soporæ.*”

and one has abundant reason to invoke with the poet “ *umbræ silentes*,” and all other deities of night and gloom, before attempting to describe these vales, on which the sun never shines, and where the rocks eter-

nally echo the roar of the cataract. The valley, of which one side is bounded by the gigantic range of gloomy precipice, called the Tête Noire, is named Valorsine. In general, it is not half a mile in width. A few green pastures, studded with châteaux and goatherds' cottages, lie deep sunk in the abyss, overhung on both sides by cliffs and wild precipices, rising rank above rank in gloomy grandeur, clothed with ranks of black firs, sometimes relieved by the lighter green foliage of the beech and larch. Here and there a bright cascade is seen, pouring its silvery and foaming stream down the rocks and amidst the foliage, till it finds its way into the furious torrent called the *Eau Noire*, which foams along the bottom of the glen. The village (as it is called) of Valorsine is situated in the middle of this valley, consisting of a few wooden châteaux and huts inhabited by cowherds, and surrounded by pastures inclosed with rude stone walls. The people of Valorsine are said to be a remarkably fine race. I cannot say we saw any striking instances of beauty. They supplied us with some excellent milk, not served up by the "*fraiches et discrettes laitieres*" of Rousseau : at least, the former charm was wanting—the latter, probably for that reason, might exist in high perfection. Our Chamounix guides (the ever-to-be-respected François Simon and Vincent Payaud), who were most conscientious Ciceronis on all occasions, and never spared the legs of mules or men when a cascade or a point of view was within reach, insisted on our climbing about half a league up the sides of a mountain to admire a cascade, which they assured us, by way of recommendation, had so captivated *Monsieur Canning, l'Ambassadeur Anglais*, that he gave them five francs on condition that they should shew it to all his countrymen who passed that way. The cascade of Barberine we found to be a fine fall of turbulent foam, which any where else than in this land of cascades would have been well worth the soaking from the spray, which was the price our admiration cost us. From Valorsine we proceeded to Trient, by a path full of the most romantic beauties ; at first, along the valley, following the sides of the torrent, which we crossed and recrossed several times by rude narrow wooden bridges, over which our mules stepped most dextrously. We then rapidly ascended a dangerous and wild path up the sides of the mountain of the Tête Noire, passing along the edge of continual precipices, and fir-covered rocks and heights beetling over our heads. In one of the wildest spots in this scene is an enormous mass of solid rock, half covered with brushwood, lichen, and moss, and which, to our surprise, was inclosed within neat new deal palisades. A long inscription announced that this rock was the fee-simple of Lord Guildford, who had purchased it of the Commune, and inclosed it, from a feeling of fondness for this romantic glen, through which he had passed on returning from Greece and Italy. We also heard it said, that his Lordship had endeavoured to purchase the little lake of Chède, in Savoy, whose crystal face perpetually reflects the snows of Mont Blanc—curious instances of the pleasure conferred by the feeling of *property* in any object that is interesting, even though the full enjoyment of that object is in no degree rendered more easy or complete by the possession of the title-deeds. Lord Guildford's cosmopolitan feelings and locomotive habits are not less remarkable than his knowledge and attainments.

We arrived at the little cluster of huts and châteaux, called Trient,

somewhat glad to escape from dizzy precipices and rocky glens, in passing which it was difficult to participate the *sang froid* of our guides and mules. Trient is situated in one of the wildest and most desolate scenes that can be conceived; and the châteaux and their inhabitants almost equal, in uncouthness and wild simplicity, what one conceives of a tribe of Esquimaux or New Zealanders. Their provisions appeared not much of a superior description. Some sour wine, bad cheese, and potatoes, were all that the *inn* of the place afforded; which however we dispatched in a sort of cabin where we could scarcely stand upright, with a wooden window, which served for the bed-room and dwelling-room of the family. We presently remounted our mules, and wound by a steep and difficult path, over rocks and amidst brushwood, to the summit of the range of mountains called the Forclaz, which here incloses the valley of the Rhone, and separates the lower country of the Vallais from Savoy. On reaching the summit, a new scene opened upon us—bold shelving mountains, covered with alternate pastures and forests, gradually slope down to the valley of the Rhone, through which, at three leagues distance, the river was gliding in silvery and meandering brightness; while far beyond, the horizon was closed up by the rugged heights beyond Sion, sometimes frowning under a black burthen of clouds, and at others glittering forth in all their snowy splendour. Descending the mountain-path, we arrived in the Rhone valley, and presently found ourselves in the dirty and desolate town of Martigny—a place which concentrates a large portion of the filth, disease, and bigotry of the canton of Vallais, one of the most filthy, unwholesome, and bigoted countries of Europe.

The people have all an appearance of misery and stupidity; and dirt and wretchedness pervade every habitation. We were surprised, however, to find a smaller number of Goitres and Cretins than we had expected. Some still exist; but so many of these helpless wretches had perished in the revolutionary wars, that their number is very insignificant in comparison with what it was twenty years ago. Both Mr. Cox and Dr. Moore speak of Martigny as the head-quarters of this wretched calamity. We saw only a few hanging about the inns and the church, and endeavouring to attract the commiseration of travellers by a display of their infirmities. Many of them are deaf, dumb, and complete idiots. Some have a sort of inarticulate power of speech, and a very slender portion of intellect; and others appear to be only visited with the personal deformity of a tumour on the neck, and features slightly distorted, without any affection in speech, hearing, or common sense. In short, you meet in the valleys every gradation of this singular malady, from the most hideous objects of disease and imbecility to the gentle protuberance and roundness of neck, which is observable in the finest women in the Vallais, and indeed in Switzerland generally. The causes of this affliction have hitherto puzzled the investigation of naturalists. Saussure ascribes it to the relaxing tendency of the warm and stagnant air in these close Alpine valleys, of which the Vallais, where the disease is most found, is certainly the closest and worst ventilated. This singular valley, formed by the course of the Rhone, is not less than one hundred miles in length from its frontier on the canton of Uri to its junction with the Pays de Vaud; walled in on all sides by a magnificent chain of mountains,

whose peaks and summits vary from a thousand to fourteen thousand feet in height. The valley is in few places above a league or a league and a half in width ; and being entirely defended from the winds of the north, and very slightly accessible to those from any other quarter, its heat in summer is excessive. In some spots the corn is ripened and cut in the month of May. Between Sion and Martigny Fahrenheit's thermometer commonly stands in the shade in the summer months at 79, 80, and rises exposed to the sun to 114, 120. Wild asparagus grows commonly, and figs and almonds are ripened with ease. A very strong wine is produced almost without trouble, which might be rendered excellent if the Valaisans were skilful and industrious in the cultivation of the grape. It is not surprising that a narrow valley of this temperature, and in which the Rhone occasions vapour and marshy ground, should be found unhealthy ; and it seems not improbable that these circumstances may contribute to the flaccid and diseased habits of the population. Some persons ascribe the tumours on the neck to certain deleterious qualities in the water ; and a sensible gentleman assured us, that when the tumour has been opened, it has generally been found to contain a sort of kernel, apparently formed by an accretion of calcareous particles. It is difficult to conceive that any peculiarity in the water can *alone* produce this effect, which is endemic, to a greater or less degree, in all the valleys of the Alps from Savoy to Carinthia ; but that this cause may co-operate with others is very probable. The air of the valleys is considered so peculiarly productive of the disorder, that many individuals who can afford the expense, send their wives to a village in the mountains before their lying-in, and children are often sent to the mountains to be reared. The filthy habits of the Valaisans, joined to the frequent deformity in the people, must also materially assist the disease, producing a disgusting and painful contrast with the sublime beauties of the natural scenery. In the Vallais all but the features "of man is divine." Martigny suffered severely in the year 1818 from the dreadful inundation of the river Dranse, which here unites with the Rhone. Many houses were washed away, and a considerable number of persons perished ; and heaps of ruins and rubbish, and accumulations of sand and rock, still attest the violence of this calamity. In ascending from Martigny to the Grand St. Bernard, we saw more of its devastating effects. The road winds for a distance of two leagues through a gorge, between abrupt mountains formed by the course of the rapid Dranse ; and every step presents traces of the overwhelming force of the inundation of 1818. The torrent now flows in its natural accustomed bed, about thirty feet in width, but the channel worked out by the swollen torrent of 1818 is six or seven times that width, indeed nearly of the width of the bottom of the valley—a vast ravine half choaked up with mud, sand, prostrate firs and oaks, *debris* of granite, and scattered remnants of timber and masonry—

nunc lapides adesos,
 Stirpesque raptas, et pecus et domos
 Volventis unâ, non sine montium
 Clamore, vicinæque sylvæ.

Some of the masses of rock, hurled down the channel from the mountains, are thirty or forty feet in height, and scarcely less in diameter.

Several entire villages were swept away, with the loss of almost every inhabitant. Above two hundred persons are computed to have perished, and large tracts of pasture, and orchard and meadow are irrecoverably lost. This dreadful event was occasioned by the overflowing of the waters of a lake in the valley of Bagnes, which is fed by the immense glacier of Tzermontane. The glacier is of enormous extent, and the waters, swollen by an unusual melting of the snow and glacier, broke the banks of the lake, and precipitated themselves down the channel of the Dranse into the valley of the Rhone. This was not the first *debordement* which had occurred from a similar cause and produced similar effects; and the people now live under the certain apprehension that after the accumulation of a considerable number of years, the same affliction will revisit them.

The government of the Vallais has done what its limited means allow to relieve the sufferers, and to avert the evil for the future. A channel has been opened, by which part of the accumulations from the glacier are gradually drained off; but the remedy is very inadequate, and the costs of making it more complete are quite out of the reach of the republican government of the Vallais. Had the calamity occurred during the time when the Vallais formed a province of the French empire, Napoleon's engineers would probably have contrived a tunnel through the solid mountain, by which the *debacle* of the glacier might have found a regular outlet to the Rhone. The daring arm which had vanquished the rocks of the Simplon and the Rhine would (if, indeed, the safety of these mountaineers had ever interested its selfish policy) have achieved this new triumph over the forces of nature. But a war with nature and the elements is rather too costly for a poor petty republic; and the Valaisans, I believe, had much rather live in annual dread of the fury of the Dranse, than submit to the grinding oppressions of a protecting empire, and the cruelties of French soldiery.

Nothing can be more beautiful and romantic than the early part of the ascent from Martigny to the Grand St. Bernard, or more sublime and desolate than the latter part of the journey. One branch of the Dranse has its source on the Mont St. Bernard, and the torrent descends in a tempestuous and winding course of seven or eight leagues, till it joins the main stream at St. Branchier, near Martigny. The valley by which the stream descends is called the valley of Entremont; and the mule-path to the St. Bernard follows the windings of the Dranse up the wild, magnificent, and fertile scenes of the mountain-vale. For about six leagues the road presents all the grand and diversified beauties of Alpine scenery, all its union of luxuriant richness with imposing sublimity—pastures of the loveliest green, forests crowning majestic heights, the spires and villages of St. Orsieres, Liddes, and St. Pierre, niched in the hollow of the green glen watered by the torrent, and high above all, the frozen and snowy heights of the Mont Velan and the St. Bernard, the clouds resting on their heads, or sometimes scudding and floating round their sides. For bold open slopes and shelving mountains of smiling fertility and careful cultivation few Alpine valleys can be compared with this of Entremont; few unite so much of grand Alpine proportions with such an exquisite succession of green and softened landscape. St. Pierre is the last village on the

ascent, and three leagues from the convent of the St. Bernard : it is five thousand and four feet above the level of the sea, and nature already begins to wear a crabbed and wintry aspect. The herbage grows thin and mossy, cultivation more rare, few fields are seen except pastures, the fine beech woods have disappeared, and the firs, feathering up the sides of the mountains, have a bare branchless Norwegian character. These features are more striking as you advance ; till on arriving about a league and half beyond the village, the last struggles of vegetation give way to the chilling influence of the eternal winter which here begins to reign. A few leafless fir stumps and a little coarse grass and moss cling about the rocks and stones which lie scattered on all sides. The air becomes extremely chilling and keen ; and you constantly find yourself enveloped in a damp and drizzling cloud. The Dranse is now dwindled to a small but impetuous torrent, brawling over rocks almost without a regular channel. Almost the last spot of green is a small pasture of wretched grass belonging to the monks of the convent, where they feed a few cows or sheep for a few weeks in the year. One of the monks, in the costume of the order, was looking after the cattle. The wild sublimity of the scenes which we now passed was much obscured by perpetual clouds and mist. Now and then the clouds broke away, and discovered to us, for a short time, the bleak bare rocks, the impending glaciers, and gloomy crags which hemmed us in on all sides. A brown bare sterility was observable all around. The snows were not considerable, owing to the mildness of the season and the warm rains which had fallen in abundance. The reign of animal and vegetable life we had left far below us ; and with them every object of picturesque beauty had ceased. The guides conducted us to a little low hut which serves for the charnel-house of the convent. There is not sufficient earth within some miles of the convent to dig a grave ; and the bodies of such unfortunate persons as perish in this dangerous Alpine pass are placed in this building, where the extreme rarity and coldness of the atmosphere prevents putrefaction. Amidst tattered remains of clothes and an accumulation of dry bones, was one shrivelled mummy-like corpse, with the garments in good preservation, which had been placed there in the preceding winter. There was no kind of effluvia, or any symptom of putrefaction. This dry dark abode of death, the only kind of building in sight, adds not a little to the dreary character of the scene, and the gloomy sensations which every object is calculated to inspire. After pursuing various narrow passes and defiles, amidst rocks and chasms in which the Dranse has worn for itself a narrow and irregular channel, we discovered at the end of a narrow gorge between the mountains, the white gable ends of the convent, surmounted by its pious emblem of the crucifix. Our mules appeared to erect their ears at the pleasing prospect ; and selecting, with their unerring discretion, a safe path over the snow and rocks and up a rude sort of flight of steps hewn in the mountain, safely landed us at the great door of the convent, where the sub-prior and another brother received us with hospitable welcome. D.

Extracts from "Mountains and Lakes of Switzerland."

By Anna Eliza Bray

The drive from Zurich to Zug was indeed charming. But what words shall express our delight when we ascended the heights of the Albis in our way! The greatest height the road attains is that of 2404 feet: you may fancy, therefore, what must have been the extent of view in such a country, from such an elevation as this. I might exhaust all terms expressive of admiration, and yet find I had none worthy the combinations of scenery which presented themselves in the journey of this day. I am compelled, therefore, to say little, and can only lament that some of our English artists have not hitherto made better known to the British public the whole route I have now to mention for many successive letters.

The ascent, on the ridge of the High Albis, is very steep and grand. On looking back, the scene, already described, of Zurich, its lake and shores, lies extended before you, like an unfolded map; yet, from this vast elevation, that scene forms but *one feature* of the view. The successive gradations of hill and mountain, and the course of the lake as far as Rapperschwyl, is truly admirable; yet even *this* was exceeded by the view from a height up which we toiled after we had quitted the carriage, at the inn on the summit of the Albis, and were strolling about to enjoy the magnificence around us, whilst our dinner was in preparation. My nephew, thinking I could never ascend such a height, under such a broiling sun, set off before us, and made his way as far as some pleasure grounds which were at the very top.

We followed in the same toilsome track; but I was too much exhausted to go so far as he did. Yet I saw sufficient to reward me most amply for the effort I had made. We had a *double view*; to the right and to the left the most glorious scenes appeared. All that which I have already mentioned was before us, on what I may be allowed to call the Zurich side the picture; whilst, on the other, lay the delightful lake of Zug, and the whole chain of Alps, their tops crowned with snow, beginning from the Sentis mountain and ending with the Jungfrau, which is very nearly as lofty as Mont

Blanc. Several of these mountains skirt the lake of Zug: they were now seen in every possible variety of form and colour—grand, abrupt, rugged, peaked; golden, gray, or of the purest blue;—here capped with snow, there glittering in the sun; and in one instance of so deep a purple, that it gave to the mountain, thus adorned, an air of such command, that it seemed to stand as the sovereign of the scene, covered with the purple robe of majesty and power.

After dinner we continued our route over the new road to Zug. I saw nothing finer, in scenes of the kind, than those we now witnessed in passing over this road: perilous as it was, I could yet enjoy the scene—I say perilous, because it was not finished, so that we came to a spot where the road had been newly cut, and where it was so narrow for some distance, so near the ridge, and where not even a hand-rail or a bush lay between us and the lofty and precipitous slope on the side over which we passed, that a plunge of the horses, or the least carelessness in the driver, must inevitably have proved fatal. My companions, who, under most circumstances, never feared danger in any road, now both admitted that this was most perilous, and that, till something more was done for safety, it ought not to have been opened to the public: even our old voiturier was roused by it from his accustomed coolness and indifference; he got down and walked the horses slowly and carefully over the ground, and vented an exclamation of satisfaction, addressed to the animals, when they had cleared in safety the dangerous ridge. Internally thanked God for his protection: yet from this very spot, and from nearly the whole of the remaining portion of the road, the scene presented to us was so wonderfully fine, that it literally increased in beauty and sublimity at every turn in our track. No imagination could picture it. Such was the grandeur of the combinations we now looked upon of mountain after mountain opening upon us, of valley, glen, rock, woods and lake, nothing but ocular observation could convey any idea of such scenes to the mind.

As we approached towards Zug, the road passed through such an abundance of what I may truly call *fruit grounds*, that we seemed to be driving through an orchard for many miles. The pasture for sheep was abundant; many flocks were cropping it beneath the trees. We saw very little wheat or corn. Amidst these scenes of fertility the Swiss cottages, than which nothing can be more picturesque, were seen frequently perched on vast heights, or on the ledges of the wildest rocks (more like nests than houses amid their hollows;) they were no less peculiar than romantic. Little bridges of rough fir, as taken from the forest, were sometimes seen crossing from one rocky eminence to another; and long

flights of rude steps, cut in the rock itself, generally formed the ascent to these simple dwellings.

I have only to add, respecting this part of our drive, that the charming scenes which presented such a singular combination of objects, uniting pastoral life in its most romantic character with the grand and the sublime, continued all the way; and an evening as clear and as fine as ever shone out of the heavens, afforded us the most agreeable means of enjoyment; every thing favoured us, and we must have been dull and ungrateful indeed had we not felt it with thankfulness to that good Providence on whom the traveller, both by land and by sea, so entirely depends for comfort as well as safety in every stage of his journey.

Before the day was quite closed in we arrived at Zug, an old walled town, with some very ancient, round, and picturesque towers, and a high tapering spire to its church. And here I cannot but remark, that the church architects of Switzerland, in former times, proved the excellence of their taste, and how well they understood what was most suited to the country, by building these lofty and tapering spires. Their effect, when opposed to a mountainous background, is the most beautiful that can be conceived. Their slender, light, and piercing forms (sometimes as sharp as the point of a spear) harmonise with objects whose characteristics are great elevation, precipitous slopes, and peaked summits; they give also the assurance of inhabitation to many a scene which, but for such indications of social life, would seem solitary and desolate indeed; for the lofty spire that gives notice of a village amidst the most savage rocks, or snow-covered mountains, may be often descried at a distance, on account of its height, when all the humbler works and dwellings of man are unseen, hidden by the stupendous natural objects by which they are encircled in valleys or in glens.

On that morning, whilst my fellow-travellers walked about the town, and arranged matters for our departure with the old voiturier, I took my seat on a sort of quay close to the water's edge, and made what I may term an almost *panoramic* sketch of the beautiful lake of Zug. The lake is about eight miles in length, and one in breadth. On the south, the Righi rises in the most striking manner from the water's side; and, at no very great distance, the Pilatus towers with an air of unequalled grandeur (this is the mountain with whose form you were so much struck when you saw my sketch of the lake;) and the Roseberg (a mountain memorable for a fearful catastrophe connected with it, and of which I shall have occasion to speak anon) completed a scene where the beautiful, the graceful, and the grand are altogether combined with a harmony of object, form and colour, the most admirable.

Dr. Zay, of Arth, some time since published an account of the event I have alluded to above—a fall of part of the Roseberg. It is much too long, however, for extract in this letter; I shall, therefore, merely give you a few of the most striking circumstances, grounded on the authority of the doctor, who was an eyewitness of the catastrophe.

The Roseberg, it appears, is 4958 feet in height, and towards the upper part consists of what geologists call the pudding-stone formation, that is, “masses of other rocks cemented together.” From its peculiar formation this kind of strata is apt to become cracked, and if penetrated by water, from springs or heavy rains, the clay, which acts as cement to the masses of stone, dissolves and large portions fall. The greatest fall ever known was in the year 1806, when the quantity that fell was a league in length, a thousand feet in breadth, and a hundred in thickness.

The spring and summer of 1806 had been very rainy: new fissures were observed in the Roseberg; and a cracking noise, that seemed to be within the mountain, was distinctly heard. On the 2d day of September, in the same year, a large portion fell, and soon after a yet larger fissure was observed: many other extraordinary appearances gave indications of the awful catastrophe that was so near at hand; for the neighbouring springs ceased to flow, the pine trees became violently agitated, and reeled to and fro, as the birds fled from them screaming. A little before five o'clock in the afternoon, “the whole surface of the mountain seemed to glide down, but so slowly, as to afford time to the inhabitants to go away.” A young man, who was in the act of escaping, gave notice of the danger to an old peasant who had often foretold the calamity that was now about to overwhelm him; yet he very quietly observed, there would be time to light another pipe—he had been smoking; and turning back into his cottage to do so, the friend who had given him the warning saw the house carried away in another moment! Surely this peasant must have been a German by birth—no other than a German could have thought of his pipe at such a crisis.

But the most striking of all the incidents connected with this memorable event was that of the fate of Francisca Ulrich and the child Marianne. These are the particulars:—the husband and two of the children of the family had escaped from their dwelling, when the wife turned back in the hope to save another child: as she did so, the servant, Francisca Ulrich, was crossing the room with the little girl Marianne, whom she held by her hand.

At that moment (Francisca afterwards declared) the house, that was, like all Swiss cottages, built of wood, appeared to be suddenly torn up from its foundation, and spun round and round like a top. Sometimes she was on her head, then on her feet, whilst the child had been separated from her in the most violent manner. When the motion ceased, she found herself in total darkness, jammed in on all sides, and in great pain from the blows she had suffered during the convulsion of the shock. She believed herself to be buried alive, at a great depth in the earth; and with difficulty

disengaged her hand to wipe the blood from her eyes.

Whilst in this dreadful state, she heard the cries of a child, and soon found it was poor little Marianne, whose moans had reached her ears. The child answered to her calls, that she was lying on her back among stones and bushes, and that she could see the light; she could only move her hands; and inquired if some one would not come to take her out. Francisca assured her that it was the day of judgment, and that they should both die and go to heaven. They prayed together.

At length Francisca heard the sound of a bell: she knew it came from a neighbouring village, and soon after she heard the church clock strike seven. This raised her hopes, and she endeavoured to comfort the child. But she soon ceased to hear her cry, and remained herself in the same most perilous position; her head downwards, her feet raised, and so cramped with cold, that had she not at last succeeded to disengage them from the surrounding heaps, she thought she must have died.

Many hours passed in this dreadful agony of mind and body: again she heard the cries of Marianne, on the child awaking from the sleep into which she had fallen into the midst of all her sufferings. The father of the unfortunate girl had been seeking with diligence, among the wreck and ruins around him, his wife, an infant, and the child Marianne. The two former he discovered dead; and his cries meeting the ear of his little daughter, she called out to him to save her. He did so, but her thigh was found to be broken. She told him Francisca was not far off; and the unfortunate woman was speedily rescued. But so much was she injured, that for many days her life was despaired of, and ever after she remained subject to convulsive fits.

The house in which were Francisca and Marianne at the time of the fall had been carried down the side of the mountain about 1500 feet! Their preservation was miraculous, and must be alone ascribed to Him who can save to the utmost, in this world or in the next, with that love and mercy which is over all His works.

Another striking instance of the peculiar providence which watches over infancy, was also seen in another place, where a child but two years old was found perfectly uninjured, lying on a straw mattress upon the mud, whilst the house from which it had been thrown was utterly destroyed, not a vestige of it left.

On the fall of the mountain, such a quantity of earth and stones was plunged into the lake of Lowertz, five miles distant, that it caused the water to rise at the moment to such a height, that a wave passed completely over the island of Schwanau, seventy feet above its ordinary level; a chapel, built of wood, was carried half a league from its place, and vast rocks were moved from their original station; whilst a whole village was inundated by the rush of the waters from the lake, whose waves had swept over the island. But the most fearful scene of this catastrophe took place at Goldau, a village near Arth, of which nothing was left but the bell that hung in the steeple of the church. Not only did the inhabitants of the

village perish, but a party of travellers, under the most melancholy circumstances. They were strangers, and had arrived at Arth for the purpose of visiting the Righi. They set off on foot for their excursion; seven of them had advanced about two hundred yards ahead. The remaining four saw them entering the village of Goldau. One of the four pointed to the summit of the Roseberg, (the mountain was four miles distant,) where some strange commotion seemed to be in progress; and whilst they were endeavouring to ascertain what it was with the telescope, on a sudden a flight of stones, as if discharged from cannon, traversed the air above their heads, a cloud of dust overspread the valley, and the most terrific noise was heard. They fled in terror and amazement; when the temporary obscurity which this awful phenomenon had spread around disappeared, the valley, which a few minutes before was beautiful in itself and cheerful in its inhabitation, presented nothing but a chaos of misery and ruin—the whole village of Goldau was buried one hundred feet beneath a pile of stones and rubbish! The remaining four of the party, bent on an innocent enjoyment, had seen indeed the last of their fellow-travellers; for not even their bodies could be discovered under such a dismal heap—now the grave of their friends and that of the unfortunate inhabitants of the valley.

Many of the rocks thrown from the Roseberg in this most dreadful fall were actually cast a great way up the Righi: “its base,” says Dr. Zay, “is covered with large blocks, carried to an incredible height, and by which trees were mowed down, as they might have been by a cannon. A long track of ruins, like a scari, hangs from the shoulder of the Roseberg, in hideous barrenness, over the rich dress of shaggy woods and green pastures, and grows wider and wider down to the lake of Lowertz, and to the Righi, a distance of four or five miles.”

RAMBLES IN SWITZERLAND; OR, NOTES OF AN AMERICAN TOURIST.

EXCURSION TO LAUSANNE AND BERNE.

It was on the morning of the 17th August, 1841, that a one horse carriage, bearing the local denomination of a *fiacre*, in which was seated your humble servant, set out from that part of the suburbs of Geneva, called *l' Evêché*, or Bishop's grounds. His object was an excursion for health and observation, to commence with a visit *via* Lausanne to Berne, a city whose wealth and local position had formerly secured to it a kind of ascendancy in Switzerland. It is regarded, even now, as the capital of the republic, being the residence of the representatives of foreign governments; with the exception of our own consul, however, who is located at Basle, a frontier town at the angle made by France, Germany, and Switzerland.

The driver, who was also the proprietor of the *fiacre*, was an individual whom I had had occasion to employ before, and in whose story I had been much interested. He was a Savoyard, who had a passport permitting him to leave his country, for the purpose of pursuing his occupation in Geneva, which city is not more than three miles distant from the frontier of Savoy. Even this man, oppressed as he was at home, and with difficulty procuring permission to leave his country for the purpose of obtaining a livelihood abroad, could not bear to hear a stranger speak in disrespectful terms of his native land; an evidence that Providence has made the love of country a part of our very being. When I had spoken to him of the pain I had experienced while travelling over a country so down-trodden as Savoy is, and alluded to that iron rule which held to the earth a people already bowed down by ignorance and poverty, and by a spiritual despotism worse than either, he seemed to regard my remarks as personal, and replied to them in a manner which showed that there is no cause so bad but some good things may be said in its favor. He pointed to Savoy as the country from which some of Napoleon's bravest generals derived their birth, and eulogised the grandeur of the public edifices of Turin, and the charming aspect of the country itself; with reference to which, I must confess that his highest eulogies were not excessive. But when

I spoke to him of the spirit of a free people, and of the moral beauty exhibited in the universal diffusion of intelligence in the United States of America, my remarks seemed not to be comprehended, and the only answer they elicited was, "Elles appartiennent à l'Angleterre!" ("They," the United States, "belong to England!") a question which indicated that our recent history was not made a subject of study in the towns and villages of Savoy.

The carriage had been selected with a particular reference to affording a good opportunity for viewing the scenery of the country through which my proposed jaunt led; for which purpose it was provided with a seat on the back; a fact which it might be unnecessary to mention, were it not that there is a curious vehicle in common use at Geneva, and often selected by Englishmen, in which the seat occupies one of the sides, instead of the back of the interior, so as to give the traveller an admirable opportunity of riding the whole day along by the lake of Geneva, without seeing anything of it.

But we are now entering the *Porte de Rive*, one of the south gates of the city, under the middle archway; on each side are two smaller archways intended for foot-passengers. We have already passed the miniature draw-bridge over the ditch. A soldier stands by the entrance, scanning our appearance with as much formality as if we were entering a beleagured city. We must cross the city, and then the bridge over the Rhone, in order to get on the northern side of the lake. All is life and motion among the market folks and trades' people, even at this early hour. We rattle over the stone pavements and look upon the dirty stuccoed walls of stores and dwellings; from the doors and windows of the former, goods are already displayed, inviting purchasers. Here and there are shops for the sale of wines. Bidding adieu to my friend, who had accompanied me thus far, I was soon borne across the city to the quay, and to the bridge over the river Rhone. The color of the water of this river, as it issues from the lake, strikes the stranger with surprise. It has often been compared to the indigo water, as it issues from a dyer's vat. It is of a bright and beautiful blue color. Sir Humphrey Davy attributed it to the presence of Iodine; but the cause of so singular a phenomenon has not yet been explained. The Rhone enters the lake of Geneva on the east, a muddy or lime-colored fluid, and leaves it on the west, a fluid of the most beautiful bright blue color.

It was not a work of necessity that led me to travel for thirty miles along the lake of Geneva by land. There were three modes of conveyance, which any one might use for the purpose of travelling to any point upon the lake, either by *Bateau-à-vapeur*, (steamer,) *diligence*, or *voiture publique*, (public carriage.) I chose the last, as my destination was Berne, about 90 miles from Geneva, by

way of Lausanne, and I wished to see more of the country and obtain a more intimate knowledge of the Swiss character in the rich Cantons of Geneva, Vaud, Friburg, Neuchatel and Berne, than I could have done in the hurried transit of a steamer or diligence. English families, who can afford it, bring their carriages and travel post through the country. Horses and postilions, or drivers, are easily procured at any of the inns of the interior, as elsewhere on the continent. There were three very good steamers on the lake, small, and constructed *à l'Anglaise*. They took passengers to the end of the lake for about 9 francs, "stopping at the intermediate places," as our steamboat advertisements read. This route, (which I afterwards adopted,) affords an excellent opportunity to view the lake, that should be embraced by all travellers.

The ride along the northern border, in a pleasant day, is as charming as any body could wish; but, it is, for the first twenty-five miles at least, of that character of scenery which it is difficult to describe; as there is so much that is soothing in the quiet waters of the lake, or charming in the green aspect of the vineyards, or interesting in the numerous chateaux which crown most of the heights. I was interested in observing that every Swiss town through which we passed, no matter how small its size, or plain as regards the construction of its buildings, was furnished with a green and level promenade, ornamented with stately elms, and provided with seats arranged here and there.

One is reminded of his approach to Lausanne, by the appearance of well built houses with grounds around them laid out with care. Vineyards, which are said to produce some of the finest wine in Switzerland, are to be seen on all the hills, so planted as to receive the full rays of the sun. A hilly, is much more favorable than a plain country, to the growth of vines, as the soil is kept more permanently dry; a state which is necessary for the maturing of the grapes.

When within four miles of the city, the view one gets of the Gothic spire of the cathedral, is exceedingly imposing; an effect produced both by its own height, and by the commanding position it occupies. Indeed, as I subsequently observed, the first object the stranger sees, on approaching a Swiss town of any note, rising from amid a mass of matter that the senses have not yet separated into the abodes of men and marts of trade, is a dark-looking object surmounting a building whose immense size and well-balanced architectural proportions would astonish the architects of our younger country. Indeed, the inquiry often presented itself to my mind, where were the funds obtained, or where were the people by whom these costly structures were erected, in their magnificence and proportions contrasting so strangely with the seeming poverty around. The cathedral of Lausanne is a very old edifice, dating originally from the year

1000; though it was rebuilt in 1300. It is of the usual stone for cathedrals, a dark brown sandstone; and is provided with enormous buttresses, gracefully carved windows, and numerous niches and points characteristic of the order. This cathedral, like others of the same age, is made the resting-place of certain individuals once distinguished. Among other tombs is that of Victor Amadeus of Savoy, who united in his person the characters of Duke, Bishop of Geneva and Pope, and finally died a Monk in a convent of Savoy.

Lausanne, the capital of the Canton Vaud, one of the few strongholds of Protestantism in Switzerland, stands about three quarters of a mile from the lake of Geneva, on the side of a slope, probably from three to four hundred feet above the lake. Above, and at each side of the city, the ground seems to defy any attempt at regularity of outline, by the graceful forms of numerous little hills; while the slope beneath the city presents a broad surface of green, broken only here and there by the tasteful mansion of some gentleman, and by luxuriant vineyards which cover the whole like a carpet. The city is built on two principal ridges, with a ravine between, through which flows a rapid stream of water. On one of these ridges, stands the cathedral, and near to it the castle, an old building with high walls, round towers, and a heavy archway, once the residence of the bishops of Lausanne. There are several churches besides the cathedral, both of Protestant and Catholic denominations. The cathedral is used by the former as a place of worship. The population of the city is about 14,000; that of the Canton is estimated at 17,700.

To the stranger conversant with the leading works of English literature, Lausanne is interesting as having been the city where Gibbon, the historian, finished his grand work of the Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire. The first hotel one sees on entering the city from Geneva, is the hotel Gibbon, a new and elegant edifice. The private house of the historian is still pointed out, and is visited with interest by travellers.

After passing through a fine avenue of trees, which constituted a public promenade, I entered the city, and driving up hill and down hill over stone pavements, with here and there a stone fountain emitting graceful *jets d'eau*, I stopped at the Hotel de la Canorme. Preliminaries being adjusted, I sallied forth with Joseph as guide, who had been here before to see the city.

The language principally used at Lausanne is the French; though the German is the prevailing language of the Canton. Every thing about the city strikes the stranger favorably. It has a location highly favored by nature. Surrounded by every thing that is picturesque in natural scenery, from the pines and cedars that cover the brow of the signal (a hill overlooking the city and suburbs) or the abundant foliage of elms and ash trees back of

the city, the deep and rugged clefts in the hills which divide the latter, to the luxuriant vineyards which form a carpet of green, sloping down to the lake. Though the general aspect of the town is not of so modern a character as some parts of Geneva, and though it has to contend with unevenness in the ground which do not favor the progress of "public improvements," yet these difficulties presented by nature have been so vigorously combatted by an industrious population, that the architectural merit of Lausanne is by no means inferior. But it is the natural beauty thrown with such profusion around Lausanne, and that of the lake of Geneva within her view, which constitutes the attraction for many English people of taste, who make it a place of residence through the summer: but the great majority of these go to Geneva for that purpose; or else, penetrating into the interior of Switzerland, seek the sequestered retirement of Intutaken. It may be premature to institute in this place, a comparison respecting the relative merits of the three. Geneva, after some few objects have been visited, has little to interest the stranger. The mountains of Switzerland are all distant, and nothing would indicate to the stranger, that he was in a country of high mountains, save the distant prospect of Mt. Blanc, (which, however, is in Savoy.) The lake, narrowing in the shape of a horn, as it approaches the city, becomes simply a plain sheet of water, whose banks contain no features of extraordinary interest. Another consideration, that hotel charges are rather high there, might not be without its weight, other things being equal. Intutaken, too, labors under the latter objection. Buried in the heart of Switzerland, between the lakes of Thun and Buinz, it has a distant view of some of the noblest of the Obuland mountains, and its streets and walks are laid out in so regular a manner as to afford abundant delight to the eye of taste. But Lausanne enjoys a position from which one takes in, at a bird's eye view, nearly the whole of the lake of Geneva; and it has charming environs which the stranger can never tire of visiting. It is the centre of Protestant influence in Switzerland, and the capital of one of its richest Cantons. I could not but mark the contrast, as I stood on an eminence, subsequently, from which I could view the numerous thriving villages of the Canton Vaud and its rich fields, and then look over into Savoy where the villages are more rare amid the wrecks of baronial towers and castles. One meets with comparatively few of the latter in the Canton Vaud, as in other parts of Switzerland, where nature seems to have given to the landscape generally a rugged character, more congenial with the wild spirit of the feudal barons.

Having learned from my host, that the finest point of view about Lausanne was the signal, an elevation of several hundred feet back of the town, I proceeded thither, taking the "cocher" for a guide,

as he had been here before. Going up back of the town, we found a path which promised to lead us more directly to the point. We followed the path heedlessly, till we found ourselves within a gentleman's vineyard, the vines of which, trained with care upon a thousand short poles, were hanging with clusters of grapes. We had proceeded but a little way, when my eye was caught by a notice at the side of the path, to which I called the attention of Joseph. The latter had no sooner read it,* than sneaking from the path, he worked his way most stealthily to the nearest fence, over which he leaped, and carefully searching with his eye to see if he was noticed by any one, put on an innocent air, and walked along composedly. I followed, though not with equal precipitancy. I thought that he displayed the genuine spirit of a Savoyard, who, having led another into a difficulty, would leave him to bear the penalty. Observing several ladies and gentlemen taking a path that seemed to lead up the hill, I followed suite, thinking that they were safer guides than Joseph. As we proceeded, I was astonished to see so many persons moving up and down the hill, and all attired in holiday dresses. It struck me that there must be something unusual to give rise to all this movement. The forest became denser and denser as we ascended. An equally dense mass of foliage covered a long hill on the opposite side of the ravine. A winding and well made walk told that this must be a great resort for the pleasure-seeking part of Lausanne.

At length, the top was gained, and the great attraction to so many idlers ascertained. The young people of Lausanne, of both sexes, were holding a festival, called the "Fete des Ecoliers. We pressed forward to the ring formed by the spectators. My claims were not opposed; but Joseph, who was just after me, received a severe rebuke from a *gend'arme* for his forwardness, accompanied with an intimation to step back a little; which the Savoyard obeyed, at the same time touching his hat very respectfully. Within the ring, the youth of both sexes were waltzing, many couples whirling around close after others, without disturbing the harmony of each other's movements. It was a beautiful sight. The fair obtained from this exercise that vigor and sprightliness of motion, which lent them grace and dignity of carriage. Their complexions were clear and beautiful. I had not expected to meet so much beauty out of America; but, without making any confessions, I must be pardoned for saying that the occasion was enough to have fascinated a Zeno; and if love could ever dart his arrows with fatal effect, it might have been underneath the trees of that grove where nature had assumed her most pleasing attitudes.

* The notice was, "On est défendu d'aller par ici, sur la peine d'amende," one is prohibited from passing here, under penalty of being *fined*. The latter term sufficiently explains the cause of Joseph's consternation.

In the centre of the ring, stood the master of ceremonies with the band of music. A number of soldiers, the never failing accompaniment of any public celebration in Switzerland, were seen near by. Around the whole, were tables containing wine, fruits, and other refreshments. Near by, a stream of water was pouring in a lively jet from the trunk of a vigorous elm.

I went out for a few moments, to the end of this ridge, called the Signal Point, from which the view is unrivalled. First, looking to the South, you see the lake of Geneva, from its eastern end to its bend, in the manner of a horn, before reaching Geneva; the mountains on the borders of the lake above Lausanne, as they rise bold and rocky, and some of them capped with snow; the "arrowy Rhone," as it empties into that extremity of the lake, after emerging from the narrow valley which, as it retires from the lake, is lost amid enormous mountains in the distance; the city of Lausanne, seeming to be almost on a level with the water of the lake, with its numerous spires and cathedral; the rich country on the right, thickly studded with villages; the deep ravine on the left, winding beneath the hills; and the road from Lausanne to Berne, making its way up the opposite hill, and lost amid a thick forest of pines.

The exercises on the hill closed with sunset. The boys, with the aid of their marshals, whom somebody had "tied to swords," formed a line; each one carrying a bow and quiver of arrows. Falling into a path on the opposite side of the hill from the one by which we had ascended, they marched down towards the city. Glad of an opportunity to see more of the town, I followed them; their joyous faces appearing in strange contrast with the sombre looking walls of the castle of the bishop, under the arches of which they passed.

It was at 5 o'clock, on the morning of one of the finest days in August, that I set out in Joseph's "fiacre" for Berne, distant from Lausanne about 50 miles: I soon got out of the carriage, and walked up the long ascent immediately back of the town. Market-men and women were bringing, thus early, milk in huge tubs on their heads, or in deep wooden vessels strapped to their backs. Here and there, a cart, loaded with vegetables, was slowly moving to town. There was a delightful freshness and purity in the morning air, at this elevation. I turned back and gazed upon that prospect which I had before beheld from the "Signal." It seemed a view too beautiful for earth. The sun was just gilding some points about the lake, in striking contrast with the dark shades thrown upon the waters by the mountains. The whole course of the lake was visible as far as Geneva. If I lived at Lausanne, I would walk up to one of those eminences every day, and gaze, to my heart's content, upon a scene like that. The only abatement to my full satisfaction was the consciousness that I

was alone; that no friend of mine was near, to enjoy with me riches which could not be diminished by participation. But there was no one near, except the surly looking Savoyard, who interrupted my contemplations by the observation, "C'est une belle vue, Monsieur."

The principal business of the Canton Vaud is farming and raising cattle. We encountered herds of these on the move for the markets of Geneva, France, and Italy. They are enormously large and fat. Those intended for market are raised with much care, and are not forced to work much. Thinking them equally pugnacious with our cattle, I was not disposed to relish the prospect of encountering a herd of them. But the *genius loci* is mildness, and this feature of the Swiss character, seems to extend even to their domestic animals.

I dined at Payerne, an ancient town surrounded by a curious wall, that must have been built in the old feudal times when bows and arrows were the means of attack and defence. But, as if in contempt for the improvements of centuries, these walls are left, like public works almost everywhere in Switzerland, as monuments of the past, forcibly reminding one of what a theatre was this for the display of chivalrous daring and courage under the earliest German emperors. Indeed, everywhere in Switzerland, the traveller sees monuments left by the hands of those courageous races of men who have maintained the independence of their country, while neighboring states have changed their rulers or lost their rank among the nations.

I was much pleased with certain forms of civility which the Swiss of the interior think proper to manifest towards strangers. Any of the peasantry whom one meets, salutes him with the civil *bonjour*, or with the German expression for the same. It is certainly more pleasant than that reserve which withholds in our country villages, any testimony of kind feeling due to a stranger; or than that more singular incivility which prevailed in the hearts of two young English students of Oxford, who are said to have met on Mt. Etna, and not to have spoken, because they had not been introduced to one another!

Morat, situated on a lake of the same name, is surrounded by a very old wall, and stands high above the water, flanked at the side by an elevated terrace. There was something more antique in the appearance of the town, than I had thus far beheld in Switzerland. The dresses worn by the women, might have been easily connected in one's mind, with the fashions of the middle ages. Yankees would have turned those old walls to some account; and instead of leaving them to the slow progress of decay, would have transformed them into elegant and useful buildings. But I was led to recognize a principle here, which I afterwards saw more abundantly verified, that any structure which once goes up in Switzerland, is never to be

pulled down again. Exchanging civilities with every body I met, while taking a pleasant ramble by the side of the lake, I passed a part of the afternoon and the evening very pleasantly, and retired to rest in an inn as comfortable as heart could wish.

The distance from Morat to Berne is about 15 miles. I might remark, *en passant*, that Morat was the scene of a terrible battle fought in 1476, between the Swiss and Burgundians, in which the latter were defeated. But individual battle-scenes are of little interest in a country, which may be called, emphatically, one vast battle-ground. Probably there is no portion of Swiss ground, but the tops of her lofty mountains, which has not, since the invasion of the ancient Romans, been the scene of some battle; and even the solitudes of her mountains, as we shall see hereafter, are not left without being stern witnesses of "man's inhumanity to man."

After leaving Morat, our road led up a mountain among pine forests. These always make the route charming, even when destitute of other features to give it interest; for with them, the scenery is never tame. But we are now in the Canton Berne, containing 380,000 inhabitants,* the largest and richest of the Swiss confederation. Farming is carried to a high state of perfection in the Canton, and the people are intelligent and industrious. We passed by fields, to-day, laden with abundant crops, and there seemed to be no lack of hands to till them, men and women working together. Judging from what I could see of their respective occupations, as I passed, it struck me that the former had not even the gallantry to assume the heavier tasks to themselves, but admitted the women to be coadjutors in all the severer work of the field.

The first approach to Berne is very fine. It is situated on a platform on the side of a hill, about a hundred feet above the river Aar, which is seen winding through the valley in the foreground. The appearance of the city is not so modern as that of Geneva; for it yet retains the old terraces and portions of the old wall of feudal days. Berne had its origin in the 12th century, when the oppression of those petty barons, who ruled in their own castles, and were the terror of a country of serfs and peasants, compelled the latter to resort in numbers to some stronghold, and to depend for their security upon the firm walls which they could erect. The founder was Berchtold V., Duke of Zähringen. It was soon acknowledged a free city of the Empire: that is, was made subject to the Emperor alone, and not to the inferior potentates for whom the realm was pencilled up. But the inhabitants subsequently formed themselves subject to a local aristocracy, who monopolized all the offices of the state, yet managed them without reproach. This order of things, however, was changed at the time of the French revolution. The present popu-

* Keller's map of Switzerland.

lation of the city is about 25,000. One enters the city by a handsome stone gateway, of modern construction, guarded by several *gens d'armes*. I found myself immediately in a wide open street, through the centre of which flowed a stream of water in a narrow channel, while at short intervals stood stone fountains each with some tasteful image or device upon it. The walks are conducted under long arcades, which extend, successively, for the whole length of the street. The streets of Berne present the busy and bustling air of a capital. I was much amused with the dress of the female peasantry. It has been observed that in every one of the twenty-two Cantons of Switzerland, there prevails a different fashion for the female dress. Whether this is literally true, I have not the means of ascertaining; but it is partially true, at least: that is, as far as relates to the head-dress. That of Berne, in addition to its wide dissimilarity from anything of modern taste in particular, is as ugly a device as anything could be; even uglier than the faces they were set off to adorn, which, as far as my observation went, were painful enough. One would think, that in the article of head-dress, they had preserved religiously the fashion of the 12th century. They wore a kind of black cap, which, supported by bright metallic radii, expanded on the sides to a great width. The whole looks as if the head had taken to itself wings, and was about to fly away. They wore a waistcoat of white, and a frock of black. But we are now arrived at the *Hotel du Faucon*, and my early morning ride has rendered breakfast an agreeable incident previous to undergoing that trouble about my passport, which was fated to befall me; a trouble which almost every traveller has to undergo, in consequence of not taking lessons from the experience of others. I will briefly detail an account of my perplexities, not with the intent of inflicting my own personal sufferings on the sympathy of others, but with the hope that some reader who may be undertaking the same tour, may take warning; for it is a disagreeable thing to be obliged to change one's route, when once determined on; though I doubt not, such a change was very much for my advantage.

Previous to leaving Lausanne, I had taken the precaution to get the *visée* of the Sardinian Minister who happened to reside there. But, for the purpose of visiting Milan and Venice, I needed the *visée* of the Austrian consul, who resides at Berne. After breakfast at the *Hotel du Faucon*, I inquired of the *garçon* (waiter) the address of the Austrian consul, and with Joseph for a guide, set out in search of his residence. On finding the office, I was informed that I must wait till just eleven o'clock, when, if I would make my appearance, my passport would receive the necessary *visée*. I accordingly went out, and waited till my watch told me that it was eleven, when I returned and presented my passport, but was told that it was too late.

There was a disagreement of fifteen minutes between my watch and the chronometers at Berne. The functionary had concluded to do no more business for the day, and my representations of the inconvenience to which his refusal would subject me, were of no avail. Indeed so positive was the refusal that one of the young men, to whom I subsequently offered money to get it done for me could not succeed. I had previously found this a most effectual resort in all cases of necessity, in Savoy and Piedmont, and now to find that its power was limited by any circumstances, afforded me matter of surprise. This difficulty would have been obviated, if I had given my passport to the police at Geneva, directing them to send it on, and return it to me there; for which service, I should have had to pay only a moderate sum for postage. As it was, my passport was regular for all purposes of travel in Switzerland, Germany and France, and the only effect of my disappointment was, that I was thereby prevented from visiting Milan and Venice. I went back to my hotel, disappointed and perplexed. I thought that it would be best to return to the *Hotel de la Canorme* at Lausanne, and give my passport to the police there—another blunder. I should have given it to my hotel keeper at Berne, and have directed him to send it to me by mail, endorsed. But being determined to return, I went out on the promenade, and amused myself as much as possible till 4 o'clock when the "cocher" and I set out on our return, by way of Friburg. I had stipulated for a difference of route in going and returning, in consideration of which, I had promised the *boun main*.* As I subsequently visited Berne under more favorable circumstances, and made a longer stay there, I shall reserve all attempts at description to that time.

Friburg is the capital of the Canton of the same name. Its appearance struck me as peculiarly picturesque, on my approach to it at about 7 o'clock in the evening, as we turned a shoulder of the mountain. It was founded about the year 1300. Its architecture seems to hail from the feudal days, as the characteristic walls and watch-towers of that time are still standing. They evince the rude, but strong workmanship of that period. It is built on a rocky platform, nearly surrounded by a ravine 170 feet deep. The precipitous sides which support that platform, at such an elevation, would seem to defy all hostile approach to the town from without, and to make all other defence unnecessary. But to cross this ravine, which is more than 800 feet in width, the famous suspension bridge of Friburg has been erected. Its prodigious length, (nearly 900 feet,) is a matter of astonishment. It may be unnecessary to remark that it is the longest

* A gratuity of two or three francs over the stipulated sum, which is generally expected by an *employé*, as a matter of course, unless, as in this case, it was made the subject of a special agreement.

in the world. Its dimensions are as follows:—length nearly 900 feet, breadth 28 feet, and height from the bottom of the ravine, 170 feet. The first appearance of it struck me with awe, not unmixed with terror, at the sight of a work of such great length apparently unsupported, while the rocks at the bottom of the ravine afforded but a dreary prospect, should it give way under one. The engineer was Mr. Chaley of Lyons. It was completed in 1834, and opened with great ceremony: I have been told that it is ascertained by calculation, that as many of the heaviest carts loaded, with four horses attached to each, as could stand on the bridge, might be stationed from one end of it to the other, without breaking it. However, as the individual who figured out this problem might have made some mistake, I was willing to get out of the carriage, and let the horse go on first and try the strength of the materials. There is always a slight motion perceptible, even when an individual walks over; this becomes very material under the weight of a horse and carriage. The famous Menai bridge, which ranked next to this, was only 580 feet in length.

After paying our toll of 3 *batz*, (9 cents,) we entered upon the bridge. At each end of it, stands a strong granite column, of the same width as the bridge, and 70 or 80 feet in height. Two iron stays made fast to the tops of each of these columns, act as the supports on each side of the bridge; about the middle of which, they are allowed to sag down to its level. These stays are made of a great number of thin strips of iron, (my guide-book says 1,056,) bound firmly together at the distance of every two feet. Lest the weight of the bridge should draw too heavily upon the column, these stays are made to pass through the latter, and under the ground, obliquely, behind. The bridge, itself, is of wood, and is as firmly bound together as the repetition of strong timbers at the distance of every two feet could make it. Each of these rafters projects a little from the bridge, and from its end a rod of iron goes up and is made fast to the stay above. In the columns at the end are arches, for the admission of carriages and foot passengers. The bridge does not maintain a perfect level, as regards its length; but is slightly arched upwards.

Friburg contains about 8,000 inhabitants. It is the capital of the Canton of the same name. The principal objects worthy of notice within its walls are a fine cathedral and its celebrated organ. Travellers are attracted to Friburg from great distances, to hear this instrument played. There is a regular hour, each day, when persons are admitted on a moderate charge; but to hear it at other times, it is necessary to give the organist 10 or 11 francs, (about 2 dollars,) as a compensation for his trouble.

On the next day after the above adventures, I

got up early in the morning for the purpose of taking a survey of the city. Multitudes were flocking into the cathedral, actuated by that spirit of Catholic devotion which appeals rather to the senses than to the heart. I repaired once more to the bridge. There is a feeling of awe with which one regards works of such fearful magnitude, which do not soon lose their effect from his mind; and the bridge at Friburg is such an one, unique in its character, and, considering the materials at hand for its construction, as successful a proof of the ability of man to overcome the obstacles of nature, as can be found anywhere. Previous to the construction of this work, Friburg was inaccessible by a direct route from Berne.

Between Friburg and Payerne stands an old building, once used as a college of Jesuits.

Monod, the Minidunum of the ancient Romans, is a lifeless looking old town, surrounded with a very old wall provided with picturesque watch-towers, on one of which is a quaint looking clock; which I mention, not for its singularity, but as one of many instances of that singular public taste which formerly led all the Swiss towns of any note, to put up clocks on some one of their watch-towers. These, of course, are of but little use now; but having once been put up, they must obey the universal law to which every thing in the country is subjected,—viz, to await there the slow progress of decay.

Arrived at Lausanne, I gave my passport to the police to be sent on to Berne for me, and dismissed Joseph, who returned to Geneva. Meanwhile, I occupied myself in making excursions in the charming environs of Lausanne, intending, on the arrival of my passport, to pass over the Simplon, or grand military road of Napoleon.

THE SIMPLON ROAD.

I remained at Lausanne four days; which time was spent in renewed visits to its charming environs, or in loitering by the shore, of "placid Leman," watching a distant sail slowly moving upon its calm bosom. Near the waterside, half buried among the trees, stood the ruins of an old tower. It attracted my attention, in consequence of its peculiar position, being not upon some picturesque promontory, or upon some bold cliff to command the awe and respect of a troop of wild retainers; but at the bottom of a long slope, in a most retired spot, from whence it could overlook the peaceful lake. One could trace in its position the indications of a milder spirit pervading the bosom of its former occupant than was characteristic of feudal times.

There are many charming walks and drives in the environs of Lausanne. In my daily walks, I met parties of English who seemed to be permanent residents in the place; perhaps some of them were tenants of those fine houses which stand up

here and there from amid the green vineyards. Forced, as I was at my hotel, to listen to the incessant jargon of French, or German, besides the rude attempts to perpetrate a few connected sentences on my own part, the notes of my own language sounded grateful to my ear, and served to revive the sweet recollections of home.

On the 24th of August, my passport was returned to me at the hotel, without the signature of the Austrian Consul, as it was stated not to be "regular." This determined me to relinquish the idea of visiting Milan and Venice; but after having crossed over into Sardinia by the *Simplon*, to return into Switzerland, by the lake Maggiore.

It was eleven o'clock at night, when I set out from my hotel to take my place in the diligence. My host, who showed the usual rotundity of form of a village landlord, had not seen me just previous to my departure. But as propriety enjoined upon him to wish his guests, on parting, *un bon voyage*, he came after me in full chase down the steps with a boy behind him carrying a light and gave me the usual parting salutation of "*Monsieur Je vous Souhaite un bon voyage*." All is gloomy enough at one of those diligence offices, at midnight, while passengers are waiting to take their seats in the diligence. When the time of departure arrives, the *conducteur* assigns to each passenger his seat, and then takes his own seat in the *copée* (a part of the diligence partitioned off in front and usually selected by travellers,) the *postilion* mounts one of the wheel horses, and the heavy vehicle moves off. Having taken a seat in the *interieur* of the diligence, I resigned myself to Morpheus, not undisturbed, however, by the incessant talking of two Frenchmen, my travelling companions.

Morning light was somewhat advanced when I awoke. I found that we had passed the eastern end of the lake of Geneva, and were traversing the valley of the Rhone, which near the lake is very fertile and beautiful, and contains some interesting remains of ancient Roman works. History records that a severe engagement took place in this valley between the Romans and the Helvetii, in which the former were defeated. Further up, the valley contracts to a diameter of from one to two miles, and becomes wild and desolate in appearance. On each side, it is pent up between enormous mountains, while, through the centre, the river Rhone flows a turbid lime-colored fluid. The Canton Valais, in whose territory the valley of the Rhone lies, is one of the poorest, and altogether the most unhealthy of the Swiss Cantons. It was not long before we met with cases of the *goitre* and *cretinisme*, diseases which the traveller in Savoy meets with in such distressing frequency, and which give to the person of the patient a disgusting appearance, if they do not drive him to idiocy. *Goitre* is a swelling in the neck, which commences when the patient is very young, and grows with his growth,

until it has attained an enormous size, in some instances, and hangs down in the form of a "huge wallet of flesh." In some localities in the mountainous parts of Savoy, and also in some parts of the Canton Valais, as many as one in *four* of the whole population are more or less affected with it. There seem to be some doubts as to the cause of this malady, though I have no doubt that it is to be attributed to the *water* drunk by the people, and to their diet. The latter is a compound of the most miserable things ever used to "keep soul and body together," and the former flows from the glaciers of their mountains, unwholesome and impure. But *cretinisme* is a more fearful malady, as it affects the mind. We saw many poor sufferers, afflicted with it, who would come about the diligence wherever it stopped, and importune us for money. To give to one, would be a sure signal for being overwhelmed with applicants.

Martigny is situated at the angle, made by the Rhone with the Simplon road, at the mouth of the *Drause*, a little river that, in 1818, inundated the town, and destroyed nearly the whole of the inhabitants. Above the town, on an elevated promontory, are the ruins of an old castle, picturesquely seated on the hill. This town was a place of some importance in the time of the Romans, and was called by them *Octodurus*. It is the place to which travellers who wish to pass the Great St. Bernard from this side resort. We reached here at eight o'clock, and awaited the arrival of the diligence from the south side of the lake of Geneva, for the space of an hour, an interval which I devoted, principally, to visiting one of those fine mineral shops of Martigny, which contain valuable specimens of agates, cornelians, crystals, &c., taken from the mountains. To the mineralogist, a visit to one of those mineral shops is a rich treat. I bought some very valuable specimens of agates and cornelians, at from one to three francs apiece.

Not long after leaving Martigny, we passed the cascade of *Pissevache*, a picturesque waterfall, of about fifty feet in height. It is one of those glacier streams, which, from every direction, are pouring into the river Rhone in its progress through the valley, and adding to its volume. The cascade of the *Sallenche*, a precipitous fall of 150 feet, is another object upon which the eye delights to fix itself, after searching in vain amid the awful sterility that prevails throughout the valley, for any object which could remind him of the milder beauties of external nature. The valley of the Rhone seems to be shut out from communion with the rest of the world, except from its termination near the lake of Geneva. It is hemmed in, on the two sides, by the enormous mountains of the Bernese Alps, or of the Monte Rosa chain, which vary in height from ten to fourteen thousand feet.

We arrived at *Sion* at about one o'clock, and stopped to dine. This was an old Roman town,

and is said to contain some ruins left by that people. It is the capital of the Canton Valais. Its general aspect is lifeless.* A large portion of the inhabitants are more or less affected with the goitres. The walls of Sion, now old and crumbling, were once probably very substantial. Two bold rocky heights on the east of the town, are crowned with picturesque castles, which are conspicuous for a long time to one approaching from the west. On the west of the town, are to be seen the ruins of the baronial castle of *Montgorges*, seated upon the brow of a rocky eminence. History gives an unenviable reputation to its former possessor; one would think that its situation entitled it to be a fit residence for one of the lawless spirits of the middle ages. Even in its dreary aspect, one can see the frowning spirit of the past. In a walk near the outskirts, I passed a monastery, which might have been distinguished by many unfailing characteristics, without the help of a guide book. Even among the wretched population of Sion, some well-fed priests are found, subsisting without labor, and appropriating funds which might go far towards alleviating the misery of the people.

We left Sion at one, and pursued our route through the valley, amid scenes of awful wildness and grandeur. Truly it might be said of this valley, "Man alone seemed to be placed in a state of inferiority in a scene where all the ordinary powers of nature were raised and exalted." We passed few places of any note or interest to the traveller, and those few were filled with a population afflicted with the goitres, or whose external appearance betokened wretched poverty. *Sierres* is a town of about the same importance as Sion.

Brieg is the final resting-place before crossing the mountain. We arrived at this point of our journey at seven o'clock, P. M., and halted to await the first light of the following morning. The town is a small collection of old stone buildings, surrounded with an amphitheatre of some of the grandest mountain scenery in Switzerland. Of the Bernese Alps, the most conspicuous is *Jungfrau* (the Virgin,) a name denoting the pure white which forever mantles its form. It ranks near to *Monte Rosa*, being nearly 13,000 feet in height. The *Glyshorn*, rises boldly up to an elevation of several thousand feet, and seems to impend over the village, and adds to the *horreurs* of its situation. We stopped at the *Hotel d'Angleterre*, and after partaking of a light supper, retired, preparatory to an early call on the morrow.

At half past two o'clock, A. M., I was aroused from my slumbers. Descending into the *salle-à-manger*, I met my companions. A cup of coffee was ready for us. The anticipations of months,

* It may be necessary to mention here, to avoid the suspicion of writing from hasty observation, that I passed through the valley of the Rhone, subsequently, in a manner which gave me more leisure for observation.

seemed about to receive their fulfilment in the events of a single day. The first glimmerings of morning light were watched with eager impatience, and at about half after three, the welcome call of the conductor summoned us to enter the diligence.

The day was fine, and every thing seemed favorable. The passengers did not long submit to the confinement of the diligence, but all agreed to climb the mountain on foot. At the right of the road, a glacier stream was tumbling in successive cascades over ledges of rocks, as it made its way to unite with the Rhone. Over it was extended one of those fine stone bridges, which, from their frequency in different parts of the route, as well as their strength and elegance, give to the traveller enlarged impressions of the majesty of the undertaking. From this point the scene constantly increases in interest as one ascends. I turned back to look upon *Brieg*, now far below. The village and one or two spires which stand out from amid other buildings, look like small objects in the plain, with hardly room enough to stand, between the bases of enormous mountains.

The ascent of the Simplon is very gradual from the commencement, but constantly inclined, except in one or two instances, where the road makes a horizontal bend around a projecting shoulder of the mountain. A succession of guard-stones placed at the distance of every ten or fifteen feet, and seen far ahead, marks the passage of the road. There were no fences, and no firm stone walls, to prevent a vehicle descending at a rapid pace, being drawn off into the rocky ravine at the side. The approach to *Pont Alto* is exceedingly magnificent. For a long distance, the road is cut out of the side of the mountain, while from above, immense masses of rocks seem to impend over the traveller and threaten him with destruction. On the other side of the ravine, the mountain falls off precipitously, and discloses on its sides rocks thrown into the wildest attitudes, as if they had tumbled from the mountain above, and found no resting-place till they were caught by the crags, at a depth of several hundred feet. Many of the guard stones have been broken off by the force of rocks in falling; yet, the road exhibits a wonderful perfection, although the Canton Valais, in whose territory this part of the road lies, is too poor to make any necessary repairs.

About the *Pont Alto*, one sees *les belles horreurs du Simplon* in perfection. The bridge, itself of wood, supported on massive masonry, carries the road over a gorge between the mountains. The torrent, over which it is built, is seen tumbling in successive cascades, and burying itself in the ravine far below. It was eight o'clock when we reached this point of our journey. Soon after leaving it, vegetation of all kinds, except pines and larches, and stunted grass, disappeared. We walked slowly on, but easily kept in advance of the diligence.

Shortly after leaving the bridge, the road turned an angle of the mountain. From this position, we obtained a fine view of the towering white mass of Monte Rosa. Its appearance is so much like that of Mont Blanc, that travellers have frequently committed the error of supposing that they saw the latter mountain from this point of the Simplon route.

The first gallery that we came to, is that of Chalcabec.* This is only about eighty feet in length, and is cut through a projecting mass of the mountain. Shortly after leaving this gallery, one obtains a fine view of the Bernese Alps. That immense sea of ice which fills the ridges between them, and is the source of innumerable glaciers which descend from their sides into the vallies below, is seen to better advantage from this point, probably, than from any other in Switzerland.

Further in the ascent, we came to another gallery, in part built up of masonry, and in part excavated from a projecting shoulder of the mountain. It was made to protect the road from glacier streams and avalanches. Above, one sees on the side of the mountain, a glacier, the source of the stream of water which is conducted over this gallery, and precipitated in a cascade upon the rocks below. Numerous tiny glacier streams are cascading down the mountain in every direction. On the right, is a rocky ravine, in which lies a heavy mass of mixed ice and snow, which is the source of a stream of water, but will not be melted completely before the snows of autumn have fallen, to recruit the matter that it has lost during the heat of summer. From this station, the view down the valley of the Rhone is exceedingly fine. Far below, a glimpse of the valley is caught, winding among the mountains, and displaying some signs of vegetable life, in striking contrast to the scenes around us. Even pine and larches have failed us, ere now, and we are hemmed in by barren rocks with here and there large masses of ice and snow. With the exception of an occasional stone building constructed for the purpose of affording travellers a refuge from the fearful snow storms of spring or autumn, there was no habitation of any kind within miles of us.

At about ten o'clock, A. M., we reached the Hospice, built on the summit of the pass, 6,540 feet above the level of the sea. This is a very large plain edifice of stone. The diligence stopped, while we went in to inspect the building. We were met at the door by a Monk of the St. Bernard order, habited in the black garb of the order. These Monks have a very benevolent occupation here, as it is to seek out travellers exposed to death amid the awful terrors of an Alpine snow storm. To doubt their disinterested benevolence would be pre-

* The term *gallery* denotes, in this instance, one of those artificial excavations made to carry the road through a projecting shoulder of the mountain; or it is used to denote one of those artificial constructions of masonry, built to protect the road from avalanches or glaciers from above.

sumption, after all the evidence which their brethren of Mt. St. Bernard have given to the world; but it must be conceded that their profession is highly favorable to their health, which was evinced by their well-favored appearances. The reverend father conducted us about the building with a good deal of politeness. The house was very comfortable within. There were many large and commodious rooms. Finally, we were conducted into a neat chapel, attached to the edifice, at one side of which, is a charity box, where each of us put in his donation for the support of this benevolent institution. At parting, the Monk called two noble dogs, one of whom was the celebrated St. Bernard breed. They bounded forward eagerly to their master and seemed impatient for the search.

We entered the diligence and drove rapidly to the village of *Simplon*, which is on the descent on the Italian side, being only 4,840 feet above the level of the sea. We arrived there at about eleven, and found dinner ready. Our landlady informed us that one kind of meat, of which we were partaking freely, was that of the *chamois*, or Alpine goat. This animal occupies the most inaccessible parts of the mountains and is taken with difficulty. The *chamois* go in companies, and observe the custom of setting one or two of their number to watch while the rest are eating. The watchers as soon as they see any indications of danger, give the alarm by a shrill whistle, when the herd scamper off. Persons travelling among the mountains, are surprised, sometimes, at hearing a shrill whistle proceeding from some cliff; looking up, they see those watchful sentinels communicating the alarm to their friends. The flesh is tough and unpleasant.

The descent on the Italian side, from the village of Simplon, is gradual, and possesses no features of particular interest to the traveller, until he reaches the gallery of *Algaby*. Under other circumstances, this might be an object worthy of particular mention; but amid such an association of magnificent works as crown every short interval of the whole route, this deserves notice only as a kind of waymark, indicating to the traveller from this side, his near approach to the *Gorge of the Gondo*. The road is supported by solid masonry built up by the side of the *Dovedro*, a furious glacier torrent, that finds its bed at the bottom of the gorge. The bases of the opposite mountains draw very closely together, leaving scarcely room for the road and the torrent between them. The precipices assume a terrific appearance, as they tower above the traveller for several hundred feet. He looks in vain for anything to prevent his vehicle going off the level terraced road, into the boiling torrent below, but a range of small guardstones placed at intervals of ten or fifteen feet. We enter the gallery of Gondo, the longest of the Simplon galleries. It is cut through the solid rock for the length of 596 feet, and was a work of prodigious labor, having

taken "more than one hundred men, in gangs of eight, relieving each other day and night, for eighteen months, to pierce a passage." Two large holes were cut in the outer wall, to admit light and assist their operations. But nothing can exceed the grandeur of the view that presents itself immediately after leaving the gallery on the Italian side. We crossed a bridge and went about forty yards, when we stopped. The entrance to the gallery was in full view before us. At the right of it, the Dovedro was forcing its way between huge rocks which confined its passage, and caused it to make a beautiful cascade; while, on the left of the gallery, another mountain torrent had formed a cascade, the volume of which passed under the bridge as it hastened to unite with the Dovedro.

The road continued for a long distance, close under the side of the mountain, out of which it was scooped in many places. The road is still carried by the bank of the torrent; on the opposite side of the latter, the mountain rises precipitously to the height of several hundred feet. I have seen many pictures of this scene; but none which seemed to me to convey a correct impression of the grandeur and beauty of the original.* Further on, I observed many places where large masses of rock had fallen into the bed of the torrent.

We were now on the Italian side, in the dominions of the king of Sardinia. The road was not in so good a condition as it was on the Swiss side of the pass; still, one could not but observe abundant evidences that great care was originally bestowed to secure perfection throughout the whole work.

We stopped at *Irella*, the first frontier town, where our passports and baggage were subjected to the most rigid scrutiny. My clothes were tumbled most ruthlessly. My books were taken out, and handed to a functionary. Coming to my *bible*, he turned over its leaves carefully, and asked if it was *protestante*. Receiving an answer in the affirmative, he scrutinized its pages very closely, to be sure that it contained no leaves of Italian. This investigation was much more rigid than I had been subjected to, two months before, when landing at *Genoa*. It seems to be a principle of Sardinian officers, to examine the effects of passengers much more closely, who come from the continent, than from sea.

At *Crevola*, we passed a fine bridge over the Dovedro, that empties into the *Toccia*, at this place. All the passengers began to remark the bright sky of Italy, and highly cultivated fields. Nature appeared to our eyes clad in a more beautiful mantle than before, as we viewed the strange contrast presented by the luxuriant vegetation of Italy to the sterility of the Canton Valais, or the rocky and

* I held Conder's Italy in my hand at the time, and found the engraving intended to represent this scene, defective in these respects.

snow clad heights that we had been traversing. The Frenchmen and Swiss, among our passengers, were especially delighted to see grape-vines growing luxuriantly on tall arbors, instead of being confined on short poles.

To a stranger ascending a mountain pass for the first time, the changes which vegetation undergoes at successive grades of elevation, present an interesting spectacle. I do not make this remark so much of the pass of the *Simplon*, as of that of *Mt. Cenis*; for the former is too rocky and barren to afford the most striking contrasts. Suppose that about seven hours are requisite for the ascent, as in the case of the *Simplon*. He commences the ascent from the plain, where vines and various fruits are growing luxuriantly. As he ascends, these fail imperceptibly, and their place is assumed by the ash, and elm, and maple, or the sturdy oak, with here and there a cedar tree. A chill in the air, begins to be sensible as he advances, such, as in our latitude, would indicate the first approach of autumn. This increases as he advances. He seems to be entering amid mountains, whose tops, at no great elevation above him, are crowned with snow. The chilling sensation increases. He feels the necessity of active walking to keep him warm. The trees with which he had been familiar fail, and their places are filled with pines and larches. Even apple trees find too little warmth in this climate for their support. Pines and larches hang on with obstinacy to the last, and do not fail until the appearance of stunted grass indicates the climate of Lapland. Finally, even the stunted grass fails, and nothing succeeds but one universal barrenness, or masses of snow and ice which tower amid perennial winter. The same changes follow, though in an opposite order, as he descends, and vegetation, by being placed in such immediate contrast with the barrenness of winter, assumes new hues of loveliness.

We arrived at *Domo d' Ossola* at about four o'clock in the afternoon. This is a town of some importance, and to those who have not been conversant with Italian architecture, it exhibits a novel and interesting appearance. It derives much of its importance from the fact of its being on the grand *Simplon* route. Its buildings are stuccoed, and are usually much more massive than those of Switzerland. There is a heavy style of architecture prevailing in these countries to which we are strangers in the United States; a fact that may easily be accounted for when we consider that works erected here, are expected to survive the lapse of centuries, and to find in future no improvement in society. I looked in vain, in *Domo d' Ossola*, for those tasteful stone fountains which one meets with so frequently in all Swiss towns.

We drove up to the diligence office, through a heavy archway, and stopped for the night. The Swiss diligence, which had brought us over the

mountain, had done its work, and would not be allowed to run regularly any further in Sardinia. A diligence, under the direction of a Sardinian conductor, and postilion, leaves Domo d' Ossola early every morning for *Milan*, the termination of the Simplon road. This road commences at Geneva. The distance thence to Brieg, where the route leaves the valley of the Rhone, for the purpose of commencing the ascent of the mountain, is about 140 miles; from Brieg to Domo d' Ossola, the distance is about 40 miles; and thence to Milan, about 60 miles, making 240 miles for the whole.

I had found a new inducement for visiting Milan. I had found some agreeable companions in two of my fellow travellers of the diligence, and hoped from their society to derive much pleasure. With their advice, and the promise of their assistance to explain my difficulties, I determined to pay a visit to the commandant of Domo d' Ossola, and solicit his advice respecting my passport. We accordingly called upon the commandant at the Hotel de Ville, and were received with an urbanity and kindness unusual among the public officers of Sardinia. In reply to my questions, he advised me to enclose my passport to the British Consul* at Milan, requesting him to endorse the passport, if "regular," and solicit the requisite permission for me to pass the Austrian frontier, from the authorities at Milan. Meanwhile, I could go on with my companions to *Baveno*, visit the *Borromean Islands* and repair to *Arona*, a frontier town, to await the return of my passport. The commandant kindly wrote me a *passport provisoire*, to serve me meanwhile.

We were summoned at half after two o'clock, on the following morning, to take our places in the diligence for *Baveno*, a small town on the lake Maggiore, much visited by travellers in consequence of its proximity to the *Borromean islands*. We arrived at Baveno, at seven o'clock, A. M., and from the windows and balcony of our hotel, had a charming view of the lake. *Isola Balla* and *Isola Madre* are seen at a distance in the bay; and some indications of artificial elevations on each island are seen rising amidst a mass of foliage. The Simplon road separated our hotel from the water of the lake. Near the shore, lazy watermen were seen reclining in their boats, and gazing vacantly upon the blue shade which was thrown over the mountains that seemed to hem in the bay. These fishermen support themselves upon the fees obtained by taking travellers to visit the islands. The charge for this service is five francs for the first hour, and one franc for each additional hour; besides which, they expect a *bonne main* of a franc or more.

Upon bargaining with our boatman, we were told that he could take us to *Arona*, a place about eight miles further down the lake, and the last frontier town of Sardinia, on condition of our paying him

* There is no American Consul at Milan.

a slight additional sum. To this, we readily assented; but our calculations were unexpectedly disappointed by the interference of the *douaniers* (custom-house officers,) as we were about to carry our baggage on board of the craft. We were told that we were at liberty to go upon the lake as much as we chose ourselves, but not to carry our effects thereupon; for the lake being neutral ground between Austria and Sardinia, the authorities of each wish to impose a check upon individuals entering its territory, except by the regular routes. This prohibition, however, does not extend to persons taking passage on board the lake steamer. Accordingly, we returned our baggage to the hotel, and engaged our boat for the trip to the islands simply.

A young Englishman, an artist by profession, solicited permission to accompany us, and was accepted. He had just come from Venice, by way of Milan, and gave us an amusing account of the vexations to which the traveller is subjected all along the route, from the insolence of the *douaniers*, and the hindrances thrown in his way to cause him to leave some of his money at every important town along the line of his route. Travellers in these countries know the truth of this by sad experience. We were unnecessarily detained over night at Domo d' Ossola, in order to contribute something to the support of that important town.

The bay of the Borromean Islands, is an arm of the lake Maggiore, and is about ten miles in length and six in breadth. The Count Borromeo, an Italian noble, is the sole proprietor of the lake and of the interesting group of islands it contains. In 1671, an ancestor of his, erected a palace upon *Isola Bella*, the largest of the islands, and by transplanting thither an immense quantity of rich earth, converted this mass of slate into a rich garden abounding with every variety of fruits and flowers. *Isola Madre* was subsequently built upon. Both are at present unoccupied by the noble proprietor and his family, but are kept in order by servants who reside on them, while a handsome revenue is derived from the contributions of the immense number of visitors who resort to these celebrated islands.

The water of the lake is of a beautiful green color, and is extremely clear. The heights about the bay, are covered with luxuriant groves of olives and with vines. In the distance, we descried the Simplon mountain covered with snow.

We first passed the *Isola di Piscatori*, or Isle of Fishermen. It is covered with the huts of fishermen who have purchased of the proprietor, at an enormous charge, the right of practising their vocation within the bay. Our boatmen told us the amount, which I have forgotten, and assured us that the fishermen with difficulty made a living from the poor returns they received.

Isola Madre, where we first landed, has not had

such vast treasures lavished upon it, as its sister isle; but still, it has its peculiar beauties. Its sides are supported by a terrace, at intervals in which are steps constructed for convenience in landing from boats. The first appearance presented by this island, is that of a garden of trees and shrubs under the highest state of cultivation, while nothing unsightly occurs to mar the general beauty. On one side stands a large plain edifice of stone, and near it, another that is in ruins. We landed and were met by the *garçon*, who is the only resident on the island. We first passed through an arbor of vines, and then ascended three successive terraces. Around each of these were orange and lemon trees artificially spread out so as to cover the perpendicular face of the wall. The island throughout must afford a rich treat to the botanist, as it contains shrubs and flowers selected with the greatest care and without regard to expense.

A short row from here brought us to *Isola Bella* or *handsome island*; deservedly so called, one would say, as he gazed upon it, and beheld its nine terraces rising one above another, each covered with orange trees artificially spread out so as to hide the masonry, and looking more like the leafy abode of fairies than a residence for human beings. Calypso and her nymphs, it has been suggested, might delight to ramble over its groves and find in its miniature *grottoes* (artificial however,) some compensation for the absence of Ulysses. The beauty of this island is marred by one circumstance. A collection of rude huts belonging to fishermen, whose craft are seen lying upon the little sandy beach left in that condition, for their use, are seen on the western side of the island, and look in strange contrast with its general beauty.

We landed on this beach, and ascended a pair of steps to the court of the palace, where we met a servant who offered to escort us. The palace is large, but inelegant. We observed within its walls, a few good paintings, and several good specimens of statuary, as a Minerva by Canova, and a Venus by some good artist. I was conducted into the room where Napoleon slept after the battle of Marengo; a small mahogany bedstead supported the victor, on that occasion. We were conducted into an artificial grotto made of two large rooms. The pillars and walls are covered with rough pieces of lava. A fountain is attached to one of the walls.

From the palace, we were conducted into the grounds. These contain very many valuable trees. Among others, are the coffee plant, which grows here to the height of twenty feet; the magnolia, the olive, and a number of magnificent bay trees. Upon one of these, I saw some illegible carving, which is said to have been done by Napoleon with his penknife. Upon the topmost terrace, there is a large equestrian statue representing a child mounted upon a powerful horse, and controlling the ani-

mal; also, a colossal statue of Cardinal Carlo Borromeo.

One cannot but regard Isola Bella, with its beauty and magnificence, as illustrating the spirit of a semi-barbarous age, when the nobles had power and wealth sufficient to gratify any taste, however fanciful.

After dinner, the Frenchman and I engaged a *voiturier*, to carry us to Arona, distant nearly nine miles. Here I stopped to await the return of my passport from Milan, while my comrade continued his route to that city.

SWISS SCENERY.

Cooke, J P, Jr

Flag of Our Union (1854-1870); Oct 12, 1861; 16, 41; American Periodicals
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SWISS SCENERY.

During a recent journey in Switzerland, at the close of a delightful summer's day, I arrived in company with a number of fellow travellers, at Interlachen. We had been sailing on the beautiful lake of Brienz; and, shortly after reaching our destination, the sun had set, and the mountains had cast their long shadows across the lake. Early in the afternoon, the clouds had rested on the nearer summits, and we had been disappointed in our hopes of obtaining a view of the distant peaks of the Bernese Oberlin, but suddenly, as the sun went down in magnificent glory, the peak of the Jungfrau appeared beneath the clouds, clothed in her mantle of everlasting snow, and bathed in a flood of rosy light. The effect, thus heightened by the contrast of the dark foreground, was grand beyond description, and as beautiful as it was grand. It seemed like a vision of the heavenly kingdom—as if the glory of God had rested upon the mountain. It completely filled the soul with grandeur, and the heart overflowed with gratitude, for the privilege it enjoyed. His would have been a dull understanding, and a duller heart, who could not have recognized the giver in it. It may not have been the lot of many thus to behold the Jungfrau blushing before her retiring lord, but all have witnessed the same fact on even a grander scale, when the white clouds, piled up in the western horizon, become resplendent with the rays of the setting sun; and many have watched their varying tints of gold and purple, until at last their ghostly forms vanished in the dusk of evening, and the stars came out to take up with their measured twinkling the silent song of praise; and, perhaps, there are some, who, after watching anxiously through the long night, have felt their hearts strengthened and their hopes revived, when the blush of morning reassured them of their Father's presence, and all nature smiled in the floods of returning light. All these glorious visions, all this beauty, and all the pure emotions of our hearts, which they are calculated to excite, we owe, my friends, to the delicacy with which the density of the atmosphere has been adjusted to the wants of our physical and moral nature; and they all thus become silent witnesses, not only of the wisdom, but also of the goodness of our God. —*Professor J. P. Cooke, Jr.*

SWISS ECHOES.

Our Correspondent's Trip to Chamonix and the Regions of the Alps.

GRAND HOTEL IMPERIAL, VALLEY OF CHAMONIX, }
Aug. 27, 1878. }

Here we are—Bob T. and myself—calmly enjoying our *otium cum dignitate* on the verandah of this imperial hostelry, after a succession of mountain climbing, traversing glaciers, peering down crevices and bathing in the spray of cascades for the better part of a week.

Before leaving Geneva, Bob and I thought we would try our hands at "bearing" the market in the price of tickets to Chamonix. There are some seven different lines of *diligences* running from Geneva, and competition is as fierce between them, at times, as are the struggles of hackmen at the railroad depots and wharves of the metropolis of Manhattan, or the hotel porters at Long Branch.

The regular fare from Geneva to Chamonix is twenty-one francs, but we soon lowered the price to ten francs, and, finally, secured round tickets at that figure from an office on the Grand Quai, the runner for which is an Italian, and swears by all the saints in the Roman calendar that he is a brother of the late Tom Sayers, the famous English puglist. He says he is one of those wise children that is imbued with a sense of accurate knowledge concerning his own paternal relative, and will allow none to dispute it. It is well that he is descended from such renowned and illustrious stock, as all the other *diligence* runners in Geneva have combined to despoil him of his scalp for his inconsistency in business matters which so nearly concerns their bread and beer.

The Chamonix *diligence* is a wonderful piece of artistic workmanship, and shames the English four-in-hand coach into Lilliputianism. The *banquette*, or top, will seat 24 persons; is covered with a Venetian awning, and can be reached only by ascending a ladder that all female passengers consider of ample length. The cabin passengers revel in a capacious *coupe*, while all baggage and steerage passengers are accommodated in a sort of an immense box, entered from between the hind wheels. We—Bob and I—took our position on the rear seat of the *banquette*, and, at 7 A. M., our six Hambletonians, harnessed three abreast, were off in a rapid trot for the regions of glaciers and pyramids of eternal snow. In about forty minutes' time we had run through the uninviting village of *Chêne* and entered the *Département de la Haute Savoie*, in French territory. Speeding along on the borders of the rapid and muddy *Arve*, we reach the picturesque town of *Bonneville*, situated in a fertile valley at the base of the pyramid of the *Môle*, some fifteen miles from Geneva, where a fresh relay of horses are had, and a stoppage of about fifteen minutes allowed, during which time the *diligence* is surrounded by all the old women of the place, engaged in the laudable enterprise of peddling fruit in small baskets, and a score of blind harpists and fiddlers, making insipid "music in the air" for an expectant gratuity, which they rarely fail to receive. When the *diligence* is off again, all the ragged and unkempt Savoyard small boys of the place run along each side of it for a mile or more, with their dirty, unwashed faces turned upward to the passengers on the *banquette*, and a most miserable apology for a hat held to catch such Helvetic coin as passengers suffering from enlargement of the heart may toss to them. At the village of *Scionzier* another change of horses is made. Here the ladders are brought to the front, and the passengers descend to the surface of this mundane sphere, enter a small, dirty *estaminet*, and hurriedly place themselves on the outside of numberless hard-boiled eggs, and a native red wine that would corrugate the stomach of the bronze figure of *Godfrey de Bouillon*, erected in the *Place Royal* at Brussels. Fortunately Bob had, as a *compagnon du voyage*, a mysterious bottle labeled "*Balm of Gilead*," which proved to be the *old thing*—juniper, angostura and lemon peel; and the longing glances of two students of "Old Harvard"—who sat directly in front of us—when the aroma of that "Old Tom" went forth upon the meridian air of Savoy, was painful to contemplate, but it was more precious at that moment and locality to us than the "*Johannisberger Cabinet*" of Prince Metternich or the oldest *Vin Blanc* that the Counts Palatine ever drew from the famous *Tun* in the vault of the Castle of Heidelberg. So we emulated the example of the average Philadelphian, "ordered it up and played it alone."

After passing the cascade of *Arpenaz*, a beautiful stream that issues from the mountain side and dissolves itself into spray, we reach the village of *St. Martin*, and suddenly obtain a magnificent view of *Mont Blanc*, whose dazzling peaks, rising majestically at the head of the valley, seem almost to annihilate the intervening space, though it is over a dozen miles away as the crow flies. *Sallanches*, a small town of some two thousand long-visaged inhabitants, receives the honor of a brief stoppage, and at about 1:30 P. M. we are called to refreshment—at the village of *St. Gervais*, one of the most charming spots on the continent of Europe. I will not picture it, because I cannot. No pen can describe it, and no artist can paint it. It is too grand, sublime and majestic for humanity to portray, and too overpowering in its weird splendor for any such insipid correspondent as myself to attempt to grapple with. Nature made this place the nearest approach to *Mont Blanc* from Switzerland, and Nature was correct, but the French Government during the reign of the late Emperor, the third Napoleon, came down with steam drills and dynamite and cut through the mountains a road to Chamonix, which certainly must challenge the admiration of an unprejudiced mind, if it does spoil the romantic spirit of the average tourist, or causes poetic inspiration to curtail its ethereal flight.

Byron, it is known, wrote the dramatic poem of "*Man-*

fred" while residing in Switzerland, and I am inclined to think it must have been at *St. Gervais* that he penned

"The stars are forth, the moon above the tops
Of the snow-shining mountains—beautiful!
I linger yet with Nature, for the night
Hath been to me a more familiar face
Than that of Man; and in her starry shade
Of dim and solitary loveliness,
I learned the language of another world."

The road, after leaving *St. Gervais*, crosses the *Arve*, and, following its bank, ascends gradually the fine road cut on the side of the mountain, passes through a tunnel, and enters one of the most picturesque regions in Savoy, where, at a small place called "*Thevenet*," the change of horses is made for the last time. In the opening of this pass can be seen the frosty peaks of the *Aiguille du Midi*, over 12,000 feet high, and the glaciers of the *Mount Blanc* chain; and while one is viewing with admiration and wonder these immense oceans of ice, he is whirled into the valley of Chamonix, and dropped at the very base of *Mont Blanc*.

Chamonix has been so thoroughly written up that I will not attempt to follow in the path of its many chroniclers. Take the *Hudson River*, between *Peekskill* and *West Point*, fill it in so as to narrow the stream to a width of 20 feet, cap the mountains about "*Cro Nest*" with eternal snow, add a few glacier and cascades, and sprinkle the valley with a dozen hotels, as many curiosity shops, and a hundred or more of sleepy-looking guides smoking bad tobacco in briar-wood pipes, and you will have a very fair copy of the famous Valley of Chamonix and its surroundings. A few days previous to our arrival the French Geographical Society, aided by the *Club Alpine Français*, had been having a grand hulabaloo in honor of *Jacques Balmat*, who was the first to ascend *Mont Blanc*, in the year 1786. They erected a monument to him in front of the Catholic church, drank his memory in flagons of wine and beer, and set off fireworks away up in the regions of snow, that were seen as far as Geneva, fifty miles away. Well! Bob and myself secured our Alpine staffs—a species of broom handle six feet long, with an iron spike at one end and a crook at the other—called upon the *Guide Chef*, and prepared ourselves for excursions and explorations extraordinary. There are just 157 different routes that the guides will take you through from Chamonix, costing from one franc to *Les Cascades de Beraid* to 100 francs for the ascent of *Mont Blanc*, or *P'Aiguille Verte*. For the two latter three guides are necessary for each person.

The brief limits of this communication will not permit of my picturing to your readers our perilous ascent of the *Pavillon de la Pierre Pointure* and the dreadful night passed in the hut at the *Grand Mulets*, 10,000 feet above the sea level, and the next day our weary march across the *Glacier des Bossons* and our climb to the summit of *Mont Blanc* by the *Corridor*, the *Mur de la Côte* and the *Bosse du Dromadaire*; nor of our visits to the *Eggischorn*, *Matterhorn*, *Blinnenhorn*, *Hohsandschorn*, *Bortelhorn*, *Oberaarhorn*, *Wannehorn*, *Rympfischhorn*, *Grabenhorn*, and numerous other horns. All these adventures must go into a book, after the manner of *De Saussure* and *Auldjo*, with Bob's portrait and mine as the frontispiece. We are to decide to-day whether we shall ascend the *Finisterraarhorn*, *Blumtalsalp*, *Diablerets*, *Gadmenfluh* and the *Grindelwaldgletscher*, but all depends upon the state of the weather. We, however, shall do the *Susten-Schiedeck-Stucklistock* and the *Dammastock* before finishing our Alpine tour, and may take in the *Lauteraarjoch* and *Massplankjoch*. All these places are so well known to your readers that a description of them would be superfluous; but I may send you a brief outline of the trip in a future communication. In the meantime I will close this one and brace up for other Alpine perils on a pint of *vin ordinaire*.

B. F. B.

SWITZERLAND IN 1873.

"GOING to Lyons to-morrow! Impossible!" exclaimed Mrs. C——, whom my friend and I accidentally met in the hall of the Berner Hof Hotel at Berne this autumn. "You cannot surely go without seeing the Lake of Lucerne! I should be quite ashamed to confess that I had been so long in Switzerland and was leaving without having been up the Rigi. In fact, if you persist in this resolution, you will have to come back again next summer expressly for that, and for nothing else. Think what trouble that may be! And all from want of a little energy now; for I feel quite certain you have no appointment to take you to Lyons in such a hurry. I know you cannot have," she added smiling, and noticing some hesitation on our part, "so you must

just change your plans again and come off to Lucerne with our party this afternoon! You may go to Lyons later, if you like, but there will be time enough to think about that!"

It was quite true. There was no special reason for our starting for Lyons that day, no pressing necessity for our leaving Switzerland just then. The Lake of Lucerne, moreover, had originally a prominent place in our itinerary, and the weather was so fine that there seemed fair hope of the prescribed sunrise from the Rigi. But, if the truth were told, we were weary—weariness not in body but in soul; and had taken such an aversion to the country, from a spiritual point of view, that a strong antidote—such as Lyons with its Notre Dame de

Fourvières and general Catholic life would afford—had become to us absolutely essential.

Six weeks previously we entered Switzerland—two ladies overflowing with enthusiasm. The picturesque was certainly a main object in our journey; for where else can it be equalled, or found in such variety? Still, we had no intention whatever of leaving religion and devotion behind us, and never doubted for a moment that we should succeed in finding means of satisfying our desires.

It was our first visit to this region, and our knowledge of it, we are bound to confess, was most superficial. But how little does one know of a foreign country until either long residence or some special circumstance excites the curiosity or rouses the attention! Catholics even, who as a rule interest themselves more than all others about the religious state of countries outside their own—instigated by that principle of universal brotherhood, that bond of spiritual union, which the church so effectually promotes—seldom know, notwithstanding, the details of current ecclesiastical foreign events, unless accident brings them to the spot. A great commotion like the warfare going on in Geneva, and the fact that the attitude of the Catholic community in that town was most noble, and those willing "to suffer persecution for justice's sake" neither few nor faint-hearted, had of course a large place in our view of the case. But except this, and the broad facts that Geneva, Berne, and Zurich were Protestant, Lucerne and its neighborhood Catholic, we are constrained to admit that our acquaintance with Swiss matters, geographical, historical, or ecclesiastical, was very limited. It is little wonder,

therefore, that we lent a willing ear to the thoughtless assertions of fellow-travellers, who told us we should find Catholic churches scattered all over these districts. Without further questioning, then, we proceeded, commencing by a few days at Lausanne and along the shores of the lovely Lake of Geneva. Thence we made our way to Bellalp, Zermatt, the Eichhorn, and, finally, passing round to the northern side of the great mountains, wandered on from the Faulhorn, Scheideck, and Wengern Alps to Mürren, where we rested for several days, having "done" sunsets and sunrises, peaks and glaciers, until our minds were filled with the most magnificent images. Still, despite all these wonderful beauties of nature, which seemed every day to draw us more closely and more humbly towards the Creator, an irrepressible dreariness had crept over us, from the absence of all visible signs of union with him or of grateful worship on the part of man. Certain it is that the result our present wanderings had produced by the time we reached Berne was a longing for a Catholic land and Catholic churches, where we might pour forth our praises, and give utterance to our thanksgivings for the glorious sights we had seen; a longing that had grown stronger than the mere love of the sublime and beautiful, for its own sake, of which we were, nevertheless, most ardent votaries.

It may be said that, coming to Protestant cantons as we did, we ought not to have expected a profusion of Catholic churches; the Catholic population is small, especially in the highland districts, and labors under many disadvantages. True, and after the first disappointment was over, we were ready to

study our excursions, and often to shorten them, in order to hear Mass on Sundays. Yet even so, more than once we could not even accomplish this; and the difficulty of approaching the sacraments under these circumstances is most distressing to travellers. Besides, to an outside observer, piety does not seem to flourish; or, where it does, the Catholic congregations have that subdued look peculiar to all persecuted communities, so extremely depressing to witness. Many believe that, for this and other reasons, the battle now raging in Geneva and elsewhere will be productive of great gain, and that Switzerland and Germany will emerge from a life resembling that of the early Christians in the Catacombs, only with tenfold power and vigor. At the present moment, one is chiefly led to reflect on the false interpretation of that freedom so much boasted of by the Swiss Protestants—if one may so style the advanced liberals and free-thinkers who come to the surface nowadays—and remember how easily an American Catholic could make them blush by his report of how differently these matters are treated across the Atlantic.

Our path had nowhere, as yet, it is true, touched on a Catholic canton; and there all *might* be different, though everything we could glean led us to a contrary expectation. An old German who had been coming to Switzerland for the last thirty years, and whom we met *en route*, told us it was all the same. "No religion anywhere. Nothing can be more uninteresting than the people," he asserted. "Bent only on money-making and fighting about religion—religion, that is to say, in name, but not in deed; the disputes are purely party

questions, and have no real, substantial foundation. Peaks and passes are alone worth a thought," he added. On these he was inexhaustible, but always dismissed the other subject with contempt. Later, when our own observations in the Catholic cantons completely altered our opinions, we also ascertained that he, like so many of the summer tourists one encounters nowadays, was perfectly indifferent to all forms of worship, and blind to those signs and manifestations of the inner being which still abound in all that region. Meanwhile, however, his report, coming from one familiar with every part of Switzerland, carried conviction to our untutored minds, as, no doubt, happens in similar cases every day.

But it was not, perhaps, the difficulty about, and paucity of, Catholic service which so much roused our indignation, once we saw the small number of our co-religionists, as the universal aridity, tepidity, nay, coldness, of all the inhabitants of these favored regions. Nor could we gain much knowledge about them. The ordinary tourist never meets a Swiss above the class of guides and hotel-keepers; the former, in the Protestant cantons, are a stolid, uncommunicative race of men, with all their intellects apparently given to their horses and *Trinkgeld*; the latter too much engrossed in the feverish anxiety of drawing up large bills and providing for the passing crowd to give attention to any other matter during the summer season. Besides, the line of interest does not run in the direction of the "people"; if it did, these men would no doubt also labor to supply the demand; as it is, few have time, or, having time, inclination, for anything but

scenery, and next to scenery—sometimes first—come food and lodging.

It was unreasonable, many observed, to aspire to more. "A thorough knowledge of a nation is not to be picked up in passing"; "One comes to Switzerland for the scenery only"; "The people cannot be judged by outward appearances," were phrases which met us at every turn whenever we ventured to make a remark. "Doubtless the people *may* be excellent," was our reply; "but outward appearances *are* an index to their minds. In the Tyrol, Bohemia, Brittany, and other Catholic lands, all who 'run may read.'" Mountain chapels, wayside crosses, holy pictures inside and outside their dwellings, speak a language common to all Christian hearts; and the indifference and dryness of soul which their absence betokens in the Bernese Oberland, especially amidst its grandest scenes and greatest dangers, cannot fail to leave a most painful impression on every thoughtful traveller.

The only information we found it easy to gather related to everything connected with material subjects. In a surprisingly short space of time, we knew, from our guides, the names of all the peaks, and many, too, of the smaller summits, and, above all, could speak in an authoritative tone of the best hotels in different places, the price of *pension* in each, whether the Kellners were civil, the living better in one than another, Cook's tickets an advantage or not, where the carriage-roads ended and the riding or walking began—in fine, became very clever on all those points which form the staple of conversation at all Swiss hotels and halting-places. Yet we conscientiously employed our eyes and ears, so as

to come to no wrong conclusion. The more one travels in Switzerland, the more necessary this precaution seems. Whatever efforts we made, however, brought about the same unfavorable result. The whole aspect of the country we traversed justified our German acquaintance's harsh criticisms. Even the Protestant churches, which, if only from a pure spirit of opposition, one might expect to show a flourishing exterior, are in Switzerland more than usually bald and cheerless. Unlike English churches of the present day, they are completely innocent of the slightest approach to decoration, and very often without sign of communion-table or anything even representing it. Sometimes a bare slab of marble, without altar-cloth or covering, stands in the middle; but often this is brought out only at stated periods for the administration of the Lord's Supper, and, as a rule, the seats are ranged round the pulpit—the only centre of attraction in these buildings. Of all nations, the English show the most tangible signs of life. They, at least, bring themselves more prominently forward; for the first paper that strikes the eye on entering every Swiss inn is the list of services and chaplains supplied to Switzerland for the season by the English Church Colonial Society. Churches they do not possess, except in a few favored spots; and many are the lamentations amongst the wandering Britons at being obliged to content themselves with the drawing-room or billiard-room of a large hotel, where probably the evening before they had assembled amidst gaiety and laughter. It is an arrangement, too, often complained of by the other inmates—one which led to a serious dispute in one place, where

the German visitors claimed their right to the billiard-table at the hour appointed by the English chaplain for his service. Still, there they are, mindful, at least, of "Sabbath worship," when the majority of their co-religionists see no necessity for remembering it.

Crowds of Anglican clergymen were also found travelling, on their own account, in the Protestant cantons. Five-and-twenty were together one day at Mürren, of all shades and hues, too; from my Lord Bishop, with his wife and daughters, to the young Ritualist curate, in his Roman collar and otherwise Catholic dress, the highest ambition of whose heart is to be taken—or rather *mistaken*—for a true Catholic priest. And very hard it is to distinguish him, at first sight, from the genuine character, so exact has he made the superficial copy. After a little conversation, however, it is easy to know that such unmitigated abuse of the Episcopal dignity who sits at the other end of the room, and of the whole bench of bishops, cannot belong to the true church, which not only enjoins but practises submission to authority. Intellectual these High-Churchmen always are, and would make pleasant company but for the crookedness of their "opinions," and their unconcealed exultation, too, at the assumed progress of the so-called "Old-Catholic" movement, which they represent as undermining the whole of Switzerland. Catholic Switzerland they always meant; for even they could not blind themselves to the fact that in the Protestant districts there is little left to take away. One could only wonder how, with their hankering after Catholic things, they could in any way feel drawn towards those cantons; and it more

than ever strengthened our conviction (though nothing offends them more than such a suggestion) that the sole binding link between these English High-Churchmen and the miscellaneous companies which assemble at the "Old-Catholic" meetings is their common ground of rebellion to mother church—which, as daily experience infallibly proves, gathers together all grades of belief and unbelief outside the Catholic fold, and induces them to ignore all their important differences in the bond of a hatred which is truly preternatural to the spouse of Christ!

Wet days at Swiss hotels are proverbially fruitful of talk and discussion; and nowadays these religious subjects are certain to be started by some new Ritualistic acquaintance, who evidently presumes on sympathy from English-speaking travellers. Above all, should he or she discover that you are a "Romanist," as they choose to call us children of the true church, it is most curious to observe what an irresistible secret attraction impels them to follow you, from morning to night, with their arguments and spiritual "views." Oh! what days of annoyance continued rain has cost us on those mountain-tops—days of true annoyance unmingled with good; for in no single instance did we find any permanent impression made on these Ritualists, who, of all Protestants, are the most hopelessly blinded and obstinate. And most fully do we agree with a high ecclesiastical authority who recently remarked to us that all other shades of churchmen, including the evangelical or Low Church, respond to the call of grace more readily than these men and women, whose stand-point is that pride

which obscures their spiritual vision. After two or three such discussions, we foresaw the point exactly when they would dogmatically assert that they, "too, are Catholics," and that an irreparable breach was to be the immediate consequence of the solemn protest which it became our duty to make on each similar occasion. Before we reached Mürren, therefore, we had learnt to avoid them. By that time, too, we found that all their information about "Old Catholics" was derived either from the English newspapers or those foreign ones which, in rainy, stay-at-home weather, are studied in those places with persevering assiduity.

We ourselves endeavored to gather from this source some of that information unattainable elsewhere, but very soon indignantly threw aside these tainted productions. Our German friend was right on this point, certainly; for anything more shameful and less religious than the attacks on the priesthood in general, the false statements put forward, and the undisguised rationalism—not to give it a worse name—of most of these foreign newspapers which flood the reading-rooms of Switzerland, it would be difficult to imagine. Not a single Catholic newspaper came under our eye in the *pensions* and hotels. If they were taken in, they were certainly hidden away; and the tone of the German press, in particular, perfectly justified the assertion which has been hazarded—namely, that it has altogether fallen into the hands of the once-despised Jews. Alas! alas! the "Israelites" of the present day may well exult and lift up their heads in the remarkable and daily-increasing manner so noticeable all over Europe, where the faith of

Christians is so tepid and their sight so weak as no longer to distinguish the true from the false in these proud and "enlightened" days!

Disheartened by all we saw and heard, we frequently turned to the poor, in the hope of better feelings; and although no outward token of man's habitual remembrance of his Maker met our observation, we tried to lead the guides and peasants to speak, now and then, on these subjects. In vain, however. They appeared to have no thoughts to communicate, no familiarity with the supernatural, nor other answer but the dry, curt one to give: *Wir sind alle Reformirten im Canton Berne*—"We are all Reformed in the Canton of Berne."

This hard, unsympathetic tone of mind jarred on our highest and tenderest feelings; and the grander the surrounding scenery, the more painful its impression. It had reached its climax a few days before we met Mrs. C—— at Berne.

Having slept one night at Lauterbrunnen, and the next morning proving lovely, we determined to go on at once to Grindelwald. There had been no service of any kind at the village of Mürren; but here a bell rang early, and we had thus begun the day by lamenting that it did not summon us to Mass before starting on our journey. But this being a strictly "Reformed" neighborhood, it was foolish to nourish any such hope. The sparkling rays of sunlight on the Staabbart, however, the drive through the magnificent valley, the rushing torrent, and opening views of our favorite mountains, free from the veil of mist that had covered them on the previous day, the exhilarating air, and general brightness of a grand nature, gradually restored us to more con-

tented dispositions. The day was splendid. The Wetterhorn, Finsteraarhorn, Eiger, and Jungfrau stood erect before and above us, as we drove up to the hotel, in all their grandeur, sternness, and soft beauty withal; their spotless snows and blue glaciers running down amongst and fringing the green, placid pastures below, whilst Grindelwald itself, the pretty village of scattered *châlets*, lay bathed in sunshine at their feet. It was the beginning of September; yet the visitors were so few and imperceptible that we felt as if we alone had possession of this wonderful scene. Nor was there a breath of wind or a cloud in the sky, in an atmosphere of transparent brilliancy—one of those rare days which seem lent to us from Paradise, when one's only thought can be that of thankfulness; one's only sigh, "Lord! it is good for us to be here." We had been sitting for some time on a grassy slope, drinking in all this ethereal beauty, and gazing silently on those "great apostles of nature, those church-towers of the mountains," as Longfellow so beautifully calls them, when our thoughts wandered on to the perils peculiar to such a spot. Of the two glaciers right before us, one—the smaller one, it is true—had all but disappeared within the last four years. It had melted away gradually during an unusually hot summer, the guide had told us, though fortunately without causing any considerable damage in the valley underneath. Very different it would be if the larger one were to vanish; and we naturally reverted to a description we had recently read, by a well-known dignitary of the English Church, of the appalling catastrophe near Martigny, in 1818, when the whole district was made desolate and villages swept away, in

consequence of the breaking-up of a similar glacier under the Lake of Mauvoisin. We had just said that if any people should "stand ready" it certainly was the Swiss, when suddenly, as if in response to our meditations, the silvery sound of a church-bell came wafted to us through the balmy air. The building itself was out of sight, hidden behind a small knoll; so we hastened at once on a voyage of discovery in search of it. The day and hour were so unusual that a faint hope arose of finding some out-of-the-way Catholic convent, forgotten, perhaps, by the old "Reformers." It was only the small church of the village, however. The bell was still ringing, and the door open, but no one near; and, entering in, nothing was to be seen save an empty interior with whitewashed walls, where a few benches alone indicated that it served any purpose or ever emerged from its present forlorn and desolate condition. Perplexed for an explanation, we appealed to some villagers in the vicinity—old women who, had it been a Catholic church, were just the sort of bodies one would have found telling their beads in some corner of it at every hour of the day; but blank countenances were all we elicited by our first question of why the bell was ringing or what service was about to begin. "Service! What service?" they answered inquiringly. "Divine service"—*Gottesdienst*—we replied, making the question more explicit, the better to suit their capacities. "Divine service? Oh! that is only on Sundays, of course," was their answer; and it never seemed to cross their minds that people ought also to pray on other days. In fact, no single person in the place could give any reason for

the tolling of this bell (evidently the Vesper-bell of old Catholic times), except that it rung regularly on every afternoon at 3 o'clock. A poverty-stricken, unhealthy-looking population they were, too—just the class that stand much in need of spiritual comforts—of those aids from heaven which the poor need more palpably even than the possessors of material wealth, in order to bring them through the troubles of this weary world, and to sustain their courage at every step. Both here and at Lauterbrunnen, despite all police prohibitions, our carriage was followed by numbers of sickly and deformed children, whose monotonous drone was unenlivened by one bright look, by any petition “for the love of God,” or any of those touching variations of the Catholic beggar in every part of the world, which, no matter what one may say at the time, do appeal to a Christian heart more than any one is aware of until made sensible of their impression by the chilly effects of their absence on such occasions.

But our spirits revived, as we returned to Interlachen, at sight of the old Franciscan convent standing embosomed in its stately trees. Hitherto we had only passed through the place on our way to and from the mountain excursions; but to-morrow would be Sunday, and the Catholic service, we had ascertained, was in the convent church. Away, therefore, with our saddened hearts and dismal musings! The plain would evidently treat us more charitably than the highland country had hitherto done! Beautiful, lovely Interlachen! lying amidst its brown, flowery meadows, under its stately walnut-trees; the white-robed Jungfrau rising opposite in all her dignified beauty, unaccom-

panied by Monk or Eiger, or any of her snowy compeers. The sun was setting as we drove up to the hotel Victoria just in time to see its deep-red, crimson farewell, thrown across the brow of the grand mountain, melt gradually into the most tender violet, as if in mourning for his departure. And as we sat on the balcony all that evening in the stillness of the autumnal air, watching the full moon shining on the “pale Virgin,” making her glitter like silver, and stand out, in all her majesty, from the dark, enclosing line of intervening hills, we felt once more how glorious is God's creation in all its simple magnificence! How grand, how awful it can be! And again, at dawn, we beheld the same spotless peak receive with a tender, pink blush the first rays of the returning sun, to dazzle us henceforward during all that day by her transcendent loveliness through an ethereal veil of transparent delicacy, and to draw our thoughts heavenward, pointing upwards like a faithful angel guardian anxious to remind us that all this earthly beauty is as naught compared to the bright visions which await us beyond!

It was nine o'clock that morning before the church-bell sounded; but then we sallied forth with full hearts, and made our way along the beautiful avenue of walnut-trees towards the old convent. With elastic gait we ascended the ancient steps of the ivy-mantled church, rejoicing in the sign-post which boastfully pointed “à l'Eglise Catholique”! But vain were our illusions! How could we have been so sanguine! This fine old convent, as perfect as at the time of its suppression in 1527, is far too valuable, think the authorities, to be given up by an antagonistic gov-

ernment to the successors of its original owners. A large part of the dwelling portion, therefore, is used by the commune of Interlachen for its public offices, whilst the remainder is divided between the different foreign "persuasions" that visit Interlachen every summer. That high-sounding title, "l'Eglise Catholique," belonged only to a small chapel constructed out of one end of the church—the smaller end—and floored, moreover, up to half its height. The other and larger portion was given up for the English Church service, whilst the Free Kirk of Scotland and "l'Eglise Evangélique de France," were installed here and there amongst the cloisters. Most correctly, then, did an old man, who was found sweeping out the passages, describe himself as employed by *tous les cultes*.

Nor was the Catholic congregation more permanent than the others. It appeared to consist chiefly of strangers, and the priest, a Frenchman, who spoke in feeling accents of the persecution going on throughout the country, announced that although the following day would be a holiday, there could be no Mass; for he had to quit Interlachen on that same evening.

As we came out from the convent, sad and gloomy, a pretty sight awaited us: hundreds of boys and girls, of all sizes and ages, marching to the strains of a band towards a large meadow hard by, where gymnastic and other games were about to commence. Orderly and bright-looking they all were, accompanied by half the population of the town and neighborhood, chiefly attired in the picturesque Bernese costume, and including, evidently, the fathers and mothers of the young generation. It was a most

brilliant yet soothing picture, as we beheld them passing on under the shade of the wide-spreading, lofty walnut-trees; the little maidens in their fresh summer dresses, embroidered muslin aprons, and hats crowned with masses of flowers, standing out against the green background of the nearer mountains, whilst the lovely Jungfrau beyond shone out resplendent beneath the rays of a dazzling sun. Long stood we watching them; for it was a scene to enjoy and treasure up in one's memory. What a pity that the recollection should be darkened by the after-knowledge that none of this merry crowd had begun the day by divine worship! And noteworthy was this fact, making all the difference between this and the Catholic practice in such matters. Nor shall we fail to remember, if ever again taunted by those Protestants who consider it a sin to be light-hearted on the Sabbath, that this mode of keeping Sunday is not sanctioned by a Catholic, but by one of their own cherished "Reformed" cantons. Catholic the proceedings truly were, in being orderly, innocent, healthful, and rational; but most *un*catholic in not having even allowed the time necessary for religion. No Catholic ecclesiastical authority sanctions such amusements on Sundays without the whole population having had the opportunity of hearing Mass first—a matter that is not left optional, but made obligatory on every member of the church. Here, on the contrary, there is only one service in the Protestant church, and that at 10 o'clock A.M.; so that, even had they wished it, none of these merry-makers could have been present. Nor, during the whole of that day, did we hear any neighboring village-bells summon-

ing their flocks to prayer. Indeed, many of the villages are without any churches. There is none, for instance, at Murren, nor in many of the hamlets along the Lake of Brienz, nor in various other spots which might easily be named. One hears a vast deal about Swiss "pasteurs," and pretty stories are written wherein they figure largely; but it is only natural to conclude that if there are numberless villages without churches, they are equally without "pasteurs"; and one cannot help wondering how the sick poor fare in these distant parts in the ice-bound winter weather, nor avoid fearing that there is much truth in the dreary suggestions we often heard expressed, that they constantly die and are buried without any spiritual ministrations whatsoever.

And yet the Swiss, and especially the people of this neighborhood, did not always voluntarily abandon the ancient church, nor lapse of a sudden into the indifferentism now so general. But no doubt the present apathy is the inherited result of the mixed notions which actuated their forefathers, and the absence amongst them of that pure attachment to their faith and the unconquerable steadiness and manliness by which the adjoining cantons of Unterwalden and Uri have so eminently distinguished themselves up to the present hour.

Whilst meditating over all we had seen and heard, we accidentally opened Zschokke's *History of Switzerland* at the page where he speaks of those mixed feelings which were perceptible in all the religious divisions between 1527 and 1528. The writer is a Protestant, and therefore his version is all the more interesting, as admitting the coercion it was necessary to

use for the introduction of the new doctrines—doubly interesting, too, as read here, at Interlachen, on the spot and by the light of the similar system—for there is nothing new under the sun—at present in full operation in so many of these same cantons.

After speaking of various disputes, he says: "For of those who raised their voices against the new creed, thousands upon thousands were actuated, not by piety or love of the good and true, but by interested motives under pretence of religion. Amongst the country people, many expected greater liberties and rights by the introduction of the recent doctrines; and when these were not granted to them, they returned to the Catholic faith. The moment the town council of Berne suppressed the convent at Interlachen, and appointed preachers of the reformed church, the peasants, highly pleased, thought and said: 'No convent mesnes, no taxes, no feudal service.' But when the town only transferred the taxes and service to itself, the peasants, through pure anger, became Catholic again, drove away the Protestant preachers, and marched in armed bodies to Thun. Berne hereupon appealed to its other subjects, offering to leave the matter to their arbitration; for the town desired peace, knowing well that neither quick nor efficient aid could be counted on by them from the neighboring cantons, which were all Catholic. These subjects of Berne, flattered by the confidence reposed in them by the authorities, decided in their favor, saying: 'The worldly rights of the convent go to the worldly authorities, and are in no wise the property of the peasants.' On hearing this, the rebellious country-

folk of Grindelwald returned to their homes, but in no contented mood, although the town had relieved them from many burdens, in favor of their suffering poor." And curious it was to note the tight hold still retained on these same worldly goods by the commune of Interlachen, and to see, after a lapse of three centuries, their *bureaux administratifs* still located in the cloisters; nor can it be supposed that the "suffering poor" of Grindelwald have reaped much benefit from their three centuries of secular masters, if we may judge by the numberless beggars who now overrun that whole district.

Having then related that much discontent at the state of affairs was felt by the monks of Interlachen, the abbot of Engelberg, and the inhabitants of Oberhasli—a district which, though under the protection of Berne, held many rights and privileges independent of that town—Zschokke proceeds: "When the commune of Oberhasli, encouraged by the monks of Engelberg and their neighbors of Unterwalden, likewise drove away the Protestant parsons, and sent to Uri and Unterwalden for Catholic priests, those of Grindelwald did the same; Aeschi, Frutigen, Obersimmel, and other villages followed their example, and the Unterwaldeners even sent them military assistance across the Brunig. But Berne flew to arms at once, and her army marched on rapidly, before the secession had time to increase. The timid and discontented peasants fled in a panic, and even the Unterwaldeners retreated over the mountain. Berne then punished Oberhasli severely—took away its public seal and many other privileges for a long period; for ever deprived the valley of

the right to elect its own landman; had the ringleaders of the movement executed, and forced the others to plead for pardon on their knees, surrounded by a circle of armed soldiers. Frutigen, the Simmenthal, and others were also brought back by main force to the Protestant faith"—if "faith" that can be called, we may add, which shows no sign of life in all these places.

In no happy frame of mind we pushed on next day to Berne, half inclined to abandon the remainder of our Swiss tour—an inclination which had ripened to a determination by the time we met our friend in the hall of the Berner Hof on the following morning.

In Berne, as in other of the large Swiss towns, Catholicity has made itself both seen and felt of late years, and a handsome church has recently been built there, in place of the one which was formerly shared with the Lutherans in that extraordinary manner still in operation in one or two Protestant parts of Germany. Some friends of ours, who had passed through Berne about fifteen years ago, had been at Mass early one Sunday morning, and, returning at a later hour, found the same church in possession of the Protestants, the only difference observable being the "communion-table," then placed at the end opposite to the Catholic altar, and the chairs turned round in that direction. This anomalous state of things has now ceased, and the new Catholic church is both pretty and well served. But the week-day congregation is very small, and the half-past seven o'clock Mass we found but thinly attended. Still, there it is, even so, in striking contrast to the Protestant cathedral. In pleasing contrast, were more truly said; for

this beautiful pre-Reformation cathedral, with its splendid porch of the Wise and Foolish Virgins, its elaborately-carved choir, and its old stained-glass History of the Blessed Eucharist, is lifeless and colorless in its present aspect. Though we went there at an early hour, every door was closed, except one at the side, jealously guarded by a cross old woman, who hindered all entrance until we had each paid thirty centimes. Then we were handed on to another woman—between them they had charge of the church—who ran from one party of sight-seers to another, showing off the different points in a loud voice, just as if it were a museum or any other secular building! Had it been an English cathedral church even, there would probably have been a daily service; but then such a pious practice seemed quite as unfamiliar as to the peasants of Grindelwald. The old guardian stared at us in blank surprise on our asking the question, and—seeming to imply that she detected we were “Papists”—proudly answered, “Certainly not! Only on Sundays, and then at nine o’clock.”

As usual, no communion-table stood in the place of the high altar, but here, as in many other Swiss churches, a large black marble table which serves for this purpose stands right in front of the choir and pulpit, and the stalls immediately near were assigned to the “Guardian of the Holy Supper” and one or two other of the church functionaries. In the cathedral square outside, the town has recently placed the beautiful statue of Rudolf von Erlach, the great hero of Laupen, one of the starting-points of its history, in 1339. It was impossible, as we passed it, not to remember that the most glorious victories of Berne

were fought and won in those olden days of the true faith, when her sons knew how to unite the love of freedom with devotion to the church and obedience to her authority, and that one of the prominent causes of that great and victorious battle was their refusal to recognize the Emperor Louis of Germany, simply because the pope had recently excommunicated him. Those golden days of Bernese history! of which her Protestant historian, Zschokke, is constrained to say that “the town, which was threatened with entire destruction, became so victorious as henceforward to threaten destruction to all her enemies. Her citizens had fought with one thousand iron arms against ten thousand; all with one mind and one heart; no one for himself, but all for the good of the town. In this manner alone can wonders be effected.”

Full of sad thoughts on the degeneracy of her present children, who strive to use their powerful influence over the rest of their confederates for the persecution and suppression of their former faith, we turned to seek information at the railway station about the trains to Lyons or Mâcon, persuaded that a further stay on Swiss ground would only increase our discontent; and, truly, our wrath grew to fever heat when, passing by the book-stall, we found it filled with the most shocking caricatures—and worse—of everything Catholic, nay, everything religious. Illustrated *Lives of the Saints*, *Of the Pious Her-zen*, and such like titles, got up in the most attractive form, first caught our eyes and rejoiced our hearts with the hope of better things; but anything more scandalous than the scenes there depicted, the low, disgraceful ideas put forward, in the

coarsest style, by both pen and pencil, we, never before beheld exposed in any civilized community. In England the police would at once have interfered and seized the whole establishment. Here they covered the book-stall ; and the woman who presided showed us undisguisedly that they were written and printed in Germany, and sent here for sale. What hope is there for populations who, in the name of religion, can countenance such wickedness ?

It was at this stage of our perambulations and in this condition of mind that, on returning to the hotel, we had encountered Mrs. C——. She was no Catholic, but, entering into all our feelings, she protested that we should find everything quite different in the Catholic cantons, if we only *would* make the experiment. She had been there often, and knew that we should be delighted with them. To every objection we made she had a ready answer. Besides, what is more magical than the bright faces and

kind looks of friends—above all, of old friends, when met abroad ? As a natural consequence, therefore, it was not surprising to us to find ourselves, after all, seated with this pleasant party in the train which that afternoon was leaving for Lucerne. Our equanimity, it is true, was disturbed at the junction at Olten—by the sight of that manufacturing town full of the “free thought” and advanced liberals of modern society, the head-quarters of Old-Catholic meetings, and the only place where, at that date, the parish church had been given up to one of the few rebellious priests, whilst its true pastor was obliged to live in a small private house, where he still ministered to his old flock as in the days of early Christian persecution. But we soon reached Lucerne and a Catholic atmosphere, and what befell us in that quarter, what we saw and heard from its people, shall be related in the following chapters to our kind and indulgent readers.

SWITZERLAND IN 1873.

LAKE OF LUCERNE.

It was a lovely evening as we sailed away, a happy, lively party, from Lucerne. Our minds were full of the enthusiasm for his native land which Herr H——'s descriptions had excited, but for one characteristic of the Lake of the Forest Cantons we were as yet totally unprepared, namely, its unusual and wonderful variety.

Every traveller viewing it from Lucerne readily admits its extreme beauty. Its interest is acknowledged beforehand, according to the greater or lesser degree in which each one can clothe its shores with historic memories, but its remarkable diversity of scenery is a feature generally ignored until seen, although amongst Swiss lakes it is in this respect pre-eminent. And this peculiarity is mainly attributable to its geographical formation. Consisting, as it does, of divisions completely distinct one from the other, they lead us on, as if designedly arranged in the most artistic manner, in a series of "surprises," from one picture to another, on an ever-increasing scale of beauty.

That part of the lake which is nearest to Lucerne may be said to resemble in shape a Maltese cross, so equal do its proportions appear to the passing observer. In characteristics and detail, however, it differs widely. The northern shores, though spreading round two of the arms in undulating hills, may decidedly be called flat compared to the magnificent line of Alpine peaks towering along the southern

extremity. At one of the angles of the cross stands Mount Pilatus, 5,900 feet high—at the opposite one the Rigi, 5,541 feet above the sea—like two sentinels guarding the entrance to the territory beyond. The tourist sailing straight onwards from Lucerne is fain to believe that the lake ends where a spur of the Rigi seems to stretch across the southern bay, right before him. No other explanation appears possible until the spot itself is reached, when suddenly a channel, hitherto unperceived, opens to the right, between that mountain and the opposite shore—the two promontories thus disclosed rejoicing in the rather ignoble appellation of "Die Nasen," or "The Noses." What a beautiful and perfectly different view is then disclosed, as the steamer darts through the narrow strait to the village of Buochs, at the foot of its own Buochserhorn, the base of which is covered with comfortable farm-houses, embosomed in their orchards, changing step by step into châteaux as they ascend to the higher pastures! At once we have got into another country. A landlocked bay, that to the eye seems nearly circular, bordered on one side by the precipitous but wooded mountains of Unterwalden, and on the opposite by the southern peaks and slopes of the Rigi, between whose folds nestles pretty Gersau, not large enough to be called a town nor unimportant enough for a village. A sunny, peaceful

picture—a “happy lake of Ras-selas”—from which no exit is visible, nor, we might suppose, ever need be sought for! At the further end, towering in the distance, snow-clad summits peer above the clouds; but, more striking than all, rise two curiously-pointed peaks close by, which stand, we are told, right above the white houses of Schwyz. So here we are truly in the cradle of Switzerland—the genuine “Urschweiz”! And as we sail towards Brunnen (the port of Schwyz, three miles inland) we try to trace their resemblance to a bishop’s distinctive mark, which has given to these two bare rocks, nearly five thousand feet high, the familiar name of “The Mitres.”

But where is the land of Tell—Uri and the Rütli?—for again our course seems barred at Brunnen: valleys, meadows, and a back-ground of mountains alone lie before us. Once more turn round on the quay of Brunnen, at a sharp angle to the right, and say, can a more exquisite picture anywhere be found! Here, in this bay of Uri—for so this part is named—instead of the great expanse near Lucerne, the lake has narrowed into a space not wider than a valley, whilst huge mountains jut forward, and, dipping perpendicularly into the green waters beneath, barely leave room in some spots for the road, which is an engineering achievement of recent years, whilst in others it must needs be carried on through tunnels and open galleries. Right in front, the Uri Rothstock rears its lofty head, with its glacier—a transparent wall of ice three hundred feet in height—sparkling in the sun. Tell’s home lies within its folds. But close by, just opposite, is the Rütli, almost

undistinguishable until the steamer passes near it. At the head of the bay, on its broad, green meadows, lies Aldorf, below the Bristenstock, which alone, when we reach that spot, hides from us the mighty Gothard. A paradise it truly seems on a brilliant sunny day, with a people worthy of such a land and nurtured into excellence amidst this noble nature. But we have not reached them yet, and have to see and hear of others before we come to this quarter.

Like every other part of Switzerland, the shores of Lucerne Lake are thickly inhabited. No signs of poverty are anywhere visible, and an air of comfort is diffused over the whole district. The most fruitful portion, however, is pre-eminently the strip of land lying at the base of the Rigi, where the straight wall of the mountain rises precipitately facing the north. So proverbial is its fertility that it is called the “Garden of Lucerne,” and through winter and summer that town is supplied with fruit and vegetables by the peasants of this neighborhood. The steamers which now navigate the lake carry them thither in numbers with their produce on every market-day. Of its numerous villages, Weggis held the first place until the last three years, when the engineers of the wonderful Rigi Railway fixed on Vitznau, three miles further on, for their station. Up to that period, no one ever thought of this out-of-the-way little village, lying in a sheltered nook close under the Rigi-Nase. Weggis, on the other hand, was the starting-point for all aspirants to sunsets on the Kulm: the chief place for horses and guides, and full, in consequence, of animation and importance. But the world marches on rapidly nowadays,

and matters, therefore, are much changed; for few, except the timid, or the most determined seekers of the picturesque, think of choosing this route to the summit, when both time and trouble can be saved by the railway ascent to those hundreds of summer tourists whose excursions are made at high-pressure speed. Vitznau, consequently, is daily advancing in importance, and the price of land has risen in an incredibly short space of time from fifty centimes to five francs per metre. No buildings, however, have yet been attempted, except two pretty hotels; and it was to one of these, opened this season on the water's edge, that we had telegraphed for rooms. But it was not large enough to accommodate all our party, so my friend Anna L—— and myself adjourned at night to the second one, situated further back near the church.

The evening continued fine, and as the moon shone on the calm waters whilst we supped under the veranda of the inn, every one was happy and contented. The young C——s declared they felt "most romantic," we elders "*sehr æsthetisch*" (very æsthetic), as Heine calls it, and all looked forward with confidence to the morrow. The plan was, by sleeping here, to start in the first train, which is generally the least crowded, and, halting at Kaltbad, thence to explore the other parts of the Rigi. It had been devised by Herr H———"cunningly devised," he secretly told Mr. C——, "in order to humor the nerves of the ladies, always stronger in the early morning, and which he knew, though he chose to conceal this fact from us, would be sorely tried by the alarming railway." As to a change of weather, no one ever dreamt of it.

There had been such a spell of fine days and lovely moonlights that nothing else was taken into account. But, alas for presumptuous confidence! What was our dismay on awaking to hear the unwelcome sounds of rain! Patter! patter! drop after drop, it fell against the window; and, rising in trepidation, the painful fact became evident that a steady downpour had commenced. There was no wind, but such thick clouds rolled down from the mountain and spread over the lake that the opposite shore was soon invisible. It might pass off, and we determined to have patience; so, when the bell tolled for Mass at half-past seven o'clock, seizing our umbrellas we rushed across the cemetery, which separated our hotel from the church. This latter, as suited to so small a village, is not large nor rich-looking—on the contrary; but all was very clean, the building solidly constructed, and the congregation, despite the rain, fairly large, and most attentive. Everything was arranged, too, on the same system as elsewhere. The cemetery full of holy-water stoups, with a separate corner for the children, the church doors open all day long, the lighted lamp betokening the Blessed Sacrament, and men and women often, as we noticed, passing in and out, to say a prayer in its divine presence.

At half-past nine the train was to start, but the rain grew heavier each minute, and no one, we supposed, could think of ascending the mountain in such weather. At the appointed time, however, the steamers arrived from both ends of the lake, with their ship-loads of enterprising tourists. How we pitied them! To have come so far in this weather, only to be disappoint-

ed—for no one surely could land on such a day! But experience has since taught us differently, and shown that in no part of Switzerland, or perhaps of any other country, does this class so pertinaciously defy the elements as on the Lucerne Lake and the Rigi Railway. To-day, from behind our hotel windows, we watched hundreds rushing on shore, in their water-proofs, and with dripping umbrellas, to the railway station—adventurous spirits, who trusted to their good stars to drive away the clouds from the mountain-top on their arrival; or, if the views should fail them, at least to go through the “sensation” of this singular railway. And, in this one respect, no one could be disappointed. A “sensation” it certainly would be: whether pleasant or terrifying must depend on each individual temperament.

And now the sloping engines emerged from their night’s hiding-place, and we too began to share the general excitement. One by one our party ran to the pretty station, and there stood examining the proceedings. So fascinating did the attraction become, that every time there was an arrival or departure whilst we remained at Vitznau, books, writing, and all other occupations were hastily thrown aside to scamper off to the still novel sight. But a very unwise course this proved; for, instead of reassuring our feeble nerves, the disinclination to make a personal experience of the ascent visibly increased as the day wore on. And what wonder! The engines were unlike any we had ever seen; shaped in a slanting fashion to fit the mountain side. There were five, but of these each one was attached to only one carriage, which con-

tains cross benches for fifty passengers (with an ominous printed request “not to move!”), and with open sides, so that nothing should obstruct the view to those whose nerves might retain their customary tranquillity. Five such trains compose each departure, hence, should the arrivals exceed 250, the unlucky “last” are left behind at Vitznau to wait patiently for the next trains—two or three hours later. And now we understood the cause of the rush on shore, and the violent squeezing between the rails of the ticket office, which had so much puzzled and amused us.

In mid-season this constantly happens, it being a case of “first come, first served.” Even to-day, all the carriages were full. As a rule, therefore, it is calculated that on an average between 1,100 and 1,200 tourists daily ascend the Rigi during the summer months from this point alone. Up they went at a short interval between each train; the engine not preceding, but pushing the carriage before it—mounting slowly to all appearances, but withal rapidly, for in less than five minutes they were lost to sight; climbing first high above the church-tower, and then above the cottages, which one by one here overtop the village. It took away one’s breath to look at them: a seeming tempting of Providence thus scaling mountain walls and precipices at the measure of from 18° to 25°—perhaps all the more awe-inspiring to day by reason of the weather and the mysterious cloud-land they boldly pierced through.

As yet, no serious accident has happened. Let us hope none ever may! The principle of construction, with a central notched rail, tightly grasped by a cog-wheel, be-

sides the powerful brakes belonging to each carriage, seem to promise fairly. The trains, too, proceed in reality so slowly, and with such caution, that a man is always able to walk in front of the first carriage. Most striking was it to watch the down trains two hours later; the guard blowing a horn as they passed the height above the village, then marching into the station with a solemn countenance that seemed to tell of perils met and conquered, leisurely followed by the sloping engine, looking helpless and distorted once it reached the level ground. Steady and serious-looking men these guards and engine-drivers are, quite unlike the daring beings to whose care we so thoughtlessly entrust our precious lives in everyday railway travelling. In walk and dress, too, they have a mountain air and bearing, at once telling us of the life to which they were "born and bred," and reminding us of the intrusion of our material world into their hitherto simple sphere. So far, however, it does not appear to have interfered with Vitznau habits. Being what the French call a "cul de sac," without even a road over the promontory to Gersau, there is no temptation to linger here, and the trains and steamers are made to fit in so exactly that, except in the case of undue numbers, or for a hasty luncheon, few travellers ever do remain. Nothing struck us so much during our enforced stay as the sudden relapse into its ordinary quiet which took place at Vitznau the moment train or steamer passed on.

The nature of its position will also prevent this pretty village from ever losing much of its original character. It consists of but forty or fifty houses situated on a narrow ledge, a small strip of land, between

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the precipitous Rigi cliffs on one side and the lake on the other, so that room does not exist for very large extension. Only this summer it narrowly escaped destruction from the effects of a thunder-storm higher up, such as had not been known for years. The stream overflowed into a torrent, carrying all before it, and the villagers and railway officials had to turn out in the middle of the night to open channels and raise embankments, and only succeeded by great exertions in arresting destruction. Personally, I should fear the rocks rolling from above more, as they have often done at Weggis—but of this the natives seem to take no account. We were told that there is one point on the road between this and Weggis—to which larger village the Vitznau children go to school, three miles distant—where stones fall so constantly that the little ones are always on the look-out, and make a run when they see them approaching. Yet this pretty spot has many attractions, especially for invalids. We met a gentleman lately who had passed a winter here, and was loud in its praises. Nothing can exceed the morality and sobriety of the people; the winter climate, too, is perfect—he and the parish priest had made observations together during one season, which proved that the temperature is as mild as that of Montreux and of other sheltered spots on this side of the Alps. Fruit grows here abundantly, even figs and melons, as in Italy, and flowers thrive equally well. One of the prettiest features in the place was the numberless girls in front of the station with small baskets of each—the grapes having just arrived from Italy over the St. Gothard, and come hither by the steamers; but

the "fresh figs" and "beautiful peaches" which they offer in excellent English are genuine Vitznau productions.

The day advanced, yet there seemed no cessation of the down-pour, and all were in despair at being thus caught at such a spot, without the resources even of a large hotel. At last "a happy thought" suggested the idea of our abandoning the Rigi altogether! "Let us move on to Gersau," said one—"just round the corner!" broke in another weather-bound traveller, who gave a glowing report of its charms and comforts. Even the young people, who in the morning were so anxious for the railroad excitement, were worn out by waiting and the little likelihood of a change. "No sooner said than done" was therefore the result of our conversation, and the telegraph had ordered our rooms, and our luggage was on board the steamer, before we almost reflected on the consequences. But what matter if we never saw the Rigi! It was more than likely those travellers would never reach the top in that dreadful railway, and our vexed spirits refused to recognize the attractions of anything on such an afternoon but the prospective charms of comfortable *salons* and piles of the latest newspapers, which we prophetically beheld awaiting us at Gersau. In twenty minutes we had crossed to Buochs, tried in vain to discover the landscape thence—so lovely from this point in fair weather—through the heavy mist of rain and cloud hanging over the lake, and found ourselves lodged in "the palatial hotel" (as the prospectus calls it) at Gersau, close alongside the water's edge.

No sooner were we fairly landed than the curtain of cloud began to

rise, and we clearly beheld the opposite shore. Half an hour afterwards, we were discussing the possible return of fine weather, when a sudden commotion took place around us. Waiters rushed right and left closing windows, housemaids even shutting shutters, without any apparent reason, like demented beings, not giving themselves time to answer our questions. At last, they declared that a storm of wind was approaching, although we could perceive no symptoms of it, and truly, as they foretold, there soon came rushing by one of those sudden squalls against which kindly guide-books have so many words of warning. Small waves rose rapidly, and in less than half an hour, without one drop of rain, the whole surface of the lake was in commotion. Then came a great excitement!—half the village and all the travellers crowded to the shore, and every eye fixed on the centre of the lake told of a tiny boat in extreme danger. Had the clouds still continued, it could scarcely have been seen, but now a large, well-manned craft pulled out to the rescue. It took a long time to reach the sinking boat, for the lake is wider here than it seems, but at last there was a cry of joy on shore when three men were seen to jump from one to the other, and so certain did we then feel of their safety that only a few remained to greet their arrival. The wind, too, subsided, and later that evening the moon struggled—though feebly—to reassert her empire.

The Gersau Hotel is certainly excellent, owing to the skilful direction of Herr Müller, one of the potentates of the place, as are the majority of hotel-keepers in all these Forest Cantons. He also built the one at the Rigi-Scheideck, on

the peak above Gersau, equally celebrated for its comfort; but lately a company, which calls itself the Regina Montium (one of the supposed meanings of the word Rigi), has purchased it together with others on the mountain. We found the Gersau establishment full, many having come down from the higher "pensions," and amongst the number two or three acquaintances who laughed at our fear of the railway and general lack of spirit. But nothing is so discouraging to tourists as rain, especially when nearer to the end than to the beginning of their rambles. We were all in bad humor at the trick the clouds had played us, and planless and annoyed we all retired early to bed that night.

But "la nuit porte conseil," and there is no resisting a sunshiny morning! The Angelus-bell once more awoke us, but this time to sun and brightness. Again the church was close by, its bell ringing for half-past seven o'clock Mass. Anna and I quickly answered its bidding. It is a good-sized parish church, of the solid, unarchitectural style of building usual in these parts, but making a pretty effect with its lofty tower seen rising against the high green hill behind it. To-day, the Mass was for the dead, and the benches were all full, as at Lucerne; respectably dressed men on one side, while the women knelt on the other. What most struck us, however, were the children; the boys in front of the men, and about twenty girls in the two front benches opposite. These were in charge of a devout-looking young schoolmistress, whose sweet, placid countenance seemed to tell of pleasant hours for her youthful scholars. Later, we learned that the children, though obliged to attend school by

law, are not compelled to attend Mass, but that, as a rule, they do so both by their own and their parents' desire. Nothing could be tidier than the little maidens' appearance; their frocks clean, and their hair neatly plaited round their heads, all according to the same pattern, probably as their mothers had done before them; and so attentive and reverential were they, that although we strangers knelt right behind them, not one ever turned to look at us. Each had her prayer-book, which she read attentively, and, besides, her rosary wound round her hand when not in use, all in the same fashion and of the same pattern. This small incident carried our thoughts back swiftly to another land, recalling a sermon we had heard in London by the Archbishop of Westminster, when, after speaking of the olden days of the true faith in England, and the culpability of its first disturbers, he made allowance for the "invincible ignorance" of the mass of its people nowadays; "for," exclaimed his grace, "who has there been since then to teach the little maidens their rosary, and to bring them to our Lord and his blessed Mother?" and we thanked God, as we beheld the Gersau children making their genuflections with serious little countenances, that there is still one nook at least left in this world where the demon of heresy and unbelief has not penetrated, and where piety and reverence are, from earliest childhood, taught to go hand-in-hand with modern life. At the offertory of the Mass another peculiarity occurred. Suddenly, an elderly woman rose, and, going forward, was followed by all the other women in the church, who, in single file, advanced towards the altar, walked

round it by a passage at the back, laid an offering on the altar itself, and then quietly returned to their places. The oldest man, on the other side, now rose, and followed by all the men, in like manner proceeded through the same ceremony, only varied by their passing round the altar from the contrary side, and depositing, as did some of the women too, an offering besides on a small table in front of the choir. It was weeks before I could learn the origin of this custom, but then, opening by chance an old history of Switzerland, I found this rule quoted from an ancient document, which purported to regulate the relations between pastor and people some centuries ago. There it was stated that the offering for the priest should be laid on the altar itself, and that for the sacristan on a small table outside—so steadily and closely do these conservative-republicans still keep, even in form, to the pattern of their ancestors.

The Mass being only one of commemoration and not of burial, the congregation soon dispersed to their different avocations. In this way tourists are so often deceived, when, coming in at a late hour, they find foreign churches empty.

I remember a Protestant lady who had passed three winters in Rome once asking me seriously if Catholics ever went to holy communion. I thought her mind must be wandering, but discovered on enquiry that she had never been inside a church, even in Rome, before eleven o'clock or later; therefore, though many were hearing Mass, she had noticed none at holy communion. It had never occurred to her that, contrary to her Protestant custom, Masses were begun, and devout Catholics re-

ceived holy communion in those same churches, long before she probably was awake each morning. So in the present instance, the congregation, consisting of workingmen and women, might have been through half their daily occupations before any traveller at Gersau thought of looking in at the church, "wondering at its desolation!"

The sun was streaming in brightly through an open side-door, inviting us to depart by that exit. What a beautiful sight met us on the threshold! The lake, placid and sunny, framed in by surrounding green slopes and peaks, lay close in front, separated only by the public road to Brunnen from a beautiful little cemetery belonging to the church. Here were a crowd of pretty monuments, the majority in stone, but some in white marble, in excellent taste, bordered with flowers, or delicately twined round with creeping roses and ivy. The children's corner lay to the right, and there an old woman was sprinkling holy water and arranging flowers on some of the poorer graves, which lay between them and the handsome tombs in the pathway from the church-door to the road—a path that quite formed a "via sacra" of Gersau notabilities. Judging from these, the population would seem to consist of Camenzinds and Küttels. An occasional Müller figured on a tombstone, but otherwise it might safely be assumed that what was not Camenzind was Küttel—if not Küttel, Camenzind. The names, even if only seen once, would have attracted notice—Camenzind, especially, had a *non-local* sound, and we willingly jumped at the conclusion that it may be one of those which, according to Herr H——'s theory, still exist in these cantons,

and are equally to be found in Swedish and Northern valleys to this day. That they are the living autocrats of Gersau admits of little doubt, for every house above the common run is certain on enquiry to prove the property of this family. The manufactory, too, at the end of the village belongs to them. A beautiful resting-place they certainly have between their church and the lake, which every Camenzind and Küttel must have been looking upon from their tenderest years, for many centuries past.

When our party met at breakfast, it was amusing to see what a complete change the sun and general brightness had effected. All were equally bent on retracing our steps at once, the railroad being the only drawback in the foreground. The juniors would not consent to give that up on any account, but the elders still hesitated, daunted by yesterday's recollections. Opportunely, a casual acquaintance proposed a solution that conquered all difficulties. He suggested that the younger folk should take the railway, and the timid, going on to the next steamboat station—Weggis—get horses there, and thence ascend by road in the old-fashioned style. What we (for I was among the latter class) should lose in "sensation" he asserted that we should gain in interest and picturesqueness, and his plan, suiting all parties, was at once adopted.

Having an hour to spare before the steamer was due, we strolled through the village. No wonder that Gersau has an individuality of its own, for it is a rare specimen descended almost to our own day of those village *communes* Herr H—— had spoken to us of, which, taking advantage of the debts and embarrassments of their feudal lords, had

purchased exemption from them early in the middle ages. Indeed, none of these small communities retained their independence down to late times with the exception of Gersau. "It was forgotten, hidden away in its beautiful retreat," say some; "steady, self-respecting, and not quarrelsome," say others, with more likelihood of truth. At all events, the fact is undeniable that it owned obedience to none but its own local authorities. Tradition says, and the date is proudly recorded on the wall of the town-hall—a true peasant town-hall, only one degree superior to the surrounding houses—that the peasants of Gersau, having put aside their savings for this purpose during ten years, bought their freedom from the Counts von Moos, for the sum of 690 "Pfund pfenninge," in 1390. Years before, in 1359, they had made a treaty with the four Forest Cantons, and were acknowledged by them as confederates, which singular position this small community retained until the French invasion of 1798, since which time they have been incorporated with the Canton of Schwyz. The place is, literally, nothing more than a large village, said to contain only 2,276 inhabitants, but, seen from the lake with the animation given to it by the tourist life, and the manufactories of the Camenzinds along the shore, it makes the effect of a much larger population and of a very thriving town. Penetrating, however, as we did to the original background of houses, we found them of quite another character. Swiss peasant dwellings, in general, are more comfortable than those of almost any country, and so capacious as to be thoroughly patriarchal, often sheltering numberless children and grand-

children together under the one roof. These of Gersau look like true family strongholds; as if they contained in themselves the histories of many generations, and everything seemed so stationary, so unmoved and immovable, that we could not help thinking of Hawthorne's description of an English country village, where he fancied he saw the grandfathers and grandmothers marrying over and over again in their descendants, so completely had the place and people a centenarian air about them. Pretty it was, too, to see these picturesque homes extending one above the other up the defile behind, amidst their orchards and fresh green pasture-grounds, headed by the Rigi-Scheideck Hotel, which crowns the summit and looks quite near, though it is not so in reality. The intercourse between the two now gives Gersau much stirring importance, but, as in the case of Weggis, the advance of "civilization" is likely to prove of permanent injury to it. Next year a railroad, branching off from Kaltbad, is to be finished along the brow to the Scheideck, when the stream of tourists will of course flow in that direction. And perhaps nowhere could there be more excuse for abandoning "picturesque old ways." Although it seemed a short ascent, and we saw a merry party starting from the Pension Müller on horseback, intending to dine and sleep at the top, we found on enquiry that it would take them at least two and a half hours to reach the Scheideck, and between three and four hours for the unfortunate carriers who followed soon after laden with the ladies' huge trunks. Nothing could be more painful than to see these men, some quite old, staggering under the weight,

and to know what a stiff climb awaited them higher up. At present there is no road up the hill nor any other means of transport, and the whole supplies for that large establishment at the top have to be taken up by these carriers. It was fortunate for the ladies' happiness that they had started before their luggage, for the sight would have completely spoiled the welcome one's trunks always receive on their arrival when you are tempted to part with them even for a short time—tender-hearted, as they certainly looked, the finery would doubtless have been left to repose quietly beside the lake below.

The thunder-storm of which we had heard so much at Vitznau committed even greater mischief at Gersau this summer. Two small streams here unite, and an unusual mass of water rolling down from the hillside that night, increased them to a violent torrent, which broke down the strong embankment, carrying all before it—sweeping two houses into the lake and flooding the manufactory to the first floor. A poor woman and two children were also drowned; in fine, the damage done was very great. There had not been time for repairs when we visited it, and the broken walls and scattered stones told their own tale. "Appeals," too, were hung up on all sides, but also many notices of "thanks" from the commune to every one who had helped on the occasion, worded in the same touching style we had noticed in the Lucerne papers—giving a most agreeable impression of the natural simplicity and dignity of this small community. As we steamed away back again round the Rigi-Nase, the sun was resting on the pretty spot, inhabited by the descendants

of the original hard-working peasants, and it seemed as if the spirits of former Camenzinds, Küttels, and Müllers must look down approvingly on their posterity, who are not yet ashamed to profess their faith, nor unwilling to have their children still taught how to unite liberty with religion, and thus preserve the two treasures intact.

Certainly there is no magician like Apollo—and none who so well knows how to make himself valued by occasional fits of absence. Under his influence, Vitznau was today another place, an ideal picture of the stir and movement of modern life, combined with a tranquil beauty which we could not have imagined, veiled in cloud and mist as it had been on the day before. It already looked like an old friend, though only the acquaintance of one day. There were the curious engines, showing themselves ready to brave the dangers of the ascent; the pretty station with its fruit and flower girls and photograph stall; the old church, and the two hotels, looking bright and clean—all standing out in relief against the precipitous cliff behind, and surrounded by luxuriant chestnut and walnut trees, and patches of green, freshened up by the recent rain. Even the Nase-promontory was clothed with timber down to the shore, and the water reflecting the trees was only of another lighter shade, that beautiful transparent green which is now known as "Eau de Nil." One felt too that the picture could never be much spoiled, there being no space for ugly buildings, or the factory life which, although it tells of employment with its own peculiar charms, rather mars the picturesque beauty of the landscape at Gersau. More-

over, the brightness was enhanced by the national flag of Switzerland floating over the hotel, looking more red and striking than ever against the green background. Yes! striking is the true word for it, not showy—nor flaunting its importance like the tricolor and many another particolored standard of our own days, but solemn and yet attractive, one quite impossible not to notice wherever or however seen. It had always suggested some history to my mind, with its white cross on the red ground, which could not have been adopted without a purpose, but since yesterday it had acquired a new and deep interest, for one of the pamphlets Herr H—— had bestowed on me in Lucerne treated of nothing but this same flag. It was a sermon preached before the "Pius-Verein" or "Pius Union" of Switzerland, at the general meeting, which took place at Einsiedlen in the summer of 1872, entitled the "Wappenschild" or "coat-of-arms" of the Swiss "Pius Union." During the rain of yesterday I had read it through, and most interesting it was to note the very characteristics he had foretold that we should observe pervading all sermons in these parts: the constant allusions to their beautiful nature and uninterrupted reference to their past history.

It commenced by recording how the "Pius-Verein" had been founded in 1854 by some devout Catholics who could not stand by quietly noticing the evil tendencies of the age without protesting, and who had, in consequence, "assembled on the shore of the tranquil lake of the Forest Cantons, where 500 years previously their forefathers had met together in order to shake off the

hated yoke of the Austrian governors and imperial Vogts." It then proceeded in most eloquent language to give the reasons why, amongst a variety of flags, none could be found which corresponded so completely to the sentiments of the associates as the national standard of Switzerland—the white cross on the red ground.

"The white cross had originally been chosen," said the preacher, "as being the emblem of purity and innocence," and the honesty, uprightness, and union of their ancestors in that distant age were forcibly dwelt upon for the imitation of their descendants, whilst he drew a lamentable picture of the divisions and ineffective schemes of the present day. The second part explained that these ancestors had placed this white cross on a red field—first, because red, being the color of blood, was the symbol of bravery, and was justly claimed by those same ancestors, who had made Swiss courage a proverb, and who had so often shed their hearts' blood in defence of liberty and of their faith; for through Christian liberty alone could civil liberty be attained. New "Vogts" or "governors," continued the preacher, "threaten our land nowadays, but let us manfully resist, and conquer them. The Lardenberg* of avarice which formerly seized the oxen of a poor man, and put his eyes out, to-day tries to blind the poor by a godless press and scandalous literature, robbing them of their most precious possessions—of their churches, convents, priests, and schools. Let us fight against this vice in ourselves, in our families and our communes. Sundays and

holidays displease them, and instead of church-services and hymns they wish to hear of nothing but labor on these days. Let us then be more strict than ever in the sanctification of the Sunday, and give our enemies the example of disinterested love and charity! The "Wolfenschiess" of sensuality and self-indulgence is more likely to bring our beloved land under the slavery of Satan now than 500 years ago—a worthy undertaking, therefore, for the 'Pius-Verein' would be the establishment of temperance societies. . . . And let us courageously fight the third 'Landvogt'—the Gessler of luxury, wealth, and despotism. . . . Commerce and industry are the sources of public prosperity, but let not the golden calf of gain become the god of our XIXth century. Let not our factories become modern *Zwinglius*, nor their proprietors force others to bend the knee to the *hat* of self-interest, nor to offer up the sacrifice of their freedom and liberty of speech. The red field with its white cross will remind us in all this of our forefathers' example.

"Red, too, is the color of fire, and symbolizes love of country. It reminds us of the fifty men of Schwyz, who decided the fate of that first fight for freedom, the great battle of Morgarten—of the love of fatherland shown by an Arnold von Winkelried, an Adrian von Bubenberg, a Nicholas von der Flue, and the many thousand others who left wife, children, trades, and home, to seek the death of heroes for love of country. Compare their conduct with the boastful toasts of the present day, and see the difference between deeds and words. They reproach us only because we do not boast with these boasters, and that

* See Zschokke's *History of Switzerland*, page 45, for all these characters in the uprising against Austria in 1307.

we seek to give our 'Union' a religious character. . . . But history will judge us differently! Let us on our side show love and charity to all; to those also who differ from us in belief; love our confederates as fellow-Christians; maintain every bond of union—and in this the red ground of the white cross may be the sign of fraternal love and harmony."

Lastly, the preacher showed how "red typifies the aurora or the dawn of day," alluding to the "battle near Murten, where, after a short prayer recited by the combatants, the sun broke through the heavy bank of clouds, lighting up the horizon in brilliant colors, and their leader, Hans von Hallwyl, exclaimed, Up, confederates, and forward, for God lights us to victory!—a prophecy which proved perfectly true. A firm trust and reliance on the Lord gave soul, courage, and strength to our ancestors, and never were they deceived. God has preserved our fatherland in a marvellous manner, and why should we despair? Great should be our hopes of a better future. . . . For every reason, then, ought we to choose the white cross on the red field as the flag of our Pius-Verein. Let us show to our Lord and to the world that we seek nothing for ourselves, but, treading in the footsteps of our forefathers, only strive for the welfare of our fatherland. . . . God will be with us! and we shall have the intercession of the Blessed Virgin Mary, and of the patrons of our Union, S. Charles Borromeo and Nicholas von der Flue. . . . Let us hold firm to our glorious faith, and then, when the sign of the Son of God—our Holy cross, our "coat-of-arms"—shall appear amidst the clouds, may it lead us in triumph on that dreadful

day into the eternal fatherland of heaven!"

Fresh from the impression of these eloquent words, it was impossible not to look on this beautiful flag to-day with increasing admiration, nay affection. But my reveries were cut short by the young C——s, whose approaching railway ascent caused them intense excitement. George C——, the son, especially, became full of animation when he undertook to procure the tickets for his sisters at the office. Stationing himself close to the gangway, he bade them follow at their leisure, as he would jump on shore and put his experience of yesterday's many long hours to profit. Accordingly, the instant the steamer came alongside the quay, he got ahead of all the other passengers, and giving one bound to the office, proudly flourished his tickets for the first carriage to us who remained on board, long before the untaught crowd thought of moving. A few who knew better, like himself, made a rush too, and one old man tripped and fell, whilst another leaped over him, without allowing himself time to help his companion—so selfish does excitement and locomotion make all ages and ranks! We likewise moved on, and so rapidly, that there was barely time to see the start of the first train containing our young friends, who were waving handkerchiefs to us, as their carriage seemed to creep above the church-tower up the mountain, or to note the fruitful garden-land stretching along the shore with the precipitous wall of rock above, extending the whole length of this side of the Rigi, when in a few minutes we reached our landing-place at Weggis, and found ourselves sitting in the garden of the "Golden Lion."

SWITZERLAND IN 1873.

LUCERNE.

It sounds like a platitude when any one nowadays ventures to lament returning to the prose from the poetry of travel, so universal is this feeling, and so constantly is it expressed; yet it is impossible to avoid noticing it when recalling a railway journey that followed abruptly on weeks of Alpine rambles. My friend and I had been gradually gathering discontent, it is true, from the causes I have already stated, and yesterday, at Berne, had felt that a complete change was necessary; but further than this we had not stopped to reflect. No sooner, however, had we started in the train than the scream of the engine-whistle, the jerking of the carriages at the stations, the rush of passengers and hoarse cries of the fruit-sellers, grated discordantly on our nerves, and a sudden pining for the grand mountains, with their quiet, simple life and its elevating tone, took possession of us. Had we carried out our intention of going to Lyons, it would speedily have grown into a real Swiss *mal du pays*. Heartily, therefore, did we thank Mrs. C—— for having appeared so opportunely, and acted the part of a good angel in saving us from a species of suicide; for we felt that our spirits would have completely evaporated long before we could have reached Notre Dame de Fourvières or any other such congenial haven.

“Well, yes,” she answered;

“the flat plains of France would assuredly have proved too harsh a contrast. Now you will still have mountains, besides so many other matters that must deeply interest you.”

These reflections having restored us to good-humor, we fully enjoyed the approach to Lucerne, as the train wound round the wooded hills alongside the green Reuss, rushing on in full-grown vigor from the lake, and past the mediæval walls and towers that still guard the sturdy old town. The sun was setting as we entered the station, just as happened a few nights previously when we drove into Interlachen; but in other respects everything was different. Here, the train was rapidly emptied of its hundreds of Northerners, still brimful of their city ways, or ill at ease in some faultless Alpine costume fresh from a London shop; while there, though one could detect many season-loungers, effort at display was not thought of, especially amongst tourists, for dress and such externals had long since lost their importance in the wear and tear of real mountaineering. And what a noise and bustle and clatter steam, and everything belonging to it, entails! Enough to drive one wild, after many weeks of leisurely excursion habits—the tinkling bells of the steamboats waiting at the pier to carry off impatient tourists to fifty different destinations, the crowd of omnibuses, the

jostling of porters, and, to complete the trouble, the announcement that no rooms could be had at the Schweizerhof or Lucernerhof, or various other *hofs*; although we had telegraphed from Berne, and expected to find all ready. If we would try, it was said, at the Beau Rivage—the hotel furthest off—there was just a chance. Worn out by the noise and fuss, we two begged to walk, the remainder of our party offering to drive on in a carriage without delay, in order to secure any vacant places there might be before the omnibus and its load of new-comers should reach the hotel.

No arrangement could have been happier; for as we crossed the handsome new bridge, on issuing from the station, the scene at once restored our shattered nerves. The sun had just sunk behind the wood-clad hills, dotted all over with pretty villas and *pensions*, that rise to the northwest above the town, and whose sharp, dark outline every instant became blacker against the clear sky above, which, on its part, was rapidly changing from one tint to another, each more delicate than the preceding one. Below, the river moved like a mass of molten gold, whilst the covered bridge close by and the old tower at the corner wore a dark, warm brown hue, all the richer from the reflection of the waters beneath. Turning round towards the lake, on whose margin we stood, the magnificent panorama of snow-tipped mountains which encircle its upper end transfixed us with admiration. Every peak, every line, was visible in the clear atmosphere, from Mount Pilatus, bathed in a flood of purple, right in front, to the most distant of the long line rising beyond. In a few minutes the colors

in the west grew faint and fainter, but a fresh after-glow lit up the mountain-crests opposite, fading gradually into the tenderest pink, until one by one they sank into the approaching night. How wonderfully beautiful it was! Impossible to be surpassed! And for an instant we felt half tempted to become unfaithful to the glorious Jungfrau and lovely Interlachen. But the abiding impression of all such scenes in this favored land is, without doubt, one of marvel at the varieties of God's creation, and nowhere does one more cordially echo that inspired voice which of old cried: "Let every spirit praise the Lord!"

Lost in admiration at this effect of color on water, wood, and mountain, we grew deaf to the clatter of the passing crowd across the bridge, when suddenly the sound of bells aroused our attention. It seemed as if every church-bell in the place had been set a-ringing; and so it really was! We listened; but, unaccustomed as we had now so long been to the beautiful practice, some minutes elapsed before we recognized the true mark of a Catholic country—the Ave Maria or Angelus bell! A learned divine has written lately that it would simplify matters very much if the world were classed in two divisions only—namely, those who say the Angelus, and those who do not; or, in other words, those who, believing in the Incarnation and Redemption, boldly and lovingly profess it before God and men, and those Christians whose faith in the mystery is so feeble or their piety so lukewarm that it gives them no happiness to acknowledge it, and who are therefore worse than the heathens, who know not of it. No happier welcome could have been

given to us, who had been suffering from a spiritual famine for the last few weeks. Calmed by the sweet sounds, which were even softened by the gurgling waters at our feet, we followed our guide along the quay, unmindful of its white dust, fussy tourists, and the general unæsthetic aspect of its many monster hotels, our eyes fixed, as we proceeded, on the *Hofkirche*, or principal church, which towers above it at one end.

It was late when we emerged after dinner from the glare of lights and hot, crowded *table-d'hôte* rooms of the Beau Rivage on to the balcony of the hotel, and the same moon which had entranced us so recently when shining on the Jungfrau was beginning to climb up the heavens, right behind Mount Pilatus. The stern mountain stood opposite to us on the other shore, his rugged form showing dark and unfriendly against the silvered background, but a tremulous path of light came dancing towards us straight across the placid waters. Tiny boats, that were hitherto indistinguishable in the surrounding gloom, shot in numbers, freighted with mysterious figures, across the luminous, quivering pathway; the green and red lights of steamers were seen advancing gradually from out the distant darkness of the lake, like wicked monsters rising from the deep to devour the elves and nymphs gambolling peacefully in our midst, while close to us, round the near curve of the bay, the town, still busy with life and movement, shone in a perfect blaze of illumination, the lamps along its quay glittering like stars reflected in the still waters underneath. Poet or painter never imagined in their highest flights of fancy a more fairy-like, suggestive scene, and again we

felt and acknowledged the truth that no art or science of man can approach God's own handiwork in its exquisite variety and beauty.

It was impossible to sit indoors on such an evening, so we wandered down to the walk beside the water's edge, an impulse evidently shared by all the inhabitants; for, as we passed on, it seemed as though every one, including tradesmen with their wives and families, had come forth to refresh mind and body after their busy day's work. The promenade was alive with people, either sitting or quietly sauntering up and down in apparently happy groups, but without noise or boisterous sound, in perfect harmony with the beautiful surroundings.

"This scenery surely must have a powerful effect on the inhabitants," I remarked to Mrs. C—, as we too at length sat down on a bench in front of the hotel. "I can't conceive living constantly within view of all this beauty without having one's mind raised to a higher tone by its influence."

"No doubt," she replied; "and now you can understand the full meaning of Swiss *Heimweh*, or *mal du pays*; how, when these people once begin to pine for their mountains, it becomes a true malady. It does not follow, however, that scenery, as a matter of course, produces admiration or appreciation of its charms. You know the world-old observation of this lack in ancient Greek poetry. Nor have the modern Greeks any more feeling for natural beauty than their ancestors; in fact, they positively dislike the country. The Turks are different; but, generally speaking, southerners never give it a thought. It seems to be more a matter of race than of locality, and the Swiss, especially in these can-

tons, being Teutonic, have the true German love of nature, which makes them so worthy of living in this favored land! That accounts, too, for their love of the supernatural, to which their lively faith has always given a religious form. The very name of this Mt. Pilatus and its story show this tendency at once."

"What is the story?" I inquired. "I remember reading about it, but have quite forgotten. At this moment one might fancy anything—dragons, concealed in caverns, swooping down on forlorn maidens, knights rescuing Hildegardes and Kunigundes, or any other thing you like, on an evening of this sort."

"Oh! no," she answered: "the homely, burgher lives of the Swiss rarely led them to the romantic, but their simple piety, as I have said, clothed their tales with a religious coloring. This, for instance, is where they believe that Pilate committed suicide; that, having been banished to Gaul by the Emperor Tiberius for failure in the administration of his province when governor, he could no longer bear living in public, and his uneasy conscience drove him from one wild district to another until he stopped here; but even then he continued miserable, and finally threw himself into the small lake near the summit yonder, over which his spirit still hovers. He is the author of all the storms hereabouts. He cannot bear strangers, but, especially if they disturb him maliciously by throwing stones into this lake, he avenges himself by thunder and lightning and a general confusion of the elements. They were so persuaded of this in the middle ages that the Lucerners actually made a statute forbidding any one to explore the mountains, and there

are records of several persons being severely punished for venturing up in defiance of the order. He regulates the weather even now; for you can always tell by Pilatus what kind of day it is likely to be. Have you never heard the lines?

" 'Wenn Pilatus trägt sein Hut
Darum wird das Wetter gut.
Trägt er aber seinen Degen
Darum wird's wohl sicher regnen.' *"

"The *Hut*, or Hood, is a little cloud which settles on the summit only, but the sword is a long streak across the centre of the mountain, which bodes rain and all manner of bad weather. There are ominous stories, besides, of dragons and winged serpents, which were formerly seen to fly from Pilatus to the Rigi at night, leaving fiery tracks behind them, and tormenting the shepherds and their flocks."

"Well! if ever there were an excuse for pantheism and belief in a spirit-world animating nature, it certainly would be in Switzerland! Everywhere I go—the mountains, cloudy sunsets, the whole moving face of nature, speak a language ever varying in one sense, but uniform in leading one's thoughts upwards."

"Yes; and even in bad weather you would not tire of it! Pilatus is never so grand as when the storm-clouds gather round his brow and roll down pitilessly on this very spot."

"I should very much like to know whether the people keep up their piety now, and how they are likely to act in the coming religious storm," I remarked.

"I have just had an interesting conversation on that very point with an old Lucerner," said Mr.

* "If Pilatus wears his hood
The weather surely will be good;
But if Pilatus dons his sword,
'Then rain will soon be the award.'"

C—, who now rejoined us, and who, we noticed, had stopped to speak to some acquaintance on the promenade when we first started. "That was old H—, whom we met at Kissingen three years ago," he continued, addressing his wife. "He has retired from his appointment, and returned to this his native town. He was rejoiced to see me, and offered his services; and, thinking he might be useful as a guide, I have begged him to call at our hotel in the morning. He gave me a most interesting account of matters here. They are all staunch Catholics, he says, except a few, who are lukewarm and seduced by the rationalism and liberalism of Olten and Berne. From these alone do they fear dissension. But they are not numerous. However, they tried last winter to get one of the churches given up to them. Fortunately, the town council is orthodox and firm, and Herr H— is certain that Lucerne will be true to her name, and continue a *light* to her neighbors."

"What a happy play on the word!" I remarked—"a genuine *jeu de mot*. She certainly merits the title in a material sense already, with that girdle of brilliant lamps shining like jewels along the quay."

"It is not a *jeu de mot* of my invention," answered Mr. C—. "The name is said to take its origin from the fact itself. Some of the Swiss towns, such as Chur and Geneva, date from the Roman times of Switzerland; but there are no traces of Roman buildings or settlements here. It is said, however, that even then there was a lantern or kind of light-house at this spot for the boats on the lake, which was dignified by the Latin name of *Lucerna*, or *light*; and this, amidst the vicissitudes of cen-

turies, has clung to it, and, as you say, is as suitable as ever. The town itself, like so many others, is the offspring of a monastery somewhere about the same time as St. Gall and Einsiedeln. But those old walls, with the quaint towers which still encircle it, are only from the XIIIth or XIVth century. The barbarians, you may remember, overran the continent several times in the IXth, Xth, and XIth centuries, pillaging and burning on all sides; but it was noticed that the walled towns escaped, for they did not understand the art of besieging them. One of the German emperors, therefore, issued orders that all the towns should erect fortifications, and that, in times of war, the rural population should take refuge within them. Basel was one of the first that was enclosed in Switzerland, being on the frontier. Then St. Gall, which had sprung up round the great monastery, and was also near the frontier; Zurich and Lucerne followed later. Lucerne has kept up the old Swiss character better than almost any other town, from its position near these forest cantons, which have more or less imbued it with their spirit. The forest cantons," he continued, as if in answer to my inquiring look, "are those which border this lake, and give it the name of the 'Lake of the Four Cantons!' They are Schwytz, Uri, Unterwalden; and now Lucerne makes the fourth—the cradle of Switzerland and the noblest portion of its people. Lucerne has hitherto been a sort of outpost for them—their point of connection with the political world beyond; and so far it has always held stoutly by its old friends. I remember the religious civil war and the *Sonderbund*, between 1842 and 1848, and Lucerne was the head and front of all

that movement. Those old towns, amongst their various tales, could tell many even of that period; for within their walls, as well as in some of the churches, 1,800 prisoners were confined after the first victorious resistance Lucerne offered the Protestant Volunteers. Amongst the number was a certain Dr. Steiger, said to be the leader of the Protestants. He lay in one of the towers, condemned to banishment and imprisonment by the tribunals of Lucerne, when one night he escaped, aided by three countrymen who were devoted to him, and finally fled to America. I well recollect what a sensation it made, especially when, a few days afterwards the great champion of the Catholics—a peasant—was found murdered in his cottage! Then these Catholics made a defensive league amongst themselves to resist the interference of the Protestant cantons in their religious affairs, and which they therefore called the *Sonderbund*. On this the opposite faction took their stand, asserting that its principle was contrary to the spirit of the Confederacy. It was a good watchword in any case wherewith to rouse their partisans, and they succeeded in this so completely that the Diet soon voted that the league ought to be put down by force. A large army was at once collected, and, surrounding these Catholic cantons as with a cordon, they very soon crushed them. How well I remember it all! Whether the experience is recollected here it is hard to say; but Herr H—muttered something about their all being determined to stand up manfully for their faith, even if it should ultimately be necessary to fight for it."

"Fighting for one's faith is sublime, and stirs one's deepest feel-

ings," I replied, "and that the spirit which induces it still exists, despite our prosaic, material age, we have seen by the Papal Zouaves, and also, united with love of country, in the Bretons, Vendéans, and others during the French and Prussian war. But it is impossible to combine the idea of fighting of any kind with this poetic scene, and I would rather go to sleep to-night dreaming of nymphs and sprites than of war and prisons, or even of Pilate himself or any other gloomy visions in this fairyland. I fear I am ungrateful for all your information, in feeling almost sorry that we touched on these topics," I said, laughing, as we reluctantly turned homewards late that evening.

I had spoken wisely. Most difficult it is to pacify one's mind after such a conversation, and, between reflections on the past and speculations on the future of these Swiss Catholics, the night was far advanced before my eyes closed in sleep. Suddenly I was awakened by a full-toned church-bell booming across the waters. It might again be the Angelus; but looking at my watch, it was only a quarter before five o'clock, and moreover it was still dark. Then it must be some convent-bell summoning the community to Matins and Prime. It was an uncharitable proceeding on their part, thought I, to waken up a whole town; and the peal kept on for the entire quarter of an hour. At half-past five came another similar bell; and then, soon after, a chorus of full tones, like that which had greeted our arrival on the previous evening, rang out the Angelus from every church-tower in the place, followed at six and half-past six by others in our immediate vicinity. It was quite impossible to sleep; yet, tired though we were, the joyful

sensation of awakening in a Catholic land reconciled us to the penalty it thus imposed. Up and out we should at once go in search of the Masses which these bells indicated. But there be no such hurry, said the hotel servants; for there would be eight o'clock Mass in the Hofkirche close by. Then we discovered that, so far from the quarter to five bell belonging to any convent, it was in truth rung in order to rouse the towns-people to Mass at the S. Peterskirche—the first each day of the series which ended at eight o'clock at the Hofkirche. And then we recollected how the same custom prevails in Germany, according to the early habits of all German races; how hopeless it seems ever to be up and out before the inhabitants of a small German town; and how, in the Rhenish provinces for instance, the five o'clock Mass in summer, and the six o'clock in winter, are the most fully attended, even in the severe seasons of frost and snow.

We felt, therefore, like sluggards as we ascended the paved hill and mounted the steps leading up to the Hofkirche. It was a bright morning, and pleasant, good-humored faces met us, as we paused to notice the exterior, so plain and unadorned compared to the beautiful Cathedral of Berne. But this seemed all the more suitable to the simple life of Lucerne, with which the fact of the church standing, as it does, in the midst of its cemetery, is in perfect harmony. A curious piece of mediæval sculpture, representing the Garden of Olives, is let into the wall of one of the towers, and we were examining it when to our surprise sounds of music from the inside reached us. But a greater surprise awaited us when, on entering the church, we

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found it perfectly full. A most devout congregation occupied every seat in the nave. On one side knelt the men, on the opposite the women. Whilst High Mass for the dead was being sung at an altar outside the choir-screen, in front of which was placed the bier, Low Masses were going on at side altars near, and another at the high altar behind. Everywhere earnestness and devotion were perceptible; and a more striking contrast to our previous day's experience in the Cathedral of Berne, where daily services were unknown, it would be utterly impossible to imagine. Yet what must such a morning have been there in the olden days; for even now external advantages are in its favor. The Lucerne church has far fewer claims to architectural beauty, and its general ornamentation is in the bad taste of the last century. But these faults were at the moment imperceptible to us, who had eyes only for the life and spirit pervading the crowd of worshippers that filled it. It is a fine church, however, in its own way, and quite in keeping with the character of the inhabitants. The choir is imposing, and the metal-work of its screen excellent. There are old stained-glass windows too; and a wood carving of the Death of Our Lady over a side altar would be perfect, were it not for the amount of gilding and gaudy coloring with which it has been loaded.

But the benches are the most characteristic point in the building. At one period they must all have been appropriated, though they are now free; for each division still retains a shield, on which is painted a coat-of-arms and the name of a citizen, or of his wife or widow, with the date of the year, going back in-

some cases to the beginning of the last century. When High Mass was over, the women in going out passed round by the bier, on which they sprinkled holy-water, followed by the men, who seriously and piously performed the same act of fraternal charity. Thence we followed them to the small mortuary chapel outside, but so filled was it by a weeping group that we turned back and sauntered round the covered gallery, or cloister, which borders this beautiful *Gottesacker*, or "God's acre," as the Germans so truly call their cemeteries. Sauntering it certainly was; for it was difficult to move quickly, so many were the inscriptions, so well tended the hundreds of pretty graves. Marks of affection and remembrance were visible at every step in fresh wreaths and baskets of beautiful flowers, arranged with a taste and art that told what loving hearts must have guided the skilful hands that made them. Some good oil-paintings and handsome monuments also adorn this gallery; but the most attractive part of the whole burial-ground is its eastern end. This is appropriated to diminutive graves and crosses, hung with white bows of ribbon and white flowers. We knew that in the Catholic Church there is a special service for infants—one of pure joy without a word of grief; but never before had we seen any particular spot set apart for these baptized little angels. Later, we found that it is a custom universal in the burial-grounds of these Catholic cantons; but none that we afterwards saw ever struck us so much as this one of Lucerne.

The whole place, too, was full of stone stoups, provided with water and branches of blessed box, wherewith to sprinkle the graves. Foot-passengers have a right of way from an upper road through this

churchyard, and we saw many stop, as they passed, to perform this work of charity over a tomb, with a pious aspiration for the repose of the souls. "Have pity on me, my friends," is a prayer well responded to in this touching *Gottesacker*, where the dead still dwell in the hearts of the living, truly under the shadow and protecting influence of the church and of the cross. The doctrines of the Catholic faith in the communion of saints and intercession for the holy souls in purgatory are here so practically carried out, that they must get intertwined with the tenderest feelings of each Lucerner, and developed in their best sense from childhood upwards, becoming their comfort and mainstay from the cradle to the grave.

And then in what a beautiful position this old church stands—at the head of the town, guarding its flock, and a beacon to the weary-minded! From our guide-book we learned that originally it had formed part of a Benedictine convent, and is dedicated to S. Leodegarius, or S. Leger. The very name of this saint takes us back to the furthest antiquity, to the earliest days of Christianity in these parts; for he was the great Bishop of Autun in the VIIth century whose sanctity and courage shone conspicuously during sixty years in the stormy times of the Clovis and Clotaire kings and of their *maires du palais*, until he was at last cruelly put to death by order of Ebroin, one of the most wicked of that tribe, and who governed in the name of the Frankish king, Theodoric. It tells, too, of those days when the present Switzerland, having been included in Charlemagne's empire, was still fluttering between his successors in Burgundy and those in Germany: and how

far the fame of saints and martyrs spread and made their mark on countries which, in those days of slow communication, were distant from their own. The convent itself must have been an old foundation, for the church was formed into a collegiate chapter in 1456, and the two existing towers belong to that period. The remainder, destroyed by fire in 1633, was rebuilt soon after in the unarchitectural style of that century. Probably we owe the cloisters round the cemetery and the massive parochial house near, also to the monastic period. Quite worthy, in any case, of Benedictine refinement was the view obtained from the open arches on one side of the cloisters. But alas for modern innovations! My friends remembered this as one of the most lovely points of view in Switzerland some fifteen years ago; but now the roof of that huge caravansary, the International Hotel, rises just high enough close in front to shut out, from all but two openings, everything save the sight of its own, ungainliness. From these two, however, it is possible to judge what the world has lost, looking out over the lake and surrounding mountains; and we lingered long, drinking in the charms of this matchless landscape, which again presented itself under an aspect quite different from that of the preceding evening.

On returning to the hotel we found Mr. and Mrs. C—— deep in conversation with Herr H——, who had come according to appointment. He was a shrivelled-up, active, little old man of about seventy, formerly professor in a gymnasium in the north of Germany, but the aim of whose life had been to save a certain sum, in order to return and end his days in

his own beloved Switzerland. This he had accomplished within the last two years. The C——s had taken a great fancy to the old man when they made his acquaintance at Kissingen, and he was now burning to be of some use to them. And a great help he proved in planning the next week's excursions, so as to make them finish off at Einsiedeln on the 14th, the chief feast of that monastery. The day was perfectly lovely, and the atmosphere so clear that he pleaded hard to take us up to the Linden Avenue, a terrace walk, twenty-five minutes off, and commanding a magnificent panorama. But we should see the mountains during the rest of our travels, we argued in reply, and our minds were so full of Wordsworth and Longfellow, and, through them, of the covered bridges of Lucerne, that we could hear of nothing else. Our party consisted of Mr. and Mrs. C——, their two daughters, and a good-humored, boyish son of eighteen, besides my friend and myself; so at last a compromise was effected by dividing our forces. One daughter went with Mr. and Mrs. C—— to the Linden walk, while our new Swiss acquaintance politely offered to conduct our division over his native place.

Our first visit, as a matter of course, was to "the Lion," the pride and glory of modern Lucerne! Turning off from the fussy, bustling quay, leaving excitement and noise behind, we wandered through quiet, winding streets that led to the former Zurich road, until, in a leafy recess containing a large basin filled by trickling water, on which the sun played through the foliage of the overhanging beech-trees, this grand king of animals lay right before us, hewn out of the perpen-

dicular face of the living rock. Overhead is carved the inscription, *Helvetiorum fidei ac virtuti*.* This monument, erected in memory of the Swiss guards who fell whilst defending Louis XVI. and Marie Antoinette at Versailles, and on the 2d and 3d of September, 1792, was designed by the great Thorwaldsen, and executed by a Zurich sculptor, the expenses being defrayed by subscriptions from all parts of Switzerland. The lion is dying, the spear still in his side, a bundle of spears under him, but one paw still firmly clasping the Bourbon shield. It is colossal; the whole attitude full of strength, firmness, and sorrow—a sorrow inspiring such sympathy that the longer one looks the more human it appears. Yet it is not that hopelessly sad expression of his grand Chæronean prototype, which once having had the good-fortune to see on the spot, I never can forget. But then what different events they commemorate! The Greek, the defeat of an over-glorious nation, crushed to despair; this of Lucerne, the loss, but also the noble heroism, of a few of Switzerland's sons only, who, if they could be so faithful in the cause of strangers, what might not be expected from them and their brethren in defence of their own hearths and homes! And as we stood transfixed to the spot, unwilling to stir, it was pleasant to hear from Herr H—— that foreign service of this sort has now ceased. At least no body of Swiss serve abroad together, except as the Pope's guards, whose picturesque Michael-Angel-esque costumes must be remembered by every one that visited Rome in its palmy days. Formerly, not only did they serve as mercena-

ries in various countries, but there were regular treaties in force between the Swiss government and foreign sovereigns, authorizing the latter to recruit throughout the cantons. These, however, have been swept away, and this "Lion" is now the only link with those times. Close by is a chapel where, according to pious custom, Mass is now and then said for the departed heroes, and the altar-cloth of which has been worked by the Duchesse d'Angoulême, one of Marie Antoinette's two children, protected and saved by those very soldiers.

We had not prepared ourselves for this beautiful, poetic work of art, and hence it was perhaps doubly difficult to leave it; but time pressed, and Herr H—— led the way back to the brilliant quay. He was eloquent on its palatial hotels, and proud that in this particular Lucerne is so far ahead of all other Swiss towns, except perhaps Geneva. But still, he said, this did not compensate him for olden days. How different it had been in his boyhood, in the years prior to 1820, when the present Schweizerhof Quay did not exist! A long, covered wooden bridge, 1,300 feet in length, ran, in its stead, from the middle of the town, near the Swan Hotel, right across here to the foot of the Hofkirche. And then, to our intense regret, we discovered that this was the chief bridge mentioned by Wordsworth in his continental tour. He first speaks of the Hafellbrücke, still existing, and then goes on to say:

"Like portraiture, from loftier source, endears
That work of kindred frame, which spans the
lake
Just at the point of issue, when it fears
The form and motion of a stream to take;
When it begins to stir, *yet* voiceless as a snake."

"Volumes of sound, from the cathedral rolled,
This long-roofed vista penetrate; but see,

* "To the fidelity and courage of the Swiss."

One after one, its tablets, that unfold
 The whole design of Scripture history ;
 From the first tasting of the fatal tree,
 Till the bright star appeared in eastern skies,
 Announcing One was born mankind to free ;
 His acts, his wrongs, his final sacrifice ;
 Lessons for every heart, a Bible for all eyes.

" *Our pride misleads, our timid likings kill.*
Long may these homely works devised of old,
These simple efforts of Helvetian skill,
Aid, with congenial influence, to uphold
The state, the country's destiny to mould ;
Turning, for them who pass, the common dust
Of servile opportunity to gold ;
Filling the soul with sentiments august—
The beautiful, the brave, the holy, and the just."

Then in a note he goes on to relate that the pictures on the "cathedral bridge amounted to 240, all from Scripture history ; subjects from the Old Testament faced the passenger going to the cathedral, and those from the New as he returns." What would he have said could he have foreseen such a speedy annihilation of his aspirations for their long maintenance, and especially when replaced by all that drives away remembrance of that "history" and tends to keep men's thoughts fastened to earth instead of raised to heaven !

When our first disappointment was over, we learned from Herr H—— that this quay, now so venerable-looking from its shady chestnuts, has been won from the lake, like the Thames embankment, within the last forty years. It has one advantage, namely : that the whole tourist-life which brings such gain to Lucerne has been added on to it, without in any way interfering with the ordinary life of its inhabitants. Happily, it would be impossible to change the old part without sweeping it entirely away—a summary proceeding that no one would think of. The original town lies on a strip of land between the lake and encircling hills, and is composed of solidly-built old houses in narrow streets, that are thoroughly sheltered, but without any view,

and consequently unfit for tourist requirements. Air and landscape—the two essentials for the wealth-bringing strangers—were fortunately found available in the large space gained from the lake, while the neighboring hills seemed as if especially created for the countless *pensions* that now cover them in every direction. "Travellers," said Herr H——, "—travellers are the great desire of Lucerne. They supply the place of trade and manufactures, which we do not possess, except in a small way in the Krienzen valley yonder. Both here and throughout all these forest cantons, the whole energies of the population are of late years directed to this object. You will find them building hotels in all directions as you travel through that district," pointing to the upper end of the lake, which we were lingering to admire from the promenade. "It sometimes seems like over-building, but the larger the houses, the more quickly they seem to fill. The crowds that swarm here from June to October, from every quarter of the globe, are quite marvellous. Since the French war, especially, the Germans come in shoals. It is becoming like another invasion of the northerners ! I suppose we dare not call them Huns and Vandals," he continued, laughing. "But I confess I fear their influence in the long run, for they are chiefly the population of the manufacturing and commercial towns of Prussia and the North, and even when they are not decidedly infidel, they are not overburdened with religion, and are perfectly indifferent to its observances. I was stopping up at the Kaltbad for a month this summer, and only a few out of 420 guests ever thought about Sundays. 'Who does, when at a watering-place?' said some.

There was no Protestant service, it is true, except the English, but still there might have been some difference made between it and other days; but, except amongst the Catholics, one could notice none, unless that the dinner was sometimes rather better than on week-days. And even the foreign Catholics were often very lukewarm. It is a very bad example, to say the least, for the natives. Fortunately, however, the strangers mix with them very little, and they fall back into their customary life when these crowds go home about the end of September. Then all is changed. The country hotels shut up, and even here they dismiss their large staff of servants, and only keep a small portion of each house open. But they are looking forward to a great increase of winter business in Lucerne later, when the St. Gothard tunnel, which is now begun, shall be finished; though, of course, it will be nothing compared to the summer influx."

"And what becomes of the poor servants?" I asked. "Are they turned adrift on the world?"

"Oh! dear, no. They are engaged for the hotels at Nice and Mentone, and all along the Riviera, in bodies of a hundred at a time. If you happen to go south in November, you will doubtless fall in with many a Kellner or a housemaid you met up here in the summer. That is the form the Swiss foreign service has taken in our days of steam and easy communication. And very much they distinguish themselves. Both men and women are considered more honest and active than those of any other nation, and consequently are at a premium. That wonderful race of "Kellners"—a race apart—which goes by the generic name of

German waiter, is largely composed of the Swiss element. Strangely enough, however, every waitress you meet, even in these districts, is certain to come from the canton of Berne. The women there have a *spécialité* in that line. The peasants of the Catholic cantons keep to the housemaid department as a rule, and our Lucerne maidens become ladies' maids or governesses in English families. And very well they turn out, too. Both in this town and in the rural cantons they are a solidly good, pious population. Very conservative also; in fact, most conservative, in spite of our staunch republicanism, and most united at the same time."

It suddenly occurred to us to ask whose funeral we had seen that morning. "No doubt of some distinguished citizen?"

"No," replied Herr H——, "not particularly distinguished; only an old and highly-respected tradesman. Oh! no; that is an everyday occurrence. All the neighbors consider it a duty to attend the High Mass and to pray for each other. I was there, amongst others, just before I went to the Beau Rivage Hotel; for, although I have spent so many years away from Lucerne, I knew this man from my earliest childhood, and he has been working all his life for every one you saw there this morning, so that the least we might do was to go and pray for the repose of his soul, poor fellow! They will do the same for each one of us in turn. Here is a column of advertisements, composed of nothing but 'Thanks' from relatives," he said, drawing a Lucerne daily paper from out of his pocket, and amongst the number we read the following touching one:

"The widow and children of

— return their heartfelt thanks to all the kind friends who spontaneously attended the High Mass for, and the funeral of, their lamented husband and father on —. They are not only grateful for this mark of respect, but they wish to assure these good neighbors that the loving sympathy and the kind manner in which it was offered by each, have done more to soften their grief than they can now express.”

“We are a small community,” continued Herr H—, “only 14,-

500 inhabitants—simple folk, working our way on through life without any rich manufacturers or overgrown proprietors, as at Zurich, Berne, and Geneva, so there cannot be much rivalry or pretension. You will not find private villas or large châteaux round this lake—nothing, for instance, even like those handsome ones on the Lake of Thun; but we all hold together, and I only hope the young generation will continue to walk in the footsteps of their fathers.”

TO BE CONCLUDED NEXT MONTH.

SWITZERLAND IN 1873.

LUCERNE.

CONCLUDED.

AT this point we reached the first of the existing covered bridges. What a transition! Like going back suddenly from the levelling monotony of steam and the feverish present-day life to the individuality and repose of the middle ages! "It dates," said Herr H——, "from the year 1300—just seven years before William Tell and the Rütli, eight before the battle of Morgarten, and eighty-six before our great Sempach victory!"

"William Tell! What nonsense! Who believes now in William Tell?" muttered the young school-boy C—— to his sister; but the old man fortunately did not hear him, and, his eyes beaming with affection for the old relic, he went on: "Some modern improvers"—laying contemptuous emphasis on these words—"talk of 'clearing it away.' But you see what a pleasant, cool walk it still is for foot-passengers, with the green Reuss swirling beneath, and the lovely view from its open sides. I tell them that it would not only be an act of vandalism, but, as there are so few antiquities to show in Lucerne, it would be like 'killing the goose with the golden eggs.'" And so it would! It is in no one's way, and is, with the other bridge, the only remnant of antiquity worth looking at. On opening our *Wordsworth* we found that this is the one first mentioned by him after leaving Sarnen:

"From this appropriate court renowned Lucerne
Calls me to pace her honored bridge, that cheers
The patriot's heart with pictures rude and stern—
An uncouth chronicle of glorious years."

And we found it still as he describes it. The triangle of the rafters of each arch is painted, and though as works of art they are of little value, still they are clever and quaint representations of the scenes, certain to make an impression on young minds in particular, and easily discernible to an observant passer-by. Going from the right bank of the river, reminders of events in Swiss and local history meet the eye, and, returning from the other side, the deeds of the two patron saints of the town, S. Leodegarius and S. Maurice. Both lives were most striking, and equally belonged to the earliest ages of the Christian era. S. Maurice especially is a favorite Swiss patron. He was the commander of the Theban Christian Legion in the time of the Emperor Diocletian, which is said to have consisted of sixty-six hundred men. This legion had been raised in the Thebais or Upper Egypt amongst the Christians there, and, officered by Christians, was marching with the rest of the Roman army against Gaul, under the command of Maximian, when the latter ordered the army to offer sacrifices for the success of the expedition. All encamped at the place called Octodurus, represented nowadays by the modest Martigny in the Valais; but the Theban legion, refusing to join in the pagan worship, retired to the spot where now stands S. Maurice, and day by day they were killed by orders of Maximian, until none remained. The Monastery of S.

Maurice, built on the spot of their martyrdom, is one of the oldest in the world, said to have been first erected in A.D. 250, although the present edifice only dates from 1489. Switzerland and Savoy formerly disputed the honor of keeping the relics, but at last settled the matter by a small portion being handed over to Piedmont, the abbey retaining the principal treasures. It is therefore to this day one of the favorite places of pilgrimage in Switzerland. A special connection seems to have occurred with Lucerne, for two hundred bodies of S. Maurice's companions are said to have been found at the village of Schoz, about two leagues distant, where there was an old chapel renowned for its privileges and indulgences. And this seems in no way unlikely, for we read in Butler's *Lives of the Saints* and elsewhere that several smaller corps of soldiers belonging to the legion were scattered here and there in Switzerland, and were put to death for the same reason. Most interesting it is, in any case, to trace on this bridge the union of two such heroic, manly saints in the affections and sympathies of the Lucerne citizens from olden times.

The bridge is five hundred feet long, and makes two sharp bends to suit the current of the river, flowing swiftly and vigorously from the lake close by through the old-fashioned posts on towards old Father Rhine, which it joins between Schaffhausen and Basel. This irregularity adds to the picturesque effect, and at one of these corners stands a tower, mentioned in some old documents of the year 1367. Possibly it may have existed as part of the fortifications even before the bridge itself. It is called the Water Tower, and has four stories of one room each,

which formerly served as treasury, prison, and record-office; but at present it is used only for the latter purpose, and contains the archives of the city. What tales it might tell had we moderns the time to spare for listening!

But we moved on along the left bank of the river, and turned into the church, still called the "Jesuits' Church." It is large and unmistakably in their well-known style. Here Herr H—— explained how the order had been introduced into Lucerne in 1574 by S. Charles Borromeo, who was such an ally of these cantons. In less than four years they had founded a college and increased rapidly. Within one hundred more they erected this church, and the large buildings adjoining for their college, now used as government offices—the post and telegraph departments. Everything went on satisfactorily for a second hundred years, until the suppression of the order by Clement XIV., in 1773, when it was also abolished in Lucerne. But the towns-people held their memory in grateful remembrance, and one of the first acts of the *Sonderbund* in 1845 was to call back seven Jesuit fathers. When the Protestant cantons, however, finally succeeded in crushing this League, they at once passed a law forbidding any Jesuit to remain on Swiss territory; so again the order had to leave Lucerne, and also Schwytz, where they also had a large house.

"And now," continued Herr H——, "the liberals are clamoring for another revision of our constitution—a constitution which needs no revising, except in their sense of doing away with all faith, and meddling in our religious affairs. But the people now will not bear that." he added grimly. "They

will resist calmly at first, but I know many who will rather fight than submit tamely to have their religion or their pastors interfered with."

It was sad to hear these forebodings in such an apparently peaceful atmosphere, and gladly we turned to watch the water-hens, which abound in this corner of the river. Herr H—— knew them all, for they are public property, like the bears at Berne, and protected by statutes as far back as 1678. Nothing could be more graceful, gliding up and down the stream in numbers, nor prettier than the friendly terms they are on with all the inhabitants. The origin of the custom and cause of the protection, however, seems lost in obscurity; at least he could tell us nothing but the mere fact itself. A narrow footway runs along this side between the houses and the river, up and down steps, and following the windings of the rapid stream, while the massive, unadorned senate-house is seen opposite, and all the dwellings on that bank rise straight above the water. A true mediæval picture it is—high and low gables intermixed; quaint old balconies filled with flowers above; comely housewives busy washing the household linen in the fresh waters below; merry young faces peeping through upper windows or leaning out over the red-cushioned sills to gossip with a laughing neighbor—a locality made for a Walter Scott, and another world of thought and association from the butterfly existence that now borders the lake at only a few yards' distance.

And by this ancient pathway we soon came to the second bridge, at the furthest end of the town—the "Spreuner" or Mill Bridge, or, more truly, the "Dance of Death"

Bridge, celebrated by Longfellow in his *Golden Legend*.

We took out the poem, and read that passage on the spot, and most perfectly it answers his beautiful description. Prince Henry's words were uttered by us where he begins:

"God's blessings on the architects who build
The bridges o'er swift rivers and abysses
Before impassable to human feet,
No less than on the builders of cathedrals,
Whose massive walls are bridges thrown across
The dark and terrible abyss of death.
Well has the name of pontifex been given
Unto the church's head, as the chief builder
And architect of the invisible bridge
That leads from earth to heaven."

This one is shorter than the Ha-fellbrücke, being only three hundred feet in length, and making a sharp bend in the centre, and was built a century later—in 1408—but somehow it is not venerable-looking, and its grim paintings give it a more sombre character. Elsie was quite right in exclaiming: "How dark it grows!" It required many minutes to get accustomed to the darkness after the brilliant light we had left, and she must have been thankful when Prince Henry proceeded with his explanation, saying that it was

"The Dance of Death ;'
All that go to and fro must look upon it,
Mindful of what they shall be, while beneath
Among the wooden piles, the turbulent river
Rushes, impetuous as the river of life,
With dimpling eddies, ever green and bright,
Save where the shadow of this bridge falls on it."

By his aid we too followed the renowned pictures copied from those at Basel. There we saw:

"The grim musician, who
Leads all men through the mazes of that dance,
To different sounds in different measures moving."

The

"Young man singing to a nun,
Who kneels at her devotions, but in kneeling
Turns round to look at him ; and Death, meanwhile
Is putting out the candles on the altar."

Here he

"Has stolen the jester's cap and bells,
And dances with the queen."

There,

"The heart of the new-wedded wife,
Coming from church with her beloved lord,
He startles with the rattle of his drum."

And under it is written.

"Nothing but death shall separate thee and me!"

In another division is seen

"Death playing on a dulcimer. Behind him
A poor old woman with a rosary
Follows the sound, and seems to wish her feet
Were swifter to o'ertake him."

Underneath the inscription reads,

"Better is death than life."

And in this strain the paintings continue, until, what between the objects and the general gloom, the effect becomes most melancholy, and we heartily sympathized in Prince Henry's cry—his *cri du cœur*:

"Let us go forward, and no longer stay
In this great picture-gallery of Death!"

It led us straight into the heart of the old town, and with the poet we exclaimed:

"I breathe again more
Freely! Ah! how pleasant
To come once more into the light of day
Out of that shadow of death!"

The streets were narrow, clean, and well paved, however, and everything looked so bright and cheerful—perhaps doubly so after that gloomy bridge—that our spirits at once revived. The shops were small, and all on a homely, simple scale. But there were no signs of poverty or neglect in any direction, and a general air of contentment was perceptible on all sides.

The schools were just breaking up for their mid-day hour's rest as we passed on, and the crowds of boys and girls flocking homewards made a bright contrast to the gloomy bridge. Troops of neatly-dressed little maidens were especially pleasant to look at, with their books slung in diminutive knapsacks across their shoulders. A happy-faced, merry-looking juvenile population they all were.

Some fine religious prints in a small shop-window next attracted

our attention, and, going in, we found it to be the principal bookseller's of Lucerne. Numberless pamphlets on all the leading topics of the day lay on the counter, of which one caught my eye from its peculiarly local title: *Festreden an der Schlachtfeier*, or *Speeches at the Festival*, held on the anniversary of the battle of Sempach, on the 8th of July, 1873.

"What is this?" I asked.

"The celebration of our glorious victory over the Austrians!—the Marathon of Swiss history, as its hero, Arnold von Winkelried, may be called our Leonidas," replied Herr H—. "It took place in 1386. You passed near the site yesterday, for the railway runs beside the Lake of Sempach, if you remember."

"Oh! this, then, is a celebration, I suppose, in the style of the twelve hundredth commemoration of Ely Cathedral which they are going to hold in England next month. We might as well celebrate Agincourt or Crécy. But this cannot be called a 'centenary' or any name of that kind, as it will not be five hundred years since the battle until 1886!"

"No, it is nothing of the kind," he replied, "but is an anniversary religiously kept every year. The town council of Lucerne, and the mayor at their head, with all the authorities and a vast multitude of people, go to the battle-field every 8th of July. We go there for two purposes: first, to pray for the dead who lie buried there, and then in order to keep the memory of the heroism of that day and of those who gained us our freedom fresh in our own minds, and to transmit it to our children, as it has been transmitted to us by our fathers. Allow me to present you with this pamphlet. It contains the sermon

preached on the last occasion by Herr Pfarrer Haas of Hitzkirch, and the speech made at the Winkelried monument by Herr Regierungsrath Gehrig, and they have been printed by order of our government here. You will find them interesting, and also these," giving me another bundle, "and they will show you that, next to love of our holy faith, 'love of fatherland' and of 'liberty' are deep-seated in the heart of every man belonging to these Catholic cantons."

"Do tell us about the festival!" we cried. "Is it a pretty sight?"

"You have no idea how pretty," he answered—"pretty even if only as a sight; for so many priests come that they have to erect altars in the open air, and Masses are going on and congregations praying round them in all directions over the ground the whole morning. 'This sermon,'" he continued, opening the pamphlet, and reading from it as he spoke, "opens poetically by allusions to 'the green fields, the singing of the birds, and the peaceful landscape, which alone form the decorations to the quiet prayer of the priests—the 'Stilles Priestergebet—which had been going on uninterruptedly from the first rosy dawn of morning up to that hour'; while the speech equally begins by a reference to the 'lovely lake of the forest cantons, whence came the men who achieved the victory, and whose descendants are as patriotic now as in those far-off days.' You will seldom hear a sermon, by the way, in these parts, without allusion to the magnificence of our nation, and to the great deeds of our forefathers. Old and young, clergy and laity, we are always exhorting each other to imitate them. And is it not right? We feel the deep truth of the principle I have

lately seen so beautifully expressed by a Catholic writer that I learned it by heart at the time. 'Nations,' he says, 'live by traditions, more even than individuals. By them the past extends its influence over the present, illumines it with the reflection of its glory, and animates it with its spirit. Traditions bind together the successive periods in a nation's existence, and preserve amongst its children the unity produced by a long community of dangers and struggles, of triumphs and reverses.' Revolutionists alone wish to break with the past, which, in this country at least, is in direct opposition to their godless theories, and at variance with all their passions. And long may it continue so! The last passage of Herr Gehrig's speech, by which he winds up, is very fine on that point," he said, again reading: "'The Swiss, says an old proverb of the XVIth century, have a noble land, good laws, and a wise Confederacy—a Confederacy that is firm and strong, because it is not dictated by passion. Comrades! let us keep this legacy of our fathers sacred. The fatherland before all! God protect the fatherland!'"

As he spoke these words we came to the senate-house square, in sight of the glaring frescos of this same battle of Sempach, and the list of all other Swiss victories, with which its tower has been recently covered.

"It is not by badly-painted representations such as these," he continued, smiling, "that we try to keep up the old spirit, but by that true eloquence which touches the heart and convinces the reason. These two addresses were most soul-stirring—the sermon and speech equally fine—and made the greatest impression. The speech is a short

summary of our history and of Arnold von Winkelrieds, opening, as I said, by allusion to that 'pearl of creation,' that lake of the forest cantons, which is bordered by the *Urschweiz*.

"What does that mean?" asked Caroline C——. "I so often have noticed the word without understanding it."

"It simply means, 'The original Switzerland.' The particle *ur* means in German something very ancient, or the origin or root of anything. It is the proudest title of these forest cantons, and therefore you will constantly find it used, varied now and then as the *Urcantone*. They are truly the cradle, not only of Switzerland, but of our freedom, and so far preserve the same spirit of independence and of courage up to this hour."

"And the sermon—what was that like?" asked young C——, whose interest, notwithstanding his scepticism about William Tell, was now thoroughly roused.

"The sermon was most suitable to the times," replied Herr H——. "The subject was concord or harmony; and its aim, to show how we ought to copy those virtues of our ancestors which caused true harmony. It was divided, as you may see here, into four points; First, *Fidelity*, when the preacher drew a beautiful picture of Swiss fidelity from the earliest ages—a fertile theme. Next, *Justice*—Christian justice, for he averred that real justice never existed in the pagan world, and he again goes back to the XIVth century to show how the men of that age acted, so that the historian Zschokke calls it 'the golden age' of Switzerland! And he fortifies his assertions by quotations from old annals. Here is one from the celebrated oath of the

Rüti, in 1307: 'Every man must protect the innocent and oppressed people in his valley, and preserve to them their old rights and freedom. On the other hand, we do not wish to deprive the Counts of Habsburg of the smallest portion of their property, of their rights, or of their vassals. Their governors, followers, servants, and hirelings shall not lose a drop of blood.' Then, again, how the same men in 1332 gave an order to the judges 'not to favor any one in a partisan spirit, but to deal justice according to their oaths.' Again, in 1334, they answer a proposition made to them by the emperor by proudly telling him that 'there are laws which even princes should not transgress.' Of their own government they require 'that the citizens shall receive security for honor, life, and property; that the magistrates shall listen to the complaints of the poor, and not answer them sharply; that they shall not pronounce judgment imperiously, nor, above all, condemn capriciously.' This was in 1335. He continues then to prove how scrupulously they forbid feuds and lawless plundering; and the high respect our ancestors showed for churches and ecclesiastical institutions is supported by a quotation from a league that was sworn to at Zurich immediately after this very battle of Sempach, called, in consequence, the Sempacher Brief, where this remarkable passage occurs: 'As the Almighty has chosen the churches for his dwelling, so it is our wish that none of us shall dare to break into, plunder, or destroy any convent or chapel whatsoever.' This took place in 1393, and Herr Pfarrer Haas ends this part by an appeal to the present generation: 'Do you wish to imitate your ancestors? Then give weight

in the council-chamber, in the tribunals, in the framing of laws, in their execution and administration, to that Christian justice which gives and leaves to each man that which by right belongs to him. By that means you will preserve harmony in the land—the foundation-stone of national prosperity, and the strength of the Confederacy. States grow old and pass away, but Christianity has eternal youth and freshness. When a nation reposes on the rock of Christian justice, she never suffers from the changes of childhood, youth, manhood, or old age, but flourishes for ever in perpetual freshness and vigor.’”

“That is very fine!” all exclaimed. “But it is the more striking when one finds it was only spoken the other day. It sounds so like an old middle-age sermon addressed to men of the ‘ages of faith.’”

“You are right,” returned Herr H——; “but I assure you the tone is the ordinary one of sermons in these districts, and elicited no astonishment, though a great deal of sympathy. It will tire you, however, to hear more, so we had better go on!” We had been lingering on the promenade while listening to him, under the shady chestnuts facing the lake; but now all unanimously begged he would continue, merely moving to a bench nearer our hotel.

“Well, as you wish it, I shall obey!” he said, making us a bow, with a smile of pleasure at our increasing interest in his country. “The next division of the sermon, on virtue and morality, was ably argued, as you will perceive whenever you read this pamphlet; especially in reference to the modern doctrines on these subjects now

propounded in other parts of Switzerland.” (We thought here of our recent experience at the book-stall at Berne!) “And the preacher complimented the inhabitants of the rural cantons on the Christian faith and simple, virtuous manners they still retain, ending by quotations from our Lord’s words in the New Testament, and saying that ‘enlightenment is not unbelief, but the true and proper use of belief.’ The fourth and last essential to harmony he shows to be that interior peace which can be produced by the Christian faith alone. No one can be a good citizen who does not conquer the passions of his own nature, and obtain that inner tranquillity of mind which is the growth of true religion. Amongst other proofs of his argument he quotes from Blessed Nicholas von der Flüe. I presume you know who he was?”

Each of us in turn was obliged to answer “No,” although the name was not unfamiliar to some. But the more we heard, the greater did our humiliation gradually become at finding how slightly we were acquainted with this Swiss life; and every one rejoiced when Herr H—— replied:

“Blessed Nicholas was a hermit, but as great a patriot as he was a saint. However, you will hear enough about him when you visit Stanz and Sarnen. His words carried immense weight in his day, and he is still very much revered, and is perpetually quoted. He lived in the XVth century, and our Herr Pfarrer Haas here gives a long extract from one of his letters to the Mayor of Berne in those years. After this he goes on to say: ‘Such was the faith of your forefathers! The prayers which the combatants said on this very spot amidst the scoffs

of their enemies; the Sacred Host which the priest carried at Lauffen; the anniversaries they founded; the Holy Sacrifice they ordered should be offered on those days of commemoration; the crosses they erected over the graves of all who fell in the combat, prove where their souls sought and obtained rest and peace.' 'Fidelity, justice, virtue, and faith form the groundwork of the union and harmony of a people. Let each one of us, in his circle, and amongst those whom he can influence, strengthen these pillars of the edifice, and in this manner we can best help to secure the happiness and solidity of our dearly-loved Swiss fatherland.' Then he winds up by a beautiful peroration, thus: 'We stand here on graves. Simple stone crosses rise above these tombs, where for the last four hundred and eighty-seven years the heroes of Sempach, friends and enemies, repose after their hard day's work. Sleep in peace, ye dead! I envy ye your rest! There may be fighting and storm o'erhead, but what matters that to the sleepers? Your eyes are closed! Ye do not watch the troubles and sorrows of mankind, the cares and burdens of life, the battle of the spirits, the play of passions. Once, too, your hearts beat high in the decisive hour. Each Swiss and Austrian believed that he defended the right. On both sides stood great men and great heroes. Death, brave hearts, has united you in peace; and over your graves, for nearly five hundred years, has stood the cross in token of conciliation—the symbol of peace, the badge of the confederates; indicating that Switzerland will still stand firm in harmony when the hotly-contested opinions surging in her midst at this day shall long since have sunk into dust and ashes.

"Our faith is firm in fatherland;
Although brave sons may die,
Swiss soil will still yield faithful band
To wield the cross on high:
The white, unsullied cross for aye
O'er Switzerland shall fly."

"Magnificent!" all again exclaimed, "in language and sentiment! How we should like to have heard it!"

"There was a great crowd this year," continued Herr H—, "though numbers never fail on any occasion. But a musical festival had taken place in Lucerne the day before, so for that reason there were more than usual. The majority now go by rail, but in my youth the procession of carriages was much more imposing. And Lucerne then was a Vorort, or capital of the Confederacy alternately with Zurich and Berne—a system long since done away with; so that when the year came for its turn, all the deputies and the diplomatic representatives were invited, and came too—all except an old Austrian, whom nothing could move. I well remember hearing that his colleagues used to laugh at him for keeping up the feeling after so many hundred years; but it was so strong that he never could hear William Tell's name mentioned without calling him an 'assassin'; and you may imagine how the others amused themselves by always bringing up the subject. The feeling against the Austrians is very strong, too, amongst the Swiss."

"I never understand it," remarked Caroline C—. "I have always been taught to look on Rudolph von Habsburg as a perfect character; and yet the moment one comes to this country, one hears nothing but abuse of the Habsburgs. Do explain it."

"I should have to give you a lecture on Swiss history, dear young lady, I fear, before you could un-

derstand it ; and there is no time for that now."

"Oh! do tell us something. There is still half an hour before the *table-d'hôte*, and it is so pleasant sitting here. We should all like to have a clearer view of the reason of this dislike. I am always much puzzled, too, in Schiller's *William Tell*, at the conspirators always wanting to be under the empire alone, and not through the Habsburgs; and it is so troublesome to wade through a history when traveling," she replied.

"But I should go back to the very beginning for that purpose," he answered. "However, if you insist, I shall give you a few leading facts that you can find amplified whenever you feel inclined to read a Swiss history right through. May I presume, then, that you know," he continued, laughing, "that the first inhabitants of Switzerland are supposed to have been offshoots of Northern tribes—men driven from their homes by famine? There were a few settlers before these, said to be refugees from Italy, but only in a wild corner of the mountains, hence called Rhætia; and they were so few and so isolated that they are not worth mentioning. The stream of inhabitants poured down by the Lake of Constance. Some say that the same names are found to this day in Sweden as in the valleys of these cantons. In any case, the tradition is that two brothers, Switer and Swin, arrived with their families and followers, and settled at the upper end of this lake, and from them the territory they occupied was called Schwytz. It is quite certain that this was the first part occupied; therefore the title it claims of 'Urschweiz,' or 'original Switzerland,' is most appropriate. They spread all round

this lake and through these forest cantons, on from one valley to another, to the foot of the great snowy Alp region, but not further. Other races came later, and settled at Geneva and elsewhere, and, coming into collision with Rome, then mistress of the world, were finally made part of the Roman Empire. Then came the inroad of other barbarians on the downfall of Rome, and everything was in utter confusion until the light of Christianity shone over the land. It was introduced here, as in Germany, by missionaries who came from all parts, and a bishopric even was founded at Chur in the earliest Frankish times. Convents, too, rose on all sides. You will find remains of them in the most remote valleys and out-of-the-way corners of the country. S. Sigebert, for instance, came from France, and built Disentis in the wilds of Rhætia, now the Grisons. S. Columba and S. Maugold preached along the Reuss and the Aar, and the great S. Gall evangelized the wild district round the Lake of Constance, girt by forests filled with all manner of wild beasts. The celebrated convent of his name was built on the site of his hermitage, and gave rise to the town of St. Gall. Einsiedeln, too, the famous monastery which you are going to visit, dates also from that period, over the cell of the hermit Meinrad, and so on in every direction. Even Zurich and our own Lucerne owe their origin to convents. As in so many other countries, so here likewise the monks spread civilization, opened schools, and taught the people agriculture. Then came another period of confusion after Charlemagne's reign, which ended by the greater portion of Switzerland falling to the share of his

successors in the German Empire. There were numberless dukes and counts all over the land who already held large possessions, but had been vassals of the Dukes of Swabia. Now, however, they set him at defiance, and would obey no one but the emperor. Many of the monasteries, too, had acquired considerable property by this time, and their abbots were often powerful lords. They followed the example of the counts and dukes, and also assumed independence. But, on the other hand, the towns equally rose in importance, and often set the nobles and abbots at naught. These then, in order not to lose their influence, strove to increase the number of their vassals by making clearances in their forests, promoting the establishment of villages, and granting privileges to their inhabitants, in all which you will find the origin of the extraordinary number of rural communes for which Switzerland has always been so noted. The nobles, who had no occupation but war, were engaged in constant feuds amongst themselves or with the towns of which they were most jealous, and, leading lawless lives, wasted their inheritance little by little. The Crusades also contributed to diminish them, for all the knights in the country flocked thither. In the course of time their numbers dwindled considerably by these means, or by the sale of their property and feudal rights to the towns and even to the villages. At the period we are talking of, however, they were amongst the heroes of the land, and often fought bravely and made themselves respected.

“In one district, however, there were neither nobles, nor castles, nor towns, nor monasteries, nor

any inhabitants, except the descendants of the first settlers. That was in the wild region of Rhoëtia, and in what now constitutes these forest cantons, or Vierwaldstätter, as they are called in German. The latter all sprang from one common stock, and for a long time had only one head and one church. This was in the Muotta Valley, and thither came the entire population of Schwytz, Unterwalden, and Uri. At last, when they increased and multiplied, they divided into these three districts, built their own churches, and elected their own *Landamman*, or chief magistrate, and their own council. No one claimed sovereignty over this mountain district but the emperor. To him the people never objected; on the contrary, they were rather glad to enjoy his powerful protection, and willingly accepted, nay, often chose, the imperial judges to act as arbitrators in cases of their own internal disputes. Now, these judges were called governors, or Vogts, and, in order to distinguish them from inferior governors, were entitled *Reichsvogte*, or governors of the empire. It is well to bear this in mind, for on this point turned the whole dispute with the Habsburgs, and it was the cause of the conspiracy of the Rütli and of our subsequent freedom. It must also be remembered that the object of every community in the country at that period was to free itself from the yoke of the local laws, whether nobles or abbots, and to place themselves directly under the empire. And in this almost every town succeeded by slow degrees. The advantages were very great. First of all, they were not liable to the constant petty exactions of near neighbors, and the imperial government was

so far away that they were allowed to administer their own property and to choose their own authorities, being only asked in exchange to pay some light taxes to the imperial treasury, and to accept a *Reichsvögt*, or governor. His office was merely to uphold the emperor's rights, and to act as judge in matters of life and death—a condition never refused; for it was held that, being a stranger, he would be more impartial than one of their community.

"Amongst the nobles who had gradually grown powerful at this time were the Counts of Habsburg, who lived in the Aargau, and, instead of diminishing, had been daily extending, their possessions and influence. Suddenly and unexpectedly Count Rudolph was chosen Emperor of Germany. There were great disputes between the German princes on the death of the late emperor, and the story runs that they elected him simply on the assurance of the Elector of Cologne, who declared that Rudolph von Habsburg was upright and wise, beloved by God and man.

"This, as you know, proved true, and you were perfectly right in believing him to have been a 'perfect character.' Moreover, he never forgot his old fellow-countrymen, and showered favors on them as long as he lived. Many places were made direct fiefs of the empire by him, amongst others our town of Lucerne, but more especially these forest cantons; and he raised the Bishop of Lausanne and the Abbot of Einsiedeln to the rank of princes of the empire. As a natural result, the whole country grew devoted to him, and came forward with gifts of money and assistance of every kind whenever he required it.

"But with his successor, his son Albrecht, comes the reverse of the medal. It was soon seen that he thought of nothing but increasing his own family possessions, and had no respect for the privileges of the towns or rural populations. Foreseeing evil times, therefore, Uri, Schwytz, and Unterwalden met together, and made a defensive league, binding themselves by oath to stand by each other and to defend themselves against all enemies. Hence the origin of their name, 'Eidgenossen,' which in German means 'oath-participators.' The Bishop of Constance and Duke of Savoy made a separate agreement, and so did various others. At last the princes of Germany also became so discontented with Albrecht that they elected a Prince Adolf of Nassau in his stead. The whole country was soon divided into two parties, one for and the other against Albrecht of Austria, as he had then become. Down he marched with a large army, devastated the territory of the Bishop of Constance, and Adolf of Nassau lost life and crown in a desperate battle. The confederates had taken no part against Albrecht openly as yet, and sent ambassadors to beg he would respect their ancient rights, as his father of glorious memory had always done. But he only answered 'that he would soon change their condition.' Meantime, the majority of the nobles joined his side; but the towns resisted him, and Berne gained such a great victory that he got alarmed and made peace with Zurich, confirming all its privileges. He then sent word to the Waldstätter cantons that he wished to treat them as the beloved children of his own family, and that they had better at once place themselves under Austrian protec-

tion. But the sturdy, free-hearted mountaineers replied that they preferred the old rights they had inherited from their fathers, and desired to continue direct vassals of the empire. Albrecht was not prepared to enforce their submission, so he resorted to the expedient of sending them *Reichsvögte* who were wicked and cruel men, that were ordered, besides, to oppress and torment them in such a manner that they should at last desire in preference to place themselves under Austro-Habsburg protection. Chief of these was the now far-famed Gessler, and also Landerberg, whose castle at Sarnen was the first destroyed later. Not only were they cruel, but they insisted on living in the country, although all previous *Reichsvögte*, or governors, had only come there occasionally, and had allowed the people to govern themselves. Unable to bear it, the celebrated 'three,' Stauffacher, Fürst, and Melchthal, whom you now know through Schiller, if from no other source; met together. Stauffacher came from Schwytz, Walther Fürst from Uri, and Arnold von Melchthal represented Unterwalden, and they chose for their meeting the central spot of the meadow, called the Rüti, which you will pass when sailing up the lake. Each brought ten others with them, and in their name and that of all their fellow-countrymen they took that oath which was quoted in the sermon as I read it just now. This union of the three cantons was the foundation of the Swiss Confederation. Lucerne joined it in 1332, and then it became the League of the Four Forest Cantons, all surrounding this lake. Some say that Tell was one of the ten from his canton, but others deny this. It does not

much matter, for one fact is certain: that the whole country was discontented, and Gessler grew alarmed without knowing of the conspiracy, which alarm was the cause of his conduct towards Tell."

"Oh! William Tell is all a myth," exclaimed young C——, who never could conceal his sentiments on this point. "No one believes in him nowadays."

"My dear young gentleman," answered Herr H—— quietly, "it is easy for modern critics to say this. They may laugh and sneer as they like. Nothing is more easy than to argue against anything. I remember often hearing that Archbishop Whately—your own archbishop—was so convinced of this that he once undertook to write a pamphlet in this style, disproving the existence of the First Napoleon, and succeeded triumphantly. But I hold with Buckle—your own Buckle too!" he said, laughing—"who declares that he relies more on the strength of local traditions and on native bards than on anything else. The great argument against William Tell, I know perfectly well, is that the same story is to be found in Saxo-Grammaticus, and also in Sanscrit; but that does not disturb me, for there is no reason why the same sort of thing may not have happened in many a place. These mountaineers certainly had no means of studying either the one or the other in what *you*, no doubt, will call the 'dark ages'! Just have patience until you see the Tell chapels and hear a little more on the subject, and I hope you will change your mind. One thing is certain, namely, that Tell was not the *cause* of the conspiracy, and that his treatment did not make the confederates depart from their original plan, which was

to rise on the New Year's night of 1308. In *my* humble opinion, Schiller has done poor William Tell no good, for between him and the opera the story has been so much popularized that this alone has raised all the doubts about it. People fancy it was Schiller's creation more or less, altogether forgetting that the chapels and the veneration for 'Tell have existed on the spot these hundreds of years. It is fortunate Arnold von Winkelried has not been treated in the same way, or we should doubt his existence too."

"You have not told us anything about Sempach yet," broke in Caroline C—, anxious to stop the discussion, which seemed likely to vex the old gentleman, especially as she well knew her brother's school-boy disposition for argument.

"Morgarten and much more occurred before that, mademoiselle," answered Herr H—, "all tending to increase the national hatred of Austria. As a natural consequence of the Rütli and its uprising, Albrecht became enraged against the forest cantons, and marched at once to Switzerland with a large force. But a most unexpected, startling event happened. He had a nephew, Duke John of Swabia, who was his ward, but from whom he continued to withhold his patrimony on one pretext or another. The young man at length grew furious, and, as they were crossing this very same river Reuss at Windisch, Duke John stabbed his uncle, whilst a noble, a conspirator of John's, struck him on the head. There were a few others present, but in a panic they all fled, and left the Emperor of Germany to die in the arms of a poor woman who happened to be passing.

"The deed was so fearful that

even Albrecht's worst enemies were horrified, and it is said that the murderers wandered over the world, and ultimately died as outcasts. Zurich shut its gates against them, and the forest cantons refused them all shelter. But Albrecht's family not only pursued them, but behaved inhumanly. His widow and two children, Duke Leopold and Agnes, Queen of Hungary, came at once to Switzerland, and seized innocent and guilty right and left, destroying without scruple the castle of any noble whom they suspected in the slightest degree, and executing all without mercy. Agnes in particular was cruel beyond measure. One story related of her by Swiss historians is that, after having witnessed the execution of sixty-three innocent knights, and whilst their blood was flowing at her feet, she exclaimed: 'Now I am bathing in May-dew!' Whether literally true or not, it shows what she must have been to have given cause for such a tale. In fact, the stories of her merciless character are too numerous and terrible to repeat now. At last she and her mother, the widow, built a magnificent convent on the site of the murder, which you may have heard of as *Königsfelder*, or the King's Field. There she subsequently retired to 'end her days in piety'; but the people detested her, and Zschokke says that once when she was passing through the convent, and bowed to one of the monks, he turned round and boldly addressed her thus: 'Woman! it is a bad way to serve God, first to shed innocent blood, and then to found convents from the spoils of the victims.' She died there, and we have a piece of silk in the arsenal in Lucerne which formed part of her funeral apparel."

"Oh! how horrible," exclaimed

Caroline C—. "But I would give anything to see it! How could we manage it?"

"Very easily," replied Her H—. "If you only have time, we might go there after dinner. It is close to the Spreuner Brücke, and I can get you in. There are many trophies also from Sempach, and other victories besides."

"Do tell us about Sempach," I interposed. "It is getting late, and I fear the dinner-bell will soon ring."

"First came the battle of Morgarten, of which you will see the site from the top of the Rigi. Albrecht's son Leopold followed up his father's grudge against the forest cantons, and gave them battle there in 1308, when he was signally defeated. It was a glorious victory by a handful of peasants. But you will read about it on your journey. Sempach is our Lucerne property. It did not take place for sixty-nine years after Morgarten, but in the interval there had been constant fighting with the house of Austria, which still kept its possessions in Switzerland, and also with the nobles, who hated the towns-people, and clung to the Habsburgs more or less. It was about this time that a castle belonging to the latter, on this lake, just round the projecting corner to our left, was destroyed by the people. It was called here Habsburg, and has lately been restored by a foreigner. On all sides the worst feelings were kept alive, and it only required a spark to set all in a blaze. This eventually happened by some angry Lucerners levelling to the ground the castle of a knight who had imposed undue taxes upon them. He, on his side, appealed to the Habsburg of the day, who, by a curious coincidence, was also a Duke Leopold, son of the Leopold

who was defeated at Morgarten. Full of anger, he gathered all his forces, and marched in hot haste against Lucerne. But on the heights near the Lake of Sempach he encountered the confederates. They had come from Lucerne, with contingents, though in small force, from all the forest cantons. It was hilly ground, most unfitted for cavalry; but Leopold would not wait for his infantry, and, making his heavily-armed knights dismount, he ordered them to rush with their pointed lances in close ranks on the enemy. It was like a wall of iron, and at first the confederates could make no impression upon it. They fell in numbers, and were just beginning to despair when a voice cried out, 'I will open a path to freedom! Faithful, dearly-loved confederates, take care of my wife and child!' and a man, rushing forward, seized as many lances as he could clasp, buried them in his own body, and fell dead. This was Arnold von Winkelried, an inhabitant of Stanz, about whom little else is known. Over his corpse his comrades pressed forward through the opening he had thus made, and they never again yielded the dear-bought advantage. The struggle became fearful on both sides; prodigies of valor were performed, and it is said that three standard-bearers were killed before the flag of Austria could be captured. Eventually the knights turned in order to retreat; but their heavy armor impeded them, and their men, sure of victory, had led their horses far away. So they were cut down by hundreds. Duke Leopold was killed by a man from Schwytz; but they all fought bravely, and defended their banners with such tenacity that one was found torn into small shreds, in order that the enemy

might not get it, while its pole was firmly clenched between the teeth of the dead man who had been carrying it. That was the glorious battle of Sempach, which finally crushed the power of the Habsburgs in Switzerland, and after which our liberty was firmly established. Is it any wonder, then, that we celebrate it so religiously, or that the antipathy to Austria was so deeply rooted in the nation? The whole aim of the Habsburgs after Rudolph's reign, and of the nobles who were their vassals, was to crush our privileges and freedom. In consequence, they were so hated that no one could even venture to wear a peacock's feather, merely because it was the favorite ornament of the Austrian dukes. In fact, peacocks were forbidden in Switzerland; and a story is told, to show how far the feeling went, of a man having broken his wine-glass at a public tavern, merely because he fancied that he saw the colors of a peacock's tail in the play of the sun's rays on the glass."

As Herr H—— pronounced these words the first dinner-bell rang, and we all rose, thanking him cordially for his most interesting lecture. Caroline C—— in particular was most grateful, declaring that she never could understand anything of Swiss history before, but now had the clearest view of its general bearings.

After dinner all except myself and Mrs. C—— started off at once for the arsenal to see the "relics," as they now called them; but we two adjourned to the Hofkirche at four o'clock to listen to the organ, played there daily for strangers, as at Berne and Freyburg. The Lucerne instrument is not so well known as those two, but it is equally fine, if not finer. It was admirably played,

too, and we sat entranced by its tones, especially by its heavenly Vox Angelica, fully sympathizing with Wordsworth when standing on the old Hofbridge that came up to the church hill in his day, and writing:

"Volumes of sound, from the cathedral rolled,
This long-roofed vista penetrate."

We had arranged to sleep that night at Vitznau, at the foot of the Rigi, in order to ascend by the first train next morning, and for this purpose were to leave in a six o'clock steamer. It seemed difficult to tear ourselves so quickly away from Lucerne, and the hurry was considerable. The remainder of our party, however, returned just in time, full of all they had seen—"Agnes' shroud," a dreadful title for a piece of heavy silk used at her funeral, striped yellow and black, the Habsburg colors; Duke Leopold's coat-of-mail, in which he was killed at Sempach, and a dozen others; a heap of lances taken there; numbers of trophies from Grandson and Morat, the battles with Charles the Bold; but, what interested them most, the great standard of Habsburg, of yellow silk with a red lion on it, taken at Sempach, and another, a white flag, covered, they said, with blood, also captured there. Young C—— was most struck besides with a very old vase decorated with the meeting at the Rütli.

It was a lovely evening, but, though the sail promised to be delightful, we left Lucerne and its worthy citizen with regret, thanking him cordially, over and over again, for the interest he had given us in his country, and at last persuaded him to come and meet us in a day or two, and act as our cicerone in part of the forest cantons, which by his means already assumed a place in our affections.

GERMANY.

JOURNAL OF H. CRAMME.

Tour in Alsace and Switzerland.

May 6.—I spent a delightful Sabbath at Muhlhausen. A large number of persons repaired with me to a neighboring stream, where I baptized six believers, all formerly Roman Catholics. One of these took a prominent part in the political movements of 1848. At this place I held three well-attended meetings, and broke bread with seventy-seven brethren and sisters. Our brethren, who have long labored apparently in vain here, are greatly encouraged by indications of returning prosperity.

From Muhlhausen, I proceeded to L., where, after a public meeting, the whole night was spent in conversation with inquirers, baptisms, and dispensing the Lord's Supper. My next station was Basle, from whence I visited several Swiss cantons. At St. Gallen and Zurich, I gained admission to the hospitals, which enabled me to address words of instruction or comfort to many a poor sufferer.

Enchanting scenery.

This tour being made on foot, I had the double advantage of conversing with the peasantry, and of enjoying at leisure the world-famed scenery, which nowhere spoke more audibly to my heart than in the canton Glarus. Here "gardens and orchards, vineyards and fountains of water," vividly call to mind the "delectable mountains," or Beulah's fair and pleasant land. Many of the mountains of Glarus rear their snow-capped heads from seven to nine thousand feet above the sea, and seem placed like guardian genii around the blue lakes, which, wreathed with gardens and vineyards, lie peacefully cradled at their feet. Who would not "praise the Lord," while beholding the wonderful works of creation? Yet, alas, these fair regions are

inhabited by a people, who, blinded by Satan, are strangers to God, and worship at the shrine of ignorance and superstition. Of this I had repeated evidence at Kloster Einsiedel.

Kloster Einsiedel and the capuchin.

My desire to visit this celebrated place had been greatly increased by meeting multitudes of pilgrims on their way thither, and I determined to judge of its attractions myself.

Kloster Einsiedel lies in the midst of a desolate mountain district. A hermit named Meinol is said to have been murdered here,—whence its sanctity. A cloister, containing above a thousand apartments, has been erected here, and is occupied by priests, capuchins, and students. The splendor of its church, gleaming with gold and marble, surpasses conception, especially the so-called "chapel of grace." Truly the word of the apostle, 1 Cor. 1:26, finds no application here.

At the entrance to the cloister, I found an aged capuchin monk, eagerly receiving money from the pilgrims. I seated myself on a stone bench near him, and soon found that "masses for the dead" were being purchased. The evident poverty of many of the pilgrims, yet their eagerness to secure the desired benefit for some departed friend, was touching. The old man in the meanwhile carried on his business so expeditiously, that I felt convinced he could not enter all the names given, nor could all the masses ordered possibly be read. Not that this was of any consequence, but Peter's reproof, Acts 8:20, might have been well applied here. At the same time crowds of pilgrims lay around me on their knees before crucifixes and images, of which there is here no lack.

The gospel welcomed in time of need.

I soon began to distribute tracts, and gave one, entitled, "Prayer in the name of Jesus," to a gentleman kneeling before an image. He immediately began to read it, and when I returned to him said,

"This is a beautiful book; happy he who can thus pray in the name of Jesus." I asked whether he could not pray in this way? "No," was the reply; "for ten years I have longed to do so, and have to this end made many efforts, but in vain. I have been once in Rome, twice in Jerusalem, and often here. I think I must go to Jerusalem once more." He further told me he wished to serve the Lord Jesus; but that the priests had everywhere told him, his sins had been so numerous as to require many good works on his part. He had even a Bible, and repeated several passages of Scripture; but the false interpretation of priests had left him utterly ignorant of their true meaning.

I now endeavored to show my companion a much nearer road to salvation than either by way of Rome or Jerusalem, and how by faith in Christ we may obtain peace with God. He listened with great interest, and we knelt down together among the kneeling multitude around us, in "spirit and in truth" to worship Him who had caused us thus wonderfully to meet. My friend then bought several books of me, and kindly pressing my hand at parting, said—"My dear brother in Christ, I shall hold you in grateful remembrance."

Holy fair—A weak church.

On quitting the church, I found myself in the midst of a "holy fair," where the zealous were vehemently recommending holy oil, rosaries, and prayer books. Deception and falsehood, I soon discerned, were no strangers here. The village of Kloster Einsiedel numbers about two hundred houses, of which from sixty to seventy are public houses. These, beside several shops, exist for the "benefit" of the pilgrims. As I was walking through the fair, a procession of priests with standards passed me, on their way to worship some special representation of the Virgin. "Great is Diana of the Ephesians!" I bought a copy of the "Immaculate Conception," offered me by an old woman, and in re-

turn recommended my holy books to her, of which, as I could sell her a dozen for two groschens, while her own cost a groschen each, she readily took a supply, and was quite pleased with her bargain.

In the book I had bought, the following expressions occur: "Holy Mary, surest refuge, most faithful protector, glorious crown and loveliest ornament of the Holy Catholic church," &c. A pitiable church, indeed, whose most powerful protector is a weak, erring woman, whom the Saviour publicly rebuked for her want of faith, John 2:4. Several infirm old pilgrims whom I met, I advised to return home to seek the Lord in their closets, and tried to show them that God, being greater than the world, cannot be confined to the walls of a cloister.

Opposition—Switzerland a promising field.

In the country around Zurich, I preached twenty-eight times, in ten different places. The Mormons, too, have found their way here, and are propagating their errors with great zeal. Two of these people asked permission to make a few statements, at the close of one of our services. I did not refuse their request; but as soon as I began to gainsay them from the Scriptures, they left the house in great wrath. On another occasion several inquirers remained for conversation. While we were speaking, three men of a desperate aspect entered, and, after listening a few moments, left again. But not long after we had retired to rest, we were awakened by a loud noise, and perceived the house to be surrounded by our enemies. They demanded that I should be delivered up to them, and at length became so violent as to induce me to take refuge in a small room under the roof, occupied by an old man, who kept me concealed until day-break, when the people, weary of their fruitless exertions, had taken their departure, and I was permitted to proceed to St. Gallen, where I baptized two believers.

Notwithstanding such occasional opposition, I have found Switzerland a promising field of labor. Much kindness and hospitality were shown me, and I may mention having received a hundred francs for our necessitous brethren in Hesse.

The "royal seed-merchant."

In returning home by the omnibus, one of my fellow-travellers inquired what was my trade? "Royal seed-merchant," was my reply, "and the seed I deal in is incorruptible." This assertion

excited general curiosity, and I was asked to produce a specimen, which I gladly did in the shape of a Testament. I was asked for further explanation, and a conversation on religion ensued which lasted to the end of our journey.

Similar opportunities for commending the Saviour to sinners were afforded me on railways, steamboats, or on the high road, and I have reason to hope some of the seed scattered by the way has fallen into good ground.

On this tour I sold two hundred bibles and testaments.

A NIGHT'S FISHING IN THE ALPS.

BY ALEXANDRE DUMAS.

Ville-neuve, called *Peniculus* by the Romans, is situated at the eastern extremity of Lake Leman. The Rhone, descending from Furca, whence it takes its rise, passes this little town at the distance of a half hour's ride, and designates the southernmost limit of the Canton de Vaux: advancing thence five leagues, it forms a point, and separates the Canton de Vaux from the Vallais. A *célérier*, that awaits the arrival of the steamboat passengers, conducts them, the same evening, to Bex, where they usually sleep. The hour's start that I had gained by coming over-land, gave me time to run to the spot where the Rhone, dividing into two branches, throws itself, grey and sandy, into the lake, depositing therein its slime, and coming out again, pure and blue, at Geneva, after having traversed the lake throughout its whole extent.

When I returned to Ville-neuve, the coach was ready to start: every one had taken his seat; and, as I had been absent at the distribution, the one that was considered the worst, was carefully reserved for me. Fortunately, it was the very one I should have chosen. It was in the cabriolet, by the side of the *conducteur*; where, indeed, there was nothing to screen me from the evening air, but where, at the same time, there was nothing to obstruct my view of the surrounding country.

The valley we were to traverse, presented a beautiful view through the blueish horizon of the Alps. It opened here two leagues broad upon the lake, whence, gradually narrowing until it reaches St. Maurice, a single gate suffices to enclose it, so straightened is it between the mountain and the Rhone. At short intervals, on either side of the river, pretty little Vaudois and Vallasian villages greeted my eyes; but our motion was so rapid that I could distinguish nothing but the boldness of their situation on the side of the mountain: some, apparently ready to slide down a steep declivity scaled by vines; others, resting on a platform surrounded by dark fir-trees, like birds' nests hidden among the branches: some, overhanging a precipice, the road or means of access to which the eye sought vainly to discover. Finally, bounding the landscape and towering above all intervening objects, the Dent de Morcles on the left, red as a brick just glowing from the furnace, rose seven thousand six hundred feet above our heads; and on the right, its sister, the Dent du Midi, lifted its snow-white head eight thousand five hundred feet into the clouds: both variously colored by the last rays of the setting sun, and standing boldly out from a sky of azure blue. All this I beheld as a punishment for my tardy arrival; while my fellow-travellers, within closely buttoned curtains, were felicitating themselves on their escape from the chill of the atmosphere.

We reached Bex at nightfall. The coach drew up before one of those pretty inns found only in Switzerland, and in front of a church, the foundations of which, like those of almost all the religious edifices in the Vallais, seem, from their Roman style, to have been the work of the primitive Christians. Dinner was waiting for us when we arrived; and one of its *entrées*, the fish, was so delicate that we begged to have some for breakfast on the ensuing morning.

This desire was no sooner made known than our hostess called to a lad of some eighteen or twenty years old, who united in his proper person the several functions of porter, scullion, and boots. He obeyed the summons; and notwithstanding a very expressive yawn, the only kind of opposition he ventured to exhibit to the commands of his mistress, was ordered to fish some trout for the gentleman's breakfast.

Maurice (for such was the fisherman's name) turned toward me with so lazy an air, and a look so full of inexpressible reproach, that I was moved to compassion in the fellow's behalf.

"It is of no consequence," said I, and Maurice's face brightened up as my words expressed a meaning so conformable to his wishes; "it is of no consequence, if the affair is disagreeable to the lad."

"Bah! Bah!" exclaimed the landlady; "it is only an hour's work, and the river is close at hand. Go along, you lazy fellow! take your lantern and bill," continued she to Maurice, who had relapsed into the resigned apathy that is habitual to those born to obey; "go along and make haste."

"Your lantern and bill, for fishing!" thought I. From this moment, Maurice was a doomed man: for the irresistible desire that I now felt to see a fishing, the preparation for which was the same as for making a fire, effectually prevented my further intercession in his behalf.

Maurice heaved a sigh, for he perceived that there was now no hope but in God; and he had so often been in a similar situation without being extricated, that he dared not expect a miracle to be wrought for his escape in the present instance.

He therefore, with an energy bordering on despair, took down from among some kitchen utensils a pruning-knife and a lantern—the latter of so singular a construction that it must be described before I go on. It was a hollow ball, or globe, of horn, to which was affixed a steel tube, three feet long, and an inch and a half in diameter. The junction between the tube and the globe being hermetically sealed, the oiled wick within the latter, after having been lighted, received air only from the top of the tube and the flame could not be extinguished by wind or rain.

"Are you coming, too?" said Maurice, having made his preparations and seeing me ready to follow.

"Certainly," said I; "for your manner of fishing seems to me very original."

"Oh, yes!" muttered he; "it is very original to see a poor fellow dabbling in the water up to his middle instead of being asleep up to his ears in hay. Will you have a knife and a light? you can fish, too, and that will be still more original!"

"A'n't you off yet?" issuing loudly from the adjoining room, saved me the trouble of refusing Maurice's offer, in which there was fully as much of ironical bitterness as of desire to procure for me an agreeable diversion. The landlady's footsteps were heard approaching, and the muttering tones of her voice augured no good to the loiterer. He was so convinced of this that he opened the door, rushed out and shut it again without waiting for me—such was his haste to put two inches of oak between his laziness and the wrath of our obliging landlady.

"It was I," said I, opening the door and following with my eyes the lantern that was already forty paces before me; "it was I that detained the poor fellow by asking him questions about his way of fishing; so, don't scold him." And I set off at full speed after the light that had almost disappeared in the distance.

As my eyes were fixed in a horizontal line, for fear of losing sight of the lantern, I had scarcely taken ten steps before my feet caught in the hanging chains of our *célérier* and I tumbled into the middle of the road at the end of which twinkled my polar-star.

The sound of my fall reached Maurice's ears; but instead of arresting, it seemed only to give a fresh impulse to his velocity, for he now felt that he had two wraths to dread instead of one. The inauspicious lantern seemed a perfect will-o'-the-wisp, so rapidly did it flit away, and so merrily did it bound. I had lost nearly a minute in falling, picking myself up and feeling for broken bones; and during this time, Maurice had gained ground. I began to lose all hope of overtaking him; I was bemired, full of pain, and under the necessity of going more slowly if I wished to avoid another fall. Under this pressure of circumstances I momentarily forgot myself. I stopped short in the road, stamped my foot in a rage, and shouted

"G—d—you, Maurice, wait for me!"

Apparently, despair gave to this short but energetic injunction an omnipotent efficacy; for Maurice halted at once; and the lantern passed from a state of agitation to one of repose—giving it the semblance of a fixed planet.

"Really," said I, approaching him, and feeling before me with my hands and feet, "you are a very singular sort of body! You heard me fall hard enough to break your village pavement, and yet you ran off faster than ever with the light. Look!" continued I, pointing to my torn pantaloons and swelled cheek, "I am in a very pretty plight truly!"

Maurice looked at my wounds and listened to my complaints very composedly; and when I had finished shaking the dirt from my clothes, and picking out some dozen of pebbles that were encrusted, in mosaic, in the palms of my hands, he replied:

"This is what comes of going for fish at nine o'clock at night;" and he phlegmatically resumed his course.

There was so much truth at the bottom of this selfish reply, that I thought it advisable not to retort the argument, although it seemed to me to be assailable on three sides. We therefore both walked on without exchanging a syllable for nearly ten minutes in the tremendous circle of light projected around us by the ill-starred lamp. At the end of this time Maurice stopped.

"Here we are," said he.

And in fact, I now heard the noise of a little stream that descended from the western side of the Cheville mountain, and crossed the road under a bridge we had just reached: whence, I began to perceive, it threw itself into the Rhone, distant from us scarcely two hundred yards.

While I was making these observations, Maurice was making his preparations. These consisted in his pulling off gaiters, shoes, and pantaloons, and fastening his shirt with pins to his roundabout. This *half dress* gave him the appearance of a full length portrait in the style of Holbein or Albert Durer. He turned to me as I was observing him.

"Will you do the same?" inquired he.

"Do you intend to go into the water?"

"And how do you expect to have trout for breakfast, unless I get them for you?"

"I have no desire to fish."

"But you came to see me fish, did not you?"

"Doubtless."

"Then take off your pantaloons, unless you prefer going into the water with them on: you can do as you choose: there is no disputing about taste."

So saying, he began to descend into the precipitous ravine where the torrent brawled, and where this marvellous fishing was to be performed.

I followed him with unsteady steps over the pebbles that rolled from beneath my feet, clinging to Maurice, who was as upright and firm as a forest oak. We had nearly thirty feet to descend over the steep and movable road; and my guide saw how difficult it would be for me to proceed without his assistance.

"Take the lantern," said he, quietly.

I complied at once. He then, with his disengaged hand, grasped me under the shoulder with a strength that I could not have conceived his lank body to possess—the strength of a mountaineer, that I have since discovered, under similar circumstances, in children of ten years old—and sustained me down the dangerous defile: his instinct of a faithful guide overcoming the rancor he had until now felt towards me, so that I reached the water's edge without accident. I dipped my hand in it and found it was icy cold!

"Do you really intend to go in there, Maurice?" said I to him.

"Certainly," he replied, taking the lantern from my hand and putting one foot in the torrent.

"But the water is freezing!" said I with an effort to detain him.

"It comes from the snow a half league up the mountain," said he, not understanding the reason of my exclamation.

"I don't wish you to go into that water, Maurice!"

"Didn't you say that you wanted trout for breakfast, to-morrow?"

"Yes, I said so. But I did not know that to gratify this whim a man—you, Maurice! must plunge up to your waist in a frozen stream at the risk of dying of a cold in a week after. Come, let us return!"

"And what will the mistress say?"

"I'll take care of that, Maurice. Come."

"That can't be;" and he put his other leg in the water.

"How! why can't it be?"

"There are others, beside you, fond of trout. I don't know how it is; but all travellers love trout—a miserable fish full of bones!"

"Well—and what does that amount to?"

"It amounts to this. If you don't want the trout, others do: and since I am here, I had better take them at once. There are other travellers who like the chamois; and they often say, 'to-morrow evening, when we return from the salt mines, we would like some chamois.' Chamois! a nasty black meat: they might as well eat a ram! Well! as soon as they say that, the mistress calls Pierre, just as she called Maurice when you said you wanted trout: for Pierre is the hunter, as I am the fisher. She says to Pierre, 'get a chamois.' Pierre says 'very well;' and he sets off at two o'clock in the morning. He crosses glaciers, in the crevices of which our whole village might be swallowed up; climbs rocks where you would break your neck twenty times, if I may judge by the way you came down this ditch here; and about four o'clock in the afternoon he comes back with a beast on his shoulders, until one day when he does not return."

"How do you mean?"

"Why, John, who was before Pierre, was killed; and Joseph, who was before me, died of a cold. But that does not hinder me from fishing for trout, nor Pierre from hunting chamois."

"But," said I, with astonishment, "I have always thought that these exercises possessed a pleasure for those who followed them, a pleasure that became an irresistible passion: that there are hunters and fishers who will 'ace dangers as they would go to fêtes; and who pass whole nights on the mountains to watch for chamois, or sleep on the banks of a river to throw in their lines at break of day."

"Yes!" said Maurice, with a tone of feeling of which I did not suppose him capable; "yes, there are some who do as you say."

"And who are they?" I inquired.

"Those," said he, "who fish and hunt for themselves."

I dropped my head upon my breast, but kept my eye fixed on the man who had thus thrown, without being conscious of it, so bitter an argument into the unequal scale of human justice. Even in the midst of these Alps, in this region of eternal snows, of eagles and of freedom, the great contest is waged—and waged hopelessly—between those who possess not and those who possess. Here men are trained, like cormorants and hounds, to bring to their masters fish and game, in exchange for which they obtain a morsel of bread. It is very strange! for what hinders these men to fish or hunt for themselves? The habit of obeying! In the very men that she would render free, Liberty finds the greatest obstacles to her success!

Maurice, who was ignorant of the train of reflections to which his answer had given rise, had by this time descended into the water up to his waist, and commenced fishing. I soon comprehended the use of his implements.

With his left hand he thrust the lantern into the water to nearly the full length of the tube. This produced a dim circle of light in the bed of the stream, and the trout, attracted by the light, crowded around the globe in the centre, as moths and bats do around a candle. Maurice then gently raised the lamp, which the fish immediately followed, and as they reached the surface of the water, he struck them on the head with his knife; the fish sunk at once, and for an instant to the bottom, and then arose bloody and dead, when they passed incontinently into the green bag suspended around Maurice's neck.

I was astounded. That superior intelligence on which, five minutes before, I had plumed myself, was entirely at fault; for it is certain that if I had been left on a desert island, with trout at the bottom of a stream for my sustenance, and nothing to take them with but a lantern and a bill, I should, despite that intelligence, have died of hunger.

Maurice was unconscious of the admiration he had excited, and continued to augment my enthusiasm by repeated proofs of dexterity—choosing, like a proprietor in his own trout pond, the finest fish, and suffering the young fry to swim around the light with impunity. I could now no longer refrain; but divesting myself of pantaloons, boots, and stockings, and without reflecting that the water was only a few degrees above the freezing point, I plunged into the stream, and took the lantern and bill from my acolyte at the instant when a superb trout came forward to admire himself. I led him with all due precaution to the surface, and when I thought he was within striking distance, dealt him a blow on the back that might have slit a log.

The poor trout came up in two pieces!

Maurice took it up, examined it for an instant, and threw it back into the water, saying disdainfully,

"You have butchered the fish instead of killing him!"

Butchered or not, it was the fish I intended to have for my breakfast; consequently, I fished up my two fragments, that were floating off in opposite directions, and returned to the shore. It was high time—I shivered in all my limbs, and my teeth chattered horribly.

Maurice followed me, for he had taken his contingent of fish. Three quarters of an hour had been sufficient time for him to take a dozen of fine trout. We then dressed ourselves with speed, and made the best of our way to the inn.

"Fore heaven!" said I to myself, as we were returning, "if any of my thirty thousand Parisian acquaintances had been passing (as very possibly it might have happened) along the road in sight of which I had just been exercising my aquatic propensities, and had seen me in the midst of a freezing torrent, in a singular costume I had been forced to adopt, with a lantern one in hand and a knife in the other. I am sure, that, after the necessary time had elapsed for his return from Bex to Paris, and the subsequent arrival of the papers from Paris to Bex, I should have had the surprise of reading in the first gazette that came to hand, that the author of *Antony* had lost his senses in his journey through the Alps; 'which event (as would of course have been added) is an irreparable loss to dramatic literature!'"

And while making these reflections, which did little to check my increasing congelation, I thought of a stool I had observed on the kitchen hearth, and or which, when I left the inn, an enormous cat was basking; and I said to myself, as soon as I reach that inn I will go directly to that hearth, eject that cat, and take possession of that stool.

Influenced by this idea, which gave me at once courage and hope, I quickened my pace; and as I had furnished myself with Maurice's lantern in order to warm my fingers provisionally, I reached, without a second fall, the inn where was the blessed stool, the object of all my desires.

I ran like a man who has no time to lose. The hostess herself opened the door. I passed her like an apparition, crossed the eating-room, and precipitated myself into the kitchen. Reader—the fire was out!

At the same moment, I heard the landlady, who had followed me as fast as she was able, ask of Maurice—

"What's in the gentleman?"

"Cold, I believe," replied Maurice.

Ten minutes after, I was in a warmed bed with a bowl of hot wine in my hand; the symptoms appearing to me sufficiently alarming to require tonics and revulsives. I escaped with an abominable cold.

But, at the same time, I had the honor first to discover and to proclaim an important scientific fact, for which I trust the *Institut* and *Cosmétique Bourgeoise* will both acknowledge themselves indebted to me: It is that,

In Vallais they fish trout with a bill and a lantern!

Translated for the "New World," by E. S. Gould.

and bid defiance to Switzerland, Wellington and Waterloo, if you please, but not Smith and the Alps! Very respectfully,
Ridgmont Place, Regent's Park, Oct. 20, 1852. HOWARD PAUL.
P. S. Permit me, at the same time, to disclaim being the victim of a "literary wag" in the St. Bernard accident. It occurred just as the papers of the day related it.

To the Editor of the "Sunday Times."
Sir—Mr. Albert Smith, in a letter in last week's paper, remarks that Mr. Howard Paul and myself were the victims of some "literary wag," in the account of an accident that occurred to us while fellow travellers on the Great St. Bernard. Allow me to correct Mr. Smith briefly. The accident did occur just as was stated in the papers of the day. We arrived at the Hospice without any assistance from the monks, and not being able to speak French, nor they English, we were unable to communicate the particulars of our disaster.
Why Mr. Smith, in a difference with a third party, should go out of his way to introduce my name, is what surprises me. Although I regard him as the Apostle of the Alps, yet he *may* be fallible like the rest of mankind. I have the honor, &c., JOSHUA SILSSEE.
THEATRE ROYAL, Adelphi, Oct. 21.

"Punch" quietly takes up the subject, and after assuring his readers that Albert Smith's "Ascent of Mont Blanc" is a mental article, a piece of ideal goods woven out of the films of the brain, thinks it is a pity that it can't be squared and hemmed like a pocket-handkerchief, and worked A. S. in the corner! A. S., to be sure, stands for Albert Smith, but the initials are suggestive.

Judging from the last whack, the American portion of the combatants seem to have the better of this "pretty quarrel." In the meantime, OWENS—the subject of all these letters and lingo—has just returned to this country, in fine health and spirits. Let's have the entertainment.

A ROW ABOUT THE ALPS.

Albert Smith, the English author, and Howard Paul, the editor of the "American Magazine," are having a newspaper war in London, all about the right to speculate on the Alps. The "Sunday Times," some few weeks back, contained the following paragraph, which gave rise to the strife:—

"Mr. Howard Paul, the American author, has, we understand, written an "Alpine Entertainment," in the style of Albert Smith's, for Mr. Owens, a popular comedian, who intends producing it in New York the coming winter. We recommend our transatlantic friends not to be in a hurry, but to wait until the original Alpine traveller visits them with his genuine entertainment. We suppose the clever gentleman will endeavor to pass off Mr. Smith's ideas as 'original notions.'"

The effect of this notice was to call forth the two subjoined letters from Mr. Howard Paul and Mr. Albert Smith.

To the Editor of the "Sunday Times."
Sir—In a paragraph in last week's paper, stating that I had written an Alpine entertainment for Mr. Owens, the American comedian, you more than intimated that I had seized upon the ideas of Mr. Albert Smith, and that Mr. Owens would endeavor to reproduce them in the United States as, what you are pleased to term, "original notions;" also affectionately advising the Americans not to be in a hurry, but wait for the "*original* Alpine traveller." Now, in respect to the portion of the charge affecting me, I beg leave to state that the Entertainment I wrote is not like Mr. Smith's in any respect, his being pictures of Swiss life, told in a style that I thought adapted to the taste of American audiences. I despise plagiarism as much as most men, and should as soon think of bringing Niagara Falls, cataract and all, over to London, as appropriate the ideas of a man I so sincerely admire as Mr. Smith.

As to the Americans waiting for the "original" Alpine traveller, it is not a characteristic of the other side of the Atlantic to wait very long for anything that affords them pleasure; and besides, Mr. Owens spent two months in Switzerland, and ascended within three hundred feet of Mont Blanc (driven back by a storm), at a cost of over a thousand francs. If toiling day after day among these mountains, and expending considerable time and money in the pursuit of great natural objects, do not constitute an Alpine traveller, then I am entirely ignorant of a traveller's requirements. The Alps countenance no monopoly, and are quite willing to be explored by tourists from all parts of the world. Mr. Owens has undeniably as much right to lecture on Switzerland as Mr. Smith, and the public are willing to hear an entertainment, though it fall from the lips of Mr. Smith, Mr. Owens, or any other clever gentleman of Alpine experience. Yours obediently, HOWARD PAUL.

Ridgmont Place, Oct 14.

Albert Smith, from the Garrick Club, dashes off the following note:—

To the Editor of the "Sunday Times."
Sir—I only returned last night from Chamouni, and I have just seen a paragraph in your paper on Sunday last, announcing the intention of Mr. Owens, an American, assisted by Mr. Howard Paul, of forestalling me, by producing an Alpine Entertainment similar to my own, in New York, during the ensuing winter. You are kind enough to advise my transatlantic friends to await my arrival. Will you permit me, meanwhile, to record my impression that there must be some slight mistake in the information. I was told at Chamouni that an American gentleman (an actor, named Owens,) certainly attempted the ascent of Mont Blanc a month or two ago, but only added another to the numerous failures of this season.

Alpine reports are not altogether to be trusted. At the commencement of the season, you may remember, there was an account in all the papers of a grave accident that occurred to Mr. Howard Paul and Mr. Silsbee (another American comedian) on the great Saint Bernard. I was over the mountain a fortnight ago, resting one night at the Convent, and careful inquiries enable me to assure you that the whole affair was a fabrication—the work of some literary wag to make fun at the expense of his friends. There was no avalanche, no accident, no anything—at least, that I could hear of. Yours obediently, ALBERT SMITH.

This letter wakes up the ire of a third person—Mr. Josh. Silsbee, the Yankee Comedian—and the next week's "Times" contains the following remarks editorial, and correspondence under the head of "More Alpine Correspondence."

"We can never sufficiently regret having ventured an incautious opinion upon the slippery question of the originality of the Alpine ascent, in which Mr. Howard Paul and Mr. Albert Smith are personally concerned. In the simplicity of our hearts we imagined, although the Alps were free to all, that there was something like a right in the peculiar entertainment which the latter tourist certainly originated, and that a gentleman of nice feeling would hesitate producing another entertainment upon the same subject, which might have the effect of forestalling what we must still call the 'original entertainment.' The remarks made by us produced two letters from the 'Alpine travellers,' to which we gave insertion that week, and we have now a second shot from Mr. Howard Paul's epistolary revolver, besides a paper pellet from Mr. Josh. Silsbee's rifle at the Adelphi Theatre. We subjoin both letters, but we beg to suggest to our respected correspondents that their little 'difficult' might be appropriately settled at the summit of Mont Blanc. A triangular duel between three Alpine travellers on the *plateau* would make a novel and striking incident in the entertainment of the fortunate survivor.

To the Editor of the "Sunday Times."
Sir—Mr. Albert Smith appears to regard the Alps as a "little piece of property" of his own in Switzerland, and sets up as the "original" Alpine traveller. I cannot recognise his claims in this respect, as those respectable mountains were thoroughly traversed before Mr. Smith was "even thought of," as the saying goes. I admire that gentleman's tact and Barnum-like cleverness as much as a man consistently can, but the idea of associating his name in eternal monopoly with Mont Blanc, considering it was ascended by at least thirty people before he reached the summit, is going too far. Mr. S. can repose safely on his literary laurels,

A WALK OVER THE SIMPLON.

BY REV. HENRY M. FIELD.

"Ye rocks and hills! I'm with you again."—WM. TELL.

I HAD a wish to cross the Alps on foot. If one has a genial companion, there is no other mode of travelling so pleasant. Light is the heart of the pilgrim as he jogs along the road. In a diligence one is locked up as close as if he were in a box. His body is bolstered on either side by lusty fellow-travellers, who jabber in strange dialects, and his legs are fixed fast as if in the stocks. But once a-foot, legs and arms are free. The spirits are exhilarated by the exercise and the country air to such a pitch as to break out into singing. The smell of new-mown hay, and the song of the reapers in the fields, beguile the pedestrian of his weariness, and if his steps grow heavy towards the close of the day, what repose so grateful as to throw himself down for an hour under a tree by the roadside?

This mode of travelling had especial charms to me in a mountainous country. I love the wildest forms of nature. I was born among mountains, and they are my delight. I love to roam the wild-wood as free as when a careless child. I love the rocks and pines; the cloud that blackens on the mountain's head, and the mist that foams in the gorge below. I love the torrent's roar, and the eagle's scream.

So my friend and I decided that we would walk over the Pass of the Simplon. The diligence, which came along at midnight, took on our baggage, and this morning we were fairly committed for the journey.

Up, then, pilgrims, and away! The morning sun shines fair. We rose as early and bright as the lark. It was the first morning of glorious summer when we set forth to ascend the mountains. It was one of those days in which nature seems conscious of life and happiness. Bird, leaf, flower, and sky, seemed pervaded with the serenity and joy of the Author of nature. It was a luxury to exist. To inhale the air, or to exercise the body with any motion, filled our whole being with delight.

And now we are among the Alps! The mountains are all around me—those cold, icy peaks, "the thunder-splintered pinnacles," of which I

have so often read. Here and there, slanting snow-fields lie on their summits, pierced by a few shaggy pines. The rugged scenery of these mountain passes is relieved by valleys of the softest green.

Thus we were travelling through a narrow and cultivated vale, while on either hand the mountains rose to the sky. Many human habitations are perched far up on the mountain sides, in sites the most picturesque, and among them church steeples are sprinkled as thick as in a New England village. This sight of human habitations so near to savage and barren peaks; of hoary rocks softened with verdure, gave a poetic charm to the landscape, while the bell of a convent which I heard ringing across the valley, had a pleasing and almost pathetic effect.

A torrent, which descended from the Alps, poured along the bottom of the vale. As it had been swollen by rains and the melting of snows, it had carried away a bridge across which our course lay. This brought us to a halt in our march. There was a ferry-boat on the other side. But it was slow in coming over. So I shouted to my companion to "go ahead." We pushed on together along the bank of the river, hoping to find a place where we could ford it. But it took us several miles out of our way. We had to ford several tributary streams. But we came out fresh and sound from our foot-baths, and jogged on. During this out-of-the-way excursion our path led us through the vineyards, which are cultivated to a great extent by the peasantry of this district. The vines were trained on a kind of lattice, and spread over our heads like net-work. This extended for acres together, and we walked under them as under the shade of an immense banyan tree.

The sun was now sinking behind the hills, and we soon saw a pretty rural scene; boys and girls playing on the greensward by the roadside, and cows and goats returning home. A long avenue of trees conducted us into the village of Domo d'Ossola, our resting-place for the night.

"The sleep of the laboring man is sweet."

We laid ourselves down without a care, and set forward on our journey at an early hour in the morning. After a few miles' walk we lost our way, getting off upon the road which leads to the pass of St. Gothard. We had travelled two or three miles before we discovered our mistake. Fortunately I had stopped to bathe in a stream by the roadside, or the distance would have been greater. A kind peasant showed us back to the Simplon. I was struck with his politeness. He insisted on carrying my great-coat. We stopped at a country inn to refresh ourselves. I bought a pitcher of the simple wine of the country, and offered him a glass. He hesitated at first to take it, as if it were an extreme of condescension on my part. But the next moment he drank it, and then bought a pitcher himself, and returned the courtesy by offering a glass to me.

At length he showed us into the right road, and we pushed on fast. Deeper and deeper we advanced into the gorges of the mountains. Now look back! From the brow of the Alps, the warm fields and vineyards of Italy look more than ever like a terrestrial paradise. The vast plain of Lombardy stretches away beneath us like a sea, reaching from the Alps to the Apennines, and from Piedmont to Venice.

I cannot sufficiently admire this magnificent highway of nations, which is here constructed across the Alps. The Simplon was the result of Napoleon's passage of the Great St. Bernard. Finding the immense difficulty of crossing these mountains with an army, he projected, immediately after the battle of Marengo, the construction of a great road, by which he could at all times pour his armies from France into Italy. His motive was French conquest rather than general utility. When the engineer came from time to time to report progress, his question always was, "When will the Simplon be ready to pass over the cannon?" But whatever the motive, the work is certainly one of the most stupendous ever undertaken by man.

Those who have crossed the Alleghanies on the National Road, can form a slight idea of the way in which this work is executed, though none at all of the gorges and precipices along which it is carried. What heights it scales; what chasms it spans; through what galleries of rock it pierces—these must be seen to be appreciated. For miles, the road is supported by heavy masonry, built against the side of the mountain. The road is smooth as a floor. Along these awful passes, which once could only be traversed on foot or on mules, the lady's carriage now rolls as lightly as on a wooden pavement.

Yet this mighty work did not cost so much as

the Croton Aqueduct. The expense was but about sixty millions of francs; and half of this was borne by the Italians, and Italian engineers executed the most difficult part of the work. But the genius that projected such an undertaking, and the will that carried it through in five years, (it was begun in 1801 and completed in 1805,) are no less worthy of immortal honor. When Napoleon reviewed his life at St. Helena, he said there were two things for which posterity would be grateful to him: his road over the Simplon, and his code of laws. These are perhaps the most durable and beneficial results of his power.

In the afternoon it came on to rain, and rained steadily for two days. Happily we found a snug inn, the Hotel of the Post, at Iselle, in the narrowest part of the pass, and here made ourselves contented from Friday night till Monday morning. Our good landlady, whose dress and manner looked like those of a Sister of Charity, did everything to make us comfortable. She kindled us a fire in her best room, and brought us books, and then prepared us a cup of tea, the more delicious as we had been confined to coffee everywhere in Italy. Plenty of sweet milk too, and honey! Switzerland flows with these latter luxuries as much as ancient Palestine. With all these comforts I sit before the fire, book in hand, and listen with a feeling of pleasure to the moaning of the wind without, and the pattering of the rain.

A Sabbath among the Alps! The wildness of my situation has thrown me into a deep reverie. The spirit of the mountains seizes me. The window of my room looks out on a foaming, rapid river; and up to a cliff, which towers half a mile above my head. On the very edge of the cliff, where scarcely anything but pine-trees can live, stands a little church; probably the resort of shepherds who tend their flocks on those upland pastures. Beautiful is the sight of such an object there; often whelmed in mist, its white spire peering out from the clouds when the storm drifts away, and shining down like a star of hope on the traveller in the valley beneath.

I stood a long time on the steps of the inn, at evening, looking up at the mountains. I feel almost as though I could worship them. They are to me images of God, so calm and strong. Their silent, unchanged peaks represent to me the eternity of God; while the generations of men are like the streams which waste away around their base. Mountains are indeed the altars of the world, on which the setting sun now and then kindles the evening sacrifice of nature. No wonder they are the refuges of liberty and religion; for they attract to themselves free, indomitable and lofty spirits, and—loved and lived

among—they minister almost as much to the moral elevation of man as to his intellectual excitement and activity.

Monday, we were again on the march. Up, up we go through the mighty gallery of Gondo, a long passage hewn in the rock through the most terrific gorge of these mountains. Houses of refuge have been erected, at frequent points along the road, for the safety of travellers who may be caught in one of the fearful snow-storms of this region. We hurried on to the summit, past glaciers and mountain torrents. At last the welcome Hospice rose in sight—a large plain building of stone—standing in a desert of rock and snow, with not a tree to protect it from the bleak winds that sweep over the mountains.

The good monks received us with cordial hospitality. Father Barras, the prior of the convent, brought us slippers and dry stockings, and we sat down before the fire, and read the papers of Paris, which were lying on the table. At evening two Frenchmen came in, whom my companion had met at Venice. They ran up to him and kissed him, according to the warm manner of these southern nations. This accidental meeting on the summit of the Alps, increased the vivacity that reigned around the table. These Frenchmen had left Paris to help the Italians in their war for independence, and we conversed with great eagerness of

—“ the battles, sieges,
And moving accidents by flood and field,”

that were now transpiring so near us.

But, hark! how the wind blows! Look out of the window. What a winter night! All around the convent is dreariness and desolation. The mountain is half covered with snow, though it is the month of June; and the wind howls around the building as in mid-winter. What must it be here in February! Sometimes storms come on among these mountains which last for days. What would then become of the lost traveller but for the hermit and his dog!

How I love to recall the kindness of these good men! I talked with them freely about their religious order; and they cheerfully gave me information. This Hospice was founded by Napoleon, who had experienced the utility of that on the Great St. Bernard. The building was not, however, completed by Napoleon, nor, indeed, until within a few years. Several of the fathers of St. Bernard came here immediately on the opening of the Simplon road, and the two convents are still connected. The monks who are now at the Hospice of the Simplon, resided for some years at the Great St. Bernard. They all be-

long to the order of Augustinians. In addition to the usual vows of poverty, chastity, and obedience, their religious obligations require them to pass their lives on these bleak, cold summits, in an atmosphere so rarefied as to destroy any but the most robust constitution. What motive attracts them to this life? Those who would believe it a selfish one are welcome to their charitable judgment of their fellow-men. But I find it more pleasant to believe that such devotion, such deliberate self-sacrifice, comes from a motive higher than this world.

The monks said not a word to us about our difference of religious faith. But I introduced the subject, for I wished to draw them out. They then gave me their belief frankly; and we had a little earnest, but pleasant discussion in regard to the doctrines of our different churches. We parted, I believe, with mutual regret. Father Barras and another brother accompanied us as far as the great cross, which marks the highest point of elevation; the noble dogs of the convent bounding and playing by our side, and then we parted, with many cordial good wishes and hopes to meet again.

That afternoon the sky was clear. For the first time in four days the sun shone out bright and warm. We came down with joy from the region of eternal snows into the smiling valley of the Rhone. In several places heavy arches of stone are built above the road to turn the avalanches, which slide down from the mountain, over into the abysses below. In one instance a considerable cataract poured over our heads. But farewell to these savage scenes; for I see white spires and villages in the green valley beneath, and we are soon at Brigg, in the Canton of Valais. Here ended my walk over the Alps. We took the diligence the same evening, and rode all night along the banks of the Rhone. The morning brought us into the village of Martigny, from which Napoleon, with his army, commenced the ascent of the Great St. Bernard. Soon after we entered Savoy, and coasting along the beautiful shore of Lake Lemman, reached Geneva at six o'clock in the afternoon.

Now I am at rest. What scenes of repose and beauty alternate with the rugged grandeurs of the mountains of Switzerland! One week before I was on the shore of Lake Maggiore, and now I am on the margin of Lake Lemman. The Hotel de l'Ecu is close to the water's edge; and I can drop a pebble from my window into the lake. Opposite my room, a hundred yards distant, is the little island of Poplars, on which is a monument and statue to Rousseau, who was a native of Geneva.

How beautiful is the view from this window ;
Lake Lemman below, calm and unruffled as the
sky above ; the chain of Jura lying along the
west, over which the sunset is falling ; and in the
east the eternal whiteness of Mont Blanc ! Peace,
peace, peace, seems to be breathed on me from
the earth, the waters, and the sky !

“ Clear, placid Lemman ! thy contrasted lake,
With the wide world I dwell in, is a thing

Which warns me, with its stillness, to forsake
Earth's troubled waters for a purer spring :
This quiet sail is as a noiseless wing
To bear me from destruction.”

But hush ! the shadows of evening fall over
the scene. “ All heaven and earth is still.” No
“ live thunder leaps” from the Alps or the Jura.
Slowly the moon is rising, and Lake Lemman is
sheeted with silver.

For the Literary Magazine.

A SKETCH OF SWITZERLAND AND THE SWISS.

THE beauties of Switzerland are so various ; there is such an extraordinary combination of the grand and mild features of nature, of the sublime and lovely ; of wild and cultivated scenery ; that it is almost impossible to conceive unwitnessed the satisfaction which one enjoys in travelling through this delightful country. Here, towering Alps, mountains of ice, extensive lakes, and loud-sounding cataracts : there, cornfields, vineyard, pleasure-grounds, lofty trees, plains of unequalled verdure, level roads, and smiling villages. In one canton, all the pomp and ceremony of the church of Rome, accompanied very generally by dirt, idleness, and comparative indigence : in another, the unadorned worship of the Supreme Being in simple rustic meeting houses, filled with congregations of orderly, well-dressed, and well-looking peasantry. The variety of religion is not more remarkable than the variety of *costume* : every canton has its distinguishing habit ; and while each differs from the other, all of them have a character peculiar to this country, and totally unlike the dresses of any other nation in modern Europe. Many of the female fashions are very becoming ; and I have seen some girls, so accoutred, who would have excited the praises of admiration even in London or in Paris. In some parts of Switzer-

land, the women wear large straw hats, ornamented with roses and wild flowers : in others, black beavers with gold bands. Their hair is sometimes folded in tresses round their heads ; sometimes enclosed in plaits, which are so long as to reach their feet ; and sometimes covered by a black lace cap of singular shape. Their jackets are of different forms and different colours. A short petticoat here discovers a red stocking, with a wooden slipper ; and there, a white one, with a black leather sandal of peculiar form. In short, the eccentricities of dress are innumerable : and in travelling in this country, a man may easily imagine himself at a masquerade.

The appearance of the people, with some exceptions, is respectable. There seems still to reign much comfort, independence, and general ease.

The houses in most of the villages are of wood, and are frequently built without chimneys, the smoke being allowed to make its way through the windows. This is an inconvenience not arising from poverty ; for many of the houses so constructed belong to persons in affluent circumstances, and contain rooms of some extent ; but occasioned by the prevalence of long usage, which has not yet yielded to the improvements of the present day.

The Swiss are a tall, athletic, hardy race of men : civil, reserved, and cautious in all their proceedings ; much attached to their own country and customs : zealous advocates of national freedom ; inclined to military exertion ; and entertaining a violent antipathy to their neighbours and oppressors, the French nation. Having given them this character, it is almost needless for me to add, that, if France wishes to sink the name of Switzerland into that of a department of the republic "one and indivisible," she can only succeed in her object by superior force : voluntarily this brave people will never become the vassal of that or any other country whatever.

ATTEMPT TO REACH THE SUMMIT OF MONT BLANC,

In Switzerland.

THIS mountain, so named on account of its white aspect, belongs to the great central chain of the Alps. It is truly gigantic, and is the most elevated mountain in Europe, rising no less than 15,872 feet (somewhat more than three miles) above the level of the sea, and 14,624 feet above the lake of Geneva, in its vicinity. It is encompassed by those wonderful collections of snow and ice called *glaciers*, two of the principal of which are called Mont Dolent and Triolet. The highest part of Mont Blanc, named the Dromedary, is in the shape of a compressed hemisphere. From that point it sinks gradually, and presents a kind of concave surface of snow, in the midst of which is a small pyramid of ice. It then rises into a second hemisphere, which is named the Middle Dome, and thence descends into another concave surface, terminating in a point, which, among other names bestowed on it by the Savoyards, is styled "Dome de Goute," and may be regarded as the inferior dome.

The first successful attempt to reach the summit of Mont Blanc was made in August, 1786, by Dr. Paccard, a physician of Chamouni.

The ascent occupied fifteen hours, and the descent five, under circumstances of the greatest difficulty—the sight of the doctor and that of his guide (Balma) being so affected by the snow and wind as to render them almost blind, at the same time that the face of each was excoriated, and the lips exceedingly swelled.

On the first of August, 1787, the celebrated and indefatigable naturalist, M. de Saussure, set out on his successful expedition, accompanied by a servant and eighteen guides. At eleven o'clock on the day next but one following, they reached the top of the mountain, where they continued four hours and a half, during which time M. de Saussure enjoyed, with rapture and astonishment, a view the most extensive, as well as the most rugged and sublime in nature, and made those observations which have rendered this expedition important to philosophy.

A few days afterwards, Mr. Beaufoy, an English gentleman, succeeded in a similar attempt, although it was attended with greater difficulty, arising from enlargements in the chasms in the ice.

The following is a narrative of the attempt of another traveller to attain the summit of Mont Blanc. It is given in his own language.

“About the middle of last August, I arrived at Geneva, accompanied by my friend H——, of Brazen-nose, whom I had fallen in with at Berne, and who was, like myself, devoting a part of the long vacation to a continental tour. I had, from leaving England, set my heart upon ascending Mont Blanc, and found no difficulty in prevailing upon my companion, who had already made the tour of the greater part of Switzerland, to accompany me. Having called on a gentleman at Geneva, to whom I had an introduction, with a view of making the necessary inquiries, I learnt from him that a small party were then on the point of setting out with the same intention. I lost no time in finding them out, and proposed to share in their undertaking; and the following afternoon, August 16, we set out together, in a hired caleche, for the valley of Chamounix. Our party consisted of four persons. Our new acquaintances were Le Chevalier Hamel, a Russian, then employed by the emperor in making some philosophical observations in the neighbourhood; and M. Sellique, an optician of Geneva, and native of Paris, a man of considerable attainments in various branches of natural philosophy. His grand object in accompanying us was to make trial of a new barometer, of his own construction, in measuring the height of Mont Blanc; the accuracy of some former observations for the same purpose having been recently called in question. Dr. Hamel had already made, ten days before, an unsuccessful attempt to reach the summit by a different

route, being the same which Saussure attempted in 1785, with no better success.

We reached St. Martin, the place for which we had engaged our caleche, at one o'clock in the morning of the 17th, and having engaged for two sharabands for the journey through the valley, we arrived at Chamounix at two o'clock in the afternoon. From a balcony of the house where we slept, we had the first distinct view of Mont Blanc, and Dr. Hamel pointed out to us the formidable Aiguille de Gouto, which he had lately succeeded in scaling. H. and myself set off from St. Martin on foot through the valley, being desirous of preparing ourselves for the fatigues of the following day. We walked nearly seven miles before we were overtaken by our party with the sharabands, and took the opportunity of visiting a beautiful fall of water at a short distance on our left, which amply repaid us for the fatigue which it occasioned. From this spot the road becomes the most romantic that can be conceived; and when our companions overtook us, they found us reposing on the green margin of a small transparent lake, surrounded by a group of beautiful peasant girls and boys, who were pressing upon us breakers of a most delicious water, drawn from a fountain at a short distance.

On our arrival at Chamounix, at the excellent hotel de l'Union, we immediately sent for Matthieu Balmal and Joseph Marie Couttet, guides of the valley, to whom we had been recommended to apply ourselves. After a good deal of bargaining, which we were glad to leave to Dr. Hamel, we finally agreed with twelve guides, who were to receive forty-eight francs

a-piece : the choice of the ten others was left to the two leaders, who appointed them all to muster in marching order at four o'clock the following morning. The rumour of our intended expedition was soon spread abroad, and we found ourselves treated with something of that kind of respect which is paid to the leaders of the forlorn hope on the eve of the storming of a town. At length the long expected morn arrived : at four o'clock we were summoned from our beds, where we had not enjoyed much sleep ; and about five we all set off on foot, making, with the guides, a party of sixteen. The latter were each furnished with a knapsack pretty well loaded, in which were placed provisions for the whole party, mathematical instruments, additional clothing for ourselves on the following day, four blankets, and a variety of other things, among which were a carrier pigeon from Bonneville, to convey to that place the earliest tidings of our arrival on the summit, and a live fowl destined to be cooked at the same height. We had also with us some rockets and Bengal lights, which we had promised the ladies below to exhibit from our halting place at night.— This was to be the summit of a rock called by the guides *Le Grand Mulet*, which is a very conspicuous object from the hotel. After returning on the road to St. Martin for nearly a league, we began the ascent in a wood which skirts the mountain for some distance. But previous to this, we stopped for a few minutes at the cottage of Joseph Marie Couttet, which is at the base of the mountain, to provide ourselves with spiked poles ; and at his suggestion I exchanged an ordinary hat for one of the kind usually worn by

the peasants, and which he informed me had been twice on the summit of Mont Blanc. Our caravan now assumed a most romantic appearance ; the costume of the guides, each with a French knapsack, and one or two with old pelisses, being decidedly military. It reminded me strongly of a party of guerillas in the Pyrenees, where uniformity either in dress or appointments was considered as an unnecessary refinement. We had each a large straw hat tied under the chin, and a spiked pole, about eight feet long, in our hands. Besides this, our shoes were furnished with short spikes at the heels, to assist us in the descent. We were clothed as lightly as possible, that the motion of our limbs might not be impeded, for we were told to expect a march of eleven or twelve hours, the latter half of which was to be spent in climbing.

The ascent at first is so far from being laborious, that the guides were constantly obliged to repress our ardour, and compelled us to halt every ten minutes, lest we should not husband our strength sufficiently. In about two hours we reached the last human abode, being a *chalet*, or summer cottage, inhabited by Francois Favret, who had been one of Saussure's guides, and whose son was in our party. A few minutes before, one of our guides pointed out to us Mademoiselle Favret, reclining fearlessly on a very precipitous part of the pasture, where her goats were feeding, and singing with the greatest apparent unconcern. During a halt of five minutes, which we made at the *chalet* for the purpose of taking a draught of goat's milk, Julien Devouossoux, one of our guides, swallowed a mouthful of sulphuric acid, which he had bought at Chamounix by mistake

for acetic acid, which on these occasions the guides usually drink, diluted with water. He suffered acutely for some minutes, until Dr. Hamel thought of making him swallow a quantity of wood-ashes and water, which was fortunately at hand. The alkali neutralized the acid, and he was soon in a condition to pursue his journey. When we resumed our march, the veteran mountaineer, Favret, accompanied us about three hours, higher up to the edge of the glacier, to carry his son's knapsack, and then followed us with his eyes, till he disappeared in one of the awful fissures with which it is every where intersected. He was accompanied by his dog, over whom no one but his master seemed to possess the least influence, being as wild in appearance as the goats which he amused himself occasionally with pursuing. These animals, however, as we were told, were all under command, and, at the approach of winter, were recalled to the more sheltered spots near the base of the mountain.

Since our departure from the *chalet* we had been ascending in a zig-zag direction towards the Aiguille du Midi, a mountain to the left of Mont Blanc, and which for a long time appears to rival it in height. We had left the wood behind us just before we reached the *chalet*, and the ascent was now considerably steeper. We trod for some time in a very precarious path, along the brink of an awfully deep and precipitous ravine, where I occasionally felt some tendency to dizziness. This feeling, however, I concealed so successfully, that I believe neither the guides nor my companions had any suspicion of it; and by following Saussure's advice, in the published account of his ascent,

and fixing my eyes steadfastly on the precipice, I gradually accustomed myself to the view, and was soon enabled to pursue my path with the greatest confidence. This was a very necessary preparatory discipline, to fit us for the infinitely more formidable passage of the glacier, during the whole of which I was perfectly cool and collected. I mention this for the purpose of encouraging those who shrink from such an undertaking from a distrust of the strength of their nerves. It was my first attempt at climbing for many years; and yet by the time we reached the Pierre de l'échelle, (a large round stone, where we halted for breakfast, on the edge of the glacier,) I felt quite at home, and resigned myself completely to the delightful sensations which our situation inspired.

In a cavern below this rock our guides found a ladder which they had left there a year before, and which they employ in the passage of the glacier de Bossons, now close before us. It was about half past nine when we reached this resting place, and we felt disposed to do justice to a couple of fowls, which were produced from the knapsack of one of the guides.—They were soon despatched, together with a bottle of light French wine, and in twenty-five minutes we resumed our march. The baggage was adjusted afresh: one of the guides had charge of the ladder, and another carried a load of straw, which we had procured at the *chalet*, and which was destined to furnish our bed for the night. The view became now more and more sublime: we had left far beneath us all human abodes, and were now in regions where no animal but the chamois could tread securely. We had a distant view

of the summit, though the Aiguille du Midi, from the base of which we were now diverging towards the right, still appeared to equal it in height. Our steps had long been encumbered with fragments of this latter mountain, rent probably by lightning from its summit. Behind us, at a great depth, lay the valley of Chamounix and the village of the Prieure, the white walls of the hotel where we slept making it a very conspicuous object. Before us was the "monarch of mountains," apparently inaccessible; for the glacier de Bossons, which lay immediately in our path, seemed an insurmountable barrier, and the ascent on the other side was so precipitous as to be in parts almost perpendicular. Our spirits, however, were now elevated to such a pitch, by the pure air we had inhaled since we left the *chalet* and emerged from the wood, that we felt equal to any thing; and if a thought of the danger of the enterprise crossed the mind, it was only to give an additional zest to the proud consciousness of having a heart that could brave it.

[To be continued.]